

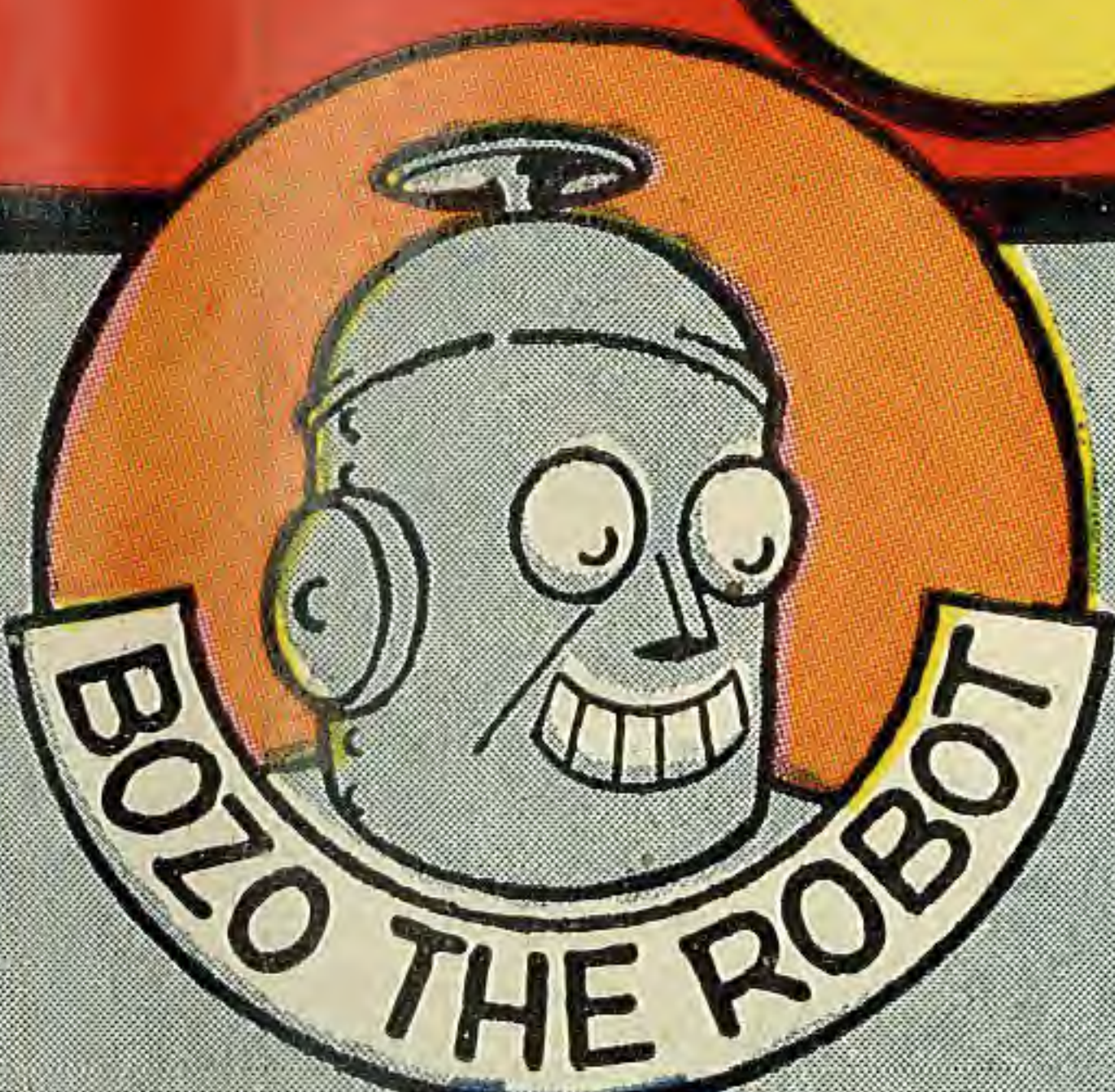
OCTOBER

No. 15

10¢

SMASH COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP



THE RAY
CASTS HIS BEAM ON
The Man in the Iron Mask

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

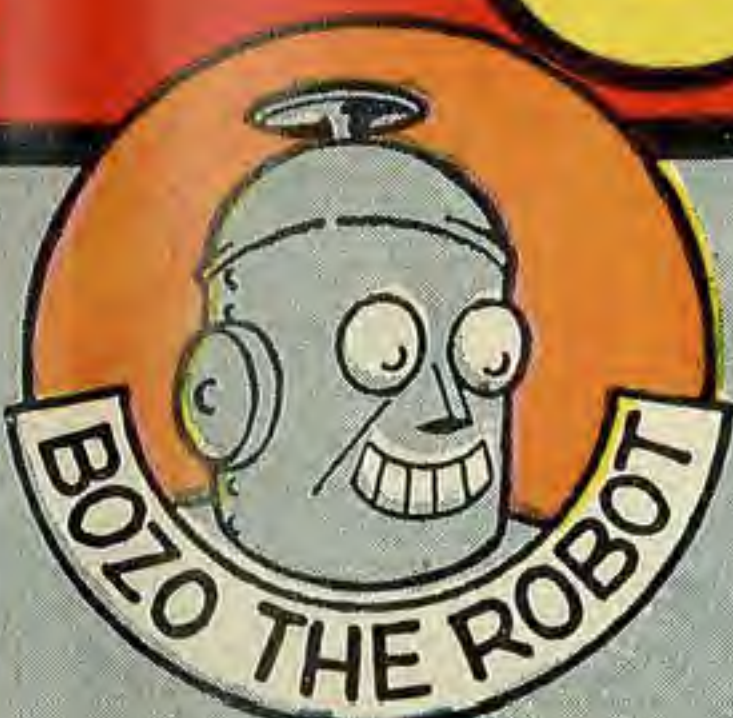
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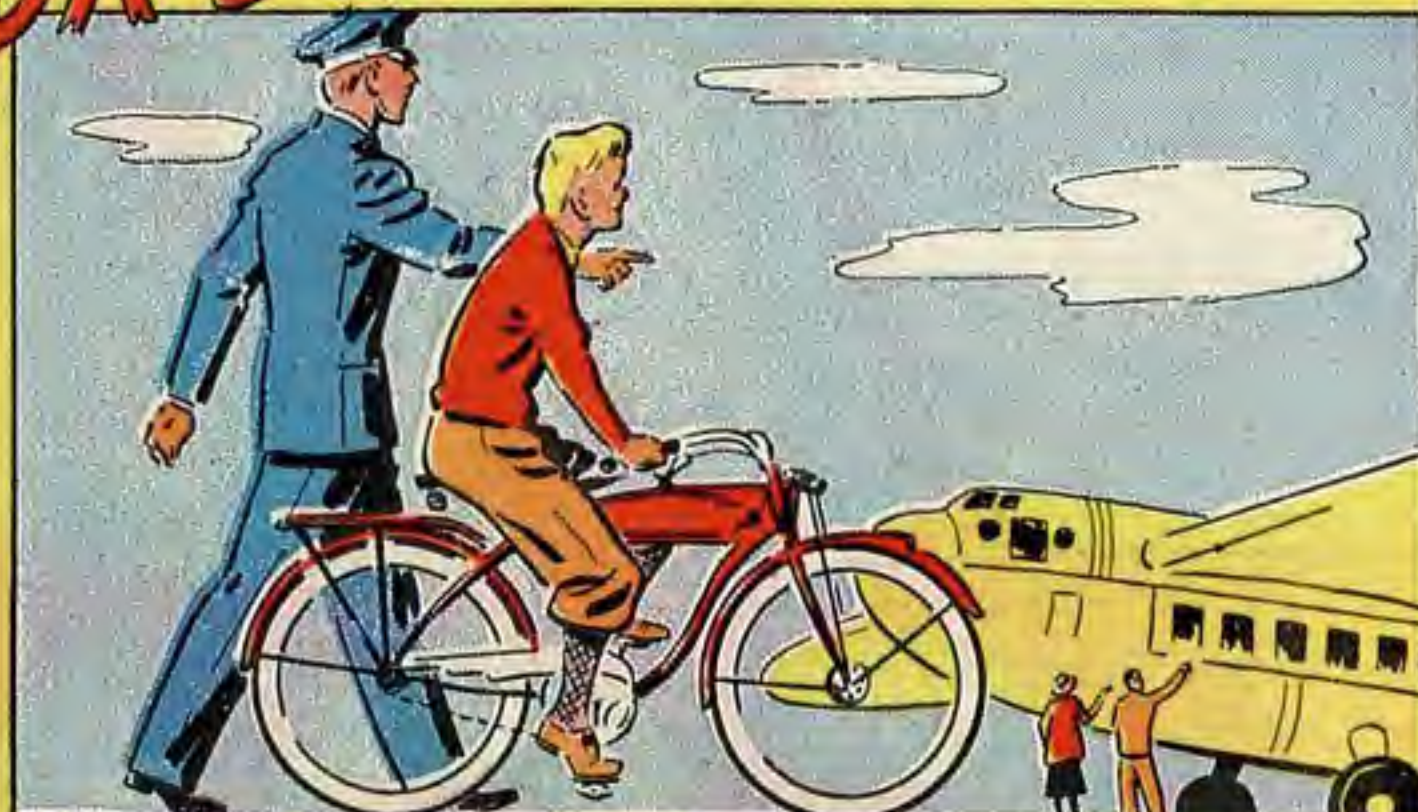


THE RAY
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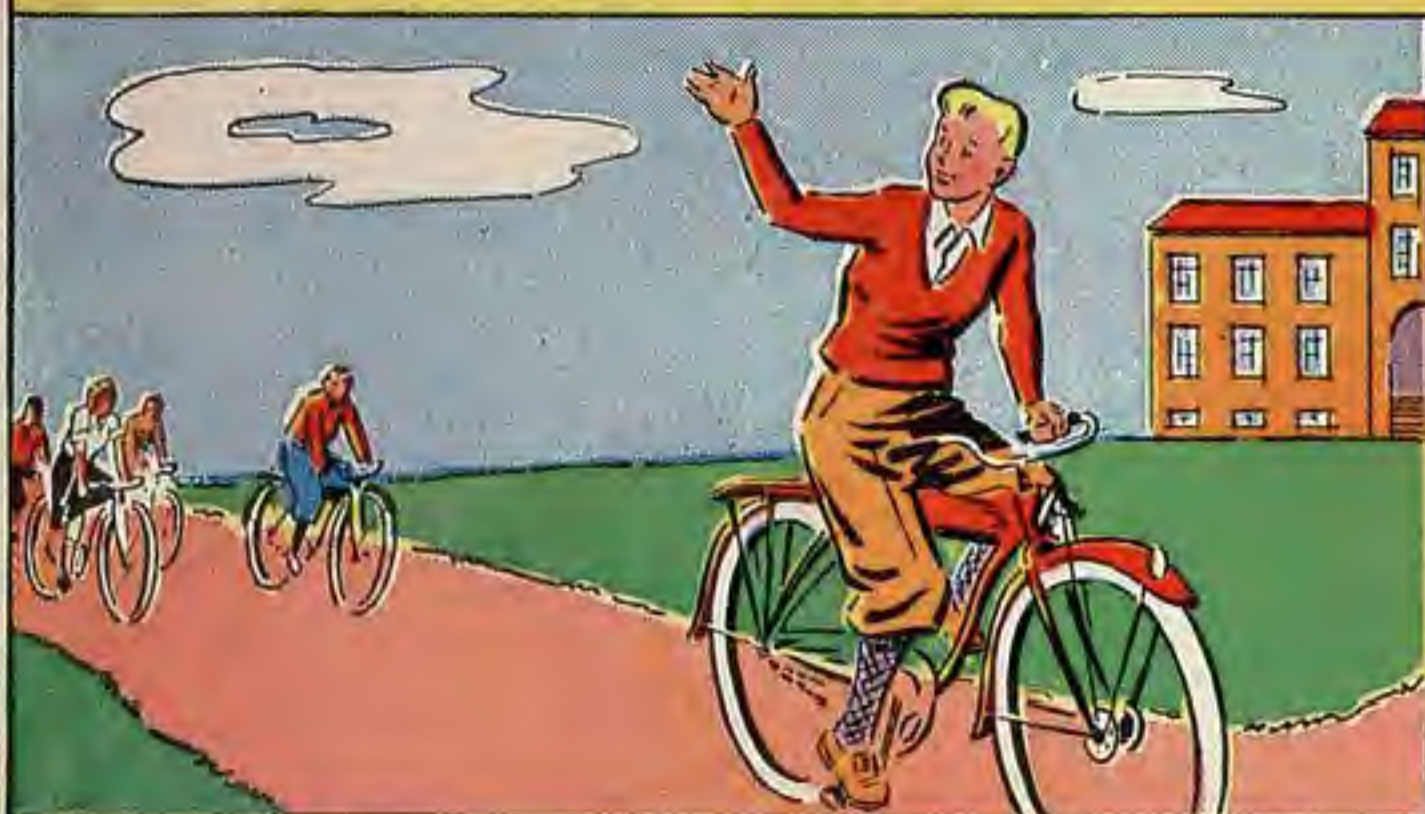
THE SUPER BIKE FOR SUPER BOYS!



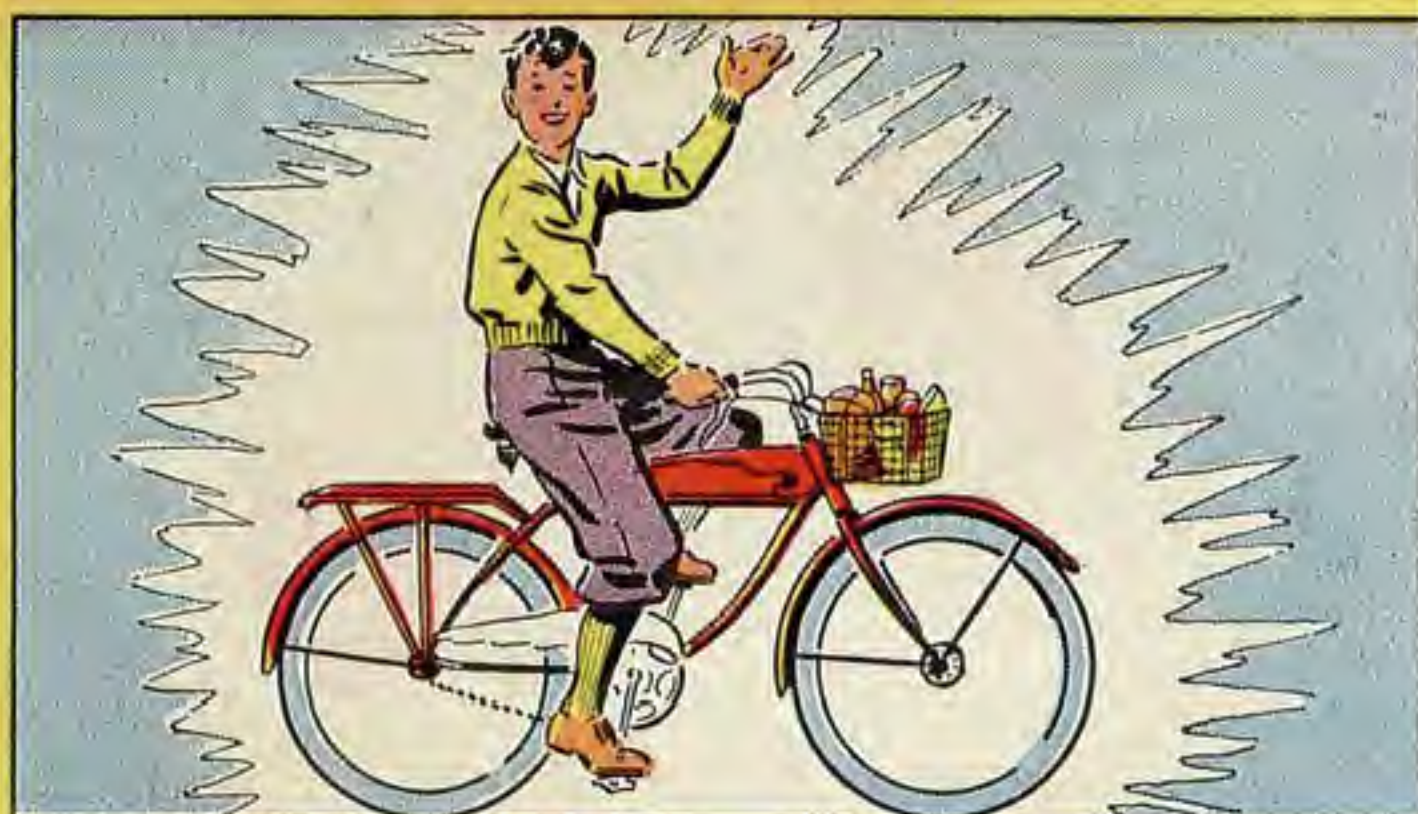
I'm proud of my pal, Uncle Joe;
It's speed and strength we like.
That's why he runs a streamlined train
And I ride a Schwinn-Built bike.



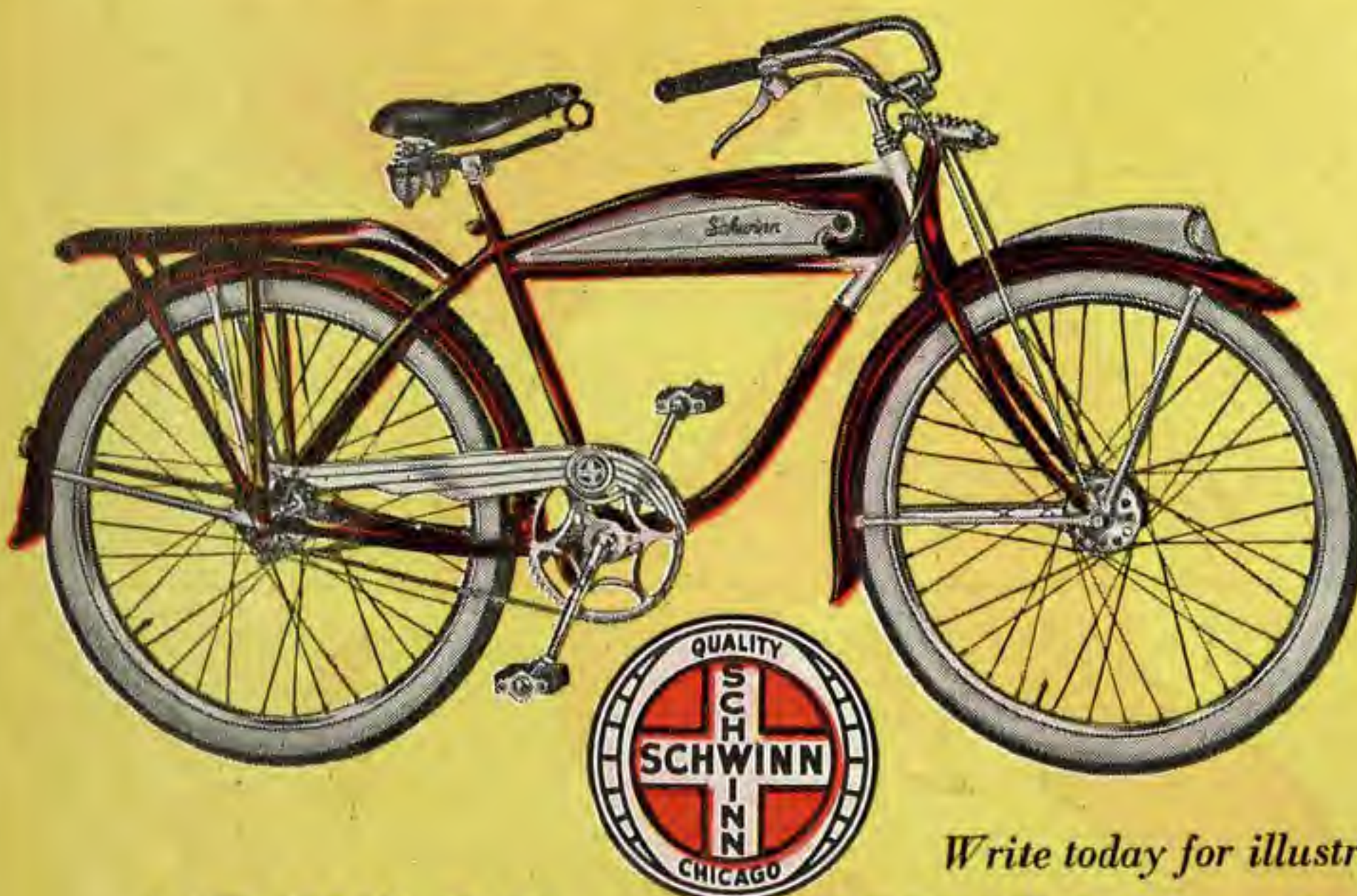
My cousin Harry flies the mail;
His plane is always ready.
He says it's like my Schwinn-Built bike—
So fast and smooth and steady.



Away to school on my Schwinn I go,
Breezing ahead of the rest,
As president of the cycle club
I know what bike is best.



Off on my Schwinn for mother;
Picking up things for dad,
I'm the Minute Man of the family
And a strong and healthy lad.



Bring on all the bikes in the neighborhood. Match them hub to hub. And your Schwinn-Built bicycle will win hands down every time.

Watch your friends' eyes pop when you show them the Spring Fork that changes riding to g-l-i-d-i-n-g . . . the Fore Wheel Brake that brings you to a full stop on a dime . . . the theft-proof Cyclock . . . rear expander brake . . . and many other *exclusive* Schwinn features.

Then let the gang stand back and admire the surging grace and super strength of America's *finest* bicycle . . . the bike that's waiting to whisk you to happy, healthy outdoor adventure.

Make a date with dad to see the new Schwinn bikes at your dealer.

Write today for illustrated, free Schwinn bike booklet

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & COMPANY

1729 KILDARE AVENUE

CHICAGO

ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X



By
Will
Erwin

LIKE A PAGE COME
TRUE FROM THE DIARY
OF A MAD FIEND, A
REIGN OF TERROR AND
DESTRUCTION STRIKES
AT THE VITAL POINTS
OF A METROPOLIS,
BRINGING RUIN AND
DEATH TO MANY...



FORT JOHNSON BLOWN UP
THIS MAKES A TOTAL OF SIX
STRONGHOLDS NOW GONE
WHERE WILL THIS UNKNOWN
STRIKE NOW? THE NUMBER
OF CASUALTIES IS ENORMOUS.

FAR FROM THE SCENES, A MEETING OF SINISTER SIGNIFICANCE COMES TO ORDER.

GENTLEMEN, THOSE JOBS WERE WELL EXECUTED. AS I PROMISED, HERE IS YOUR REWARD! MAY I DEPEND ON YOU AGAIN?



OF COURSE YOU MAY, WE FAVOR NO GOVERNMENT AND SELL OUR SERVICES TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

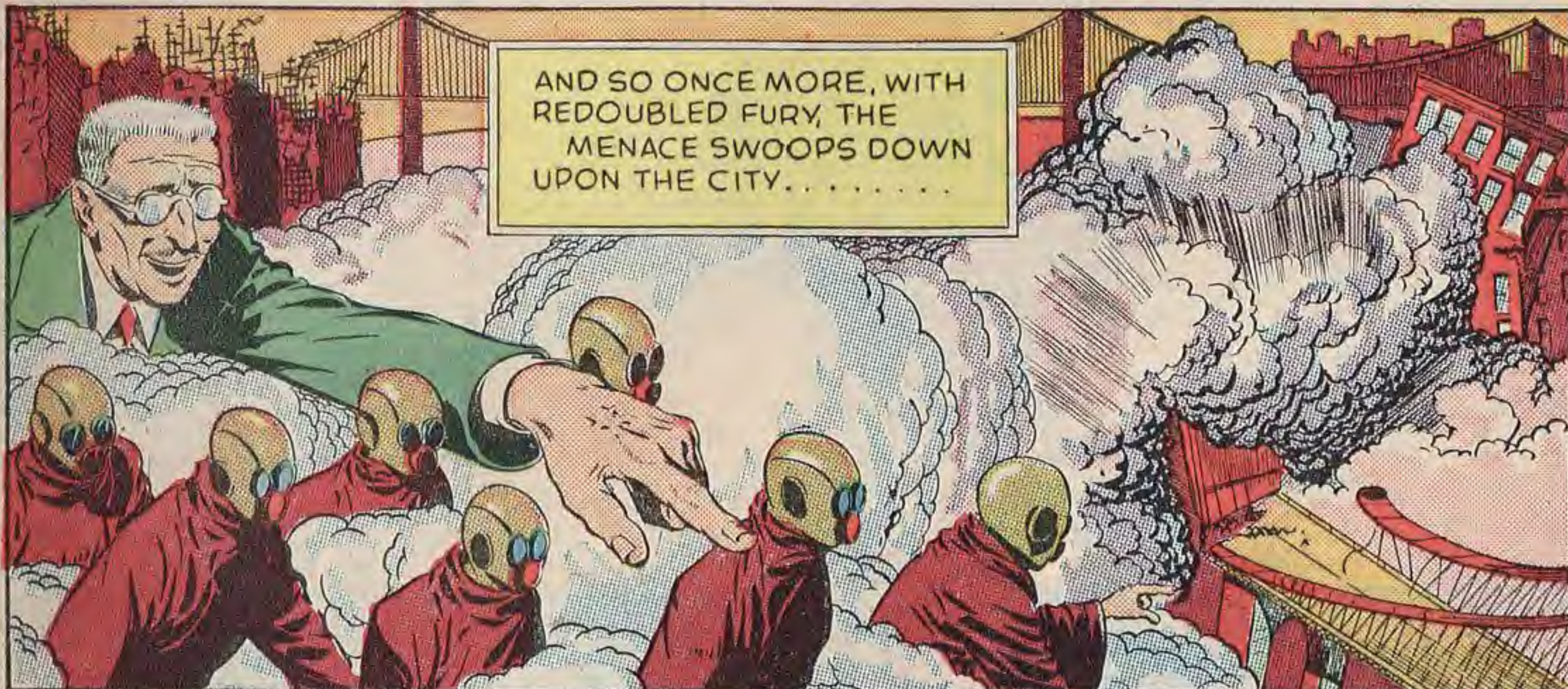


I UNDERSTAND... MY GOVERNMENT WILL PAY YOU WELL TO CONTINUE THE JOB WHICH YOU HAVE SO WELL BEGUN!

GOOD! WE ARE READY TO START AT ANY TIME!



AND SO ONCE MORE, WITH REDOUBLED FURY, THE MENACE SWOOPS DOWN UPON THE CITY.....



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THEY'RE BLAMING ME FOR NOT PUTTING AN END TO THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE EXPLOSIONS!

BUT, CHIEF.



YES, BOYS, IF I DON'T TAIL THE FIENDS, I'LL BE TURNING IN MY BADGE... AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF SERVICE... I'VE GOT A PLAN TO...

CHIEF! ANOTHER BRIDGE IS GONE!



AND A POWER PLANT, UPTOWN!

WHAT? THIS ISN'T A JOB FOR THE POLICE ALONE! THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT MUST GIVE US HELP!



BUT THE MATTER IS ALREADY BEING CONSIDERED BY THE U.S. ESPIONAGE...

IT LOOKS SERIOUS, BLACK X!



WHEN YOU GET OUT THERE, INVESTIGATE THE DIKES RESERVOIR, NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION, I HAVE A HUNCH THEY'LL STRIKE AT THAT WITH THE BRIDGES GONE!



I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, CHIEF, THAT WOULD CRIPPLE THE CITY MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, I'LL TAKE THE FIRST PLANE OUT!



OUTSIDE HE MEETS BATU AND EXPLAINS...

WE'RE UP AGAINST A BUNCH OF CLEVER, RUTHLESS MEN THIS TIME!

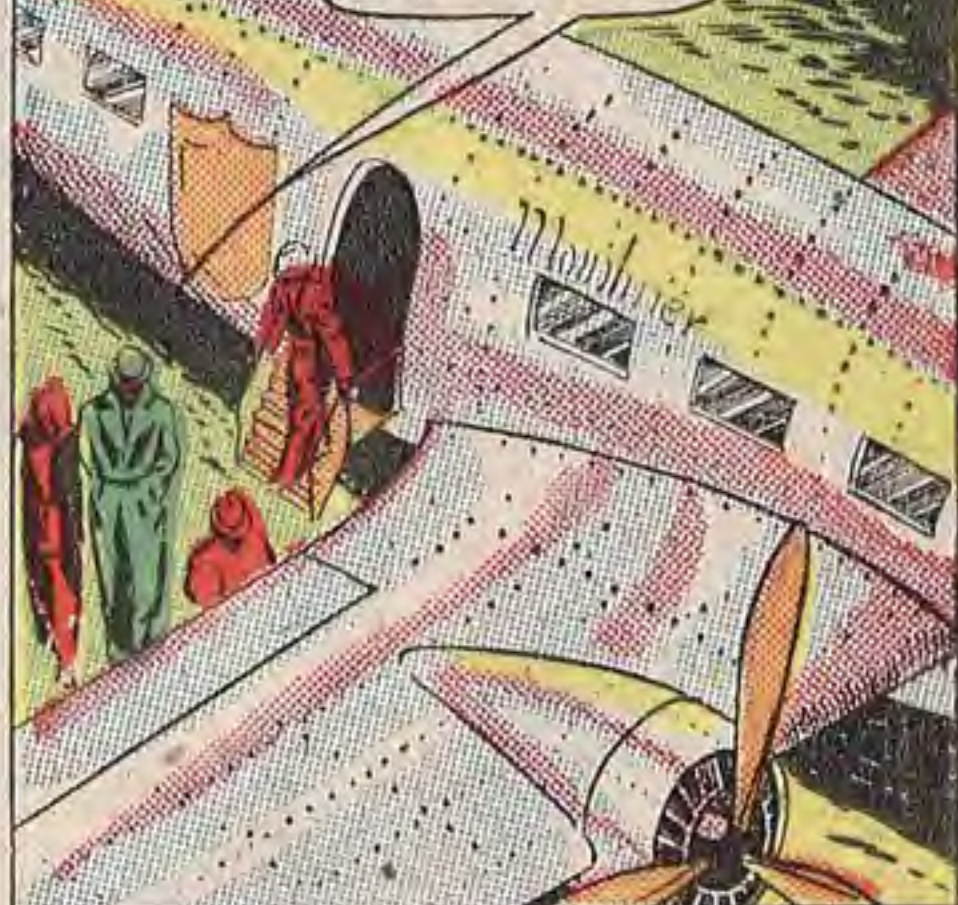


HAVE YOU FORMED ANY PLANS, MASTER? YEAH, WE ARE GOING TO BEAT THE SABOTEURS TO THE PUNCH! WE'LL GET THE PLANS OF THE RESERVOIR AS SOON AS WE GET OUT THERE!



THE TWO LEAVE THE PLANE IN NEW YORK...

HERE'S HOPING THEY DID NOT BEAT US TO THE PLANS!



AT THE EXCAVATION...

SORRY TO BUST IN ON YOU LIKE THIS, PAL, BUT IT'S URGENT BUSINESS!

SAY!



WHAT DO YOU WANT? I'LL BUST YA WITH THIS SHOVEL!



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! THIS'LL HURT YOU MORE THAN ME!



NO HARD FEELINGS, CHUM... AND NOW TO GET AT THOSE BLUE PRINTS!



FINALLY, BLACK X FINDS THE CHART.

HERE'S THE PLAN OF THE MAIN SHAFT, BUT ONLY IN PART!

SOMEONE MAKING USE OF OTHER PART!

WELL, THIS RECORD SHOULD TELL WHO'S IN CHARGE OF THE CHARTS, ALL OF THEM SHOULD BE... HELLO! HERE IT IS! FRITZ MORONOFF AND HIS ADDRESS... DIPLOMAT HOTEL!

THEY GO THERE IMMEDIATELY.

WOW! WHAT AN EXPENSIVE PLACE FOR A MERE CHART KEEPER!

AS THE TWO CONDUCT THEIR SEARCH, THE DOOR OPENS SLOWLY, AND...

LOOKIN' FER SOMETHIN'? STAND WHERE YOU ARE!!

QUICK AS A FLASH THE LIGHT GOES OUT.

HEY! WHAT IN. I'LL GET YA, WISE GUY!

YOU BET YOU WILL! AND PLENTY OF ME!

BUT NOT THE WAY YOU EXPECT!

WITH A POWERFUL RIGHT BLACK X FELLS THE SABOTEUR.

O.K., NOW TALK FAST! EVERY THING YOU KNOW ABOUT THE PLANS!

I SOLD PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CHARTS TO A GROUP OF MEN, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE, THEY'RE GOING TO BLOW UP THE GOLDER DAM TONIGHT!

MEANWHILE, RECOVERING, THE NIGHT WATCHMAN CALLS THE POLICE.

WHAT? TWO MEN BEAT YOU UP AND STOLE THE MAIN PLAN? WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



C'MON, MEN, I'M SURE THIS CONNECTS WITH THE OTHER JOBS! I HOPE THERE'LL BE A CLUE!



STEP ON IT, CASEY, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO A FUNERAL YOU KNOW!

FAITH, CHIEF! SHE'S DOWN TO THE FLOOR AN' MAKIN' NINETY!



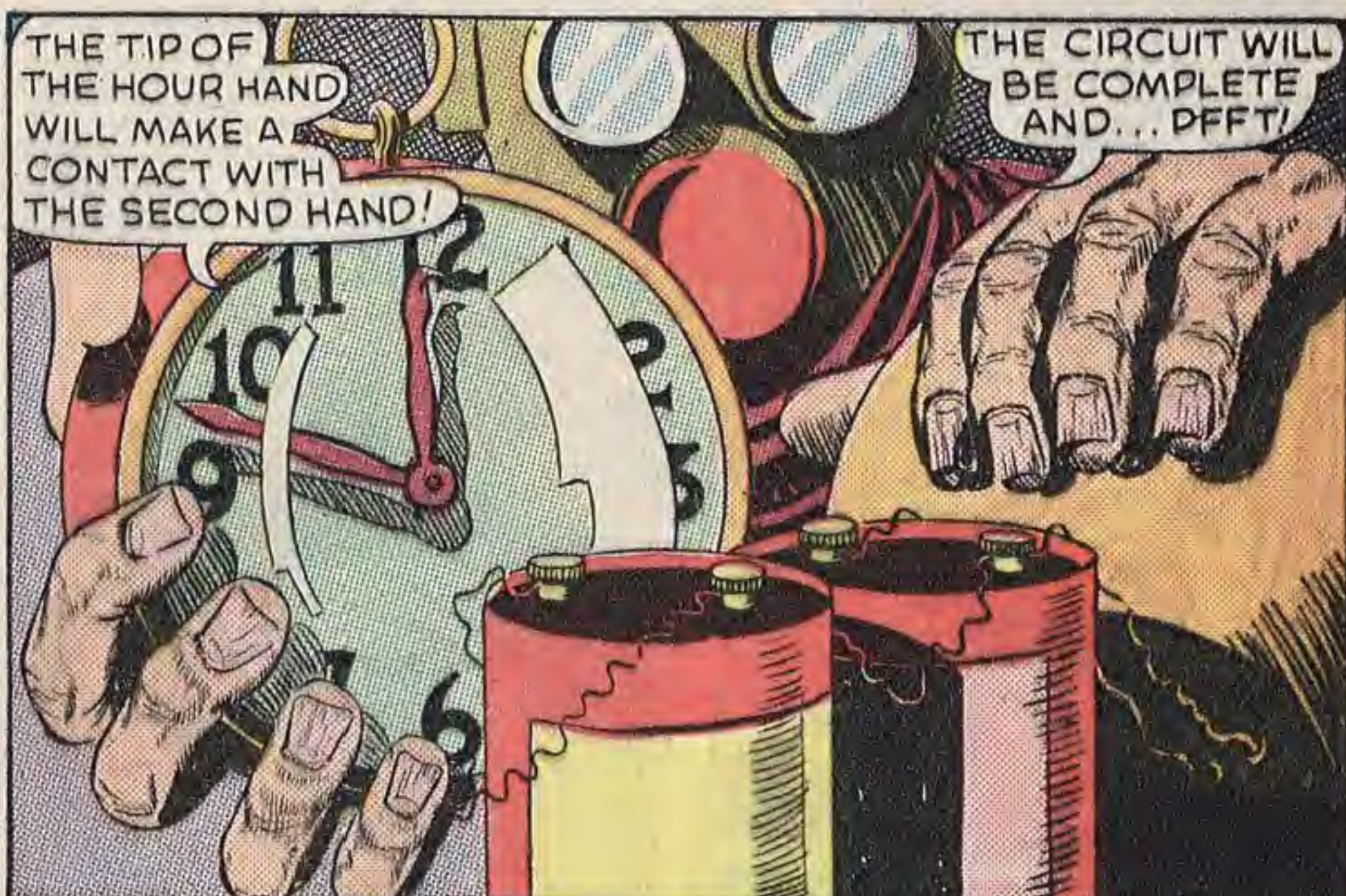
THE OFFICERS RUSH TO THE EXCAVATION...

MEN, EACH ONE OF YOU TAKE A SPOT OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL! DON'T LET ANYONE IN OR OUT!



HOODED FIGURES HAVE ALREADY REACHED THE SUBTERRANEAN DEPTHS OF THE SHAFT...

IN EXACTLY TWELVE AND ONE HALF MINUTES WE WILL HAVE COMPLETED THE MASTERPIECE OF OUR CAREER!



THE TIP OF THE HOUR HAND WILL MAKE A CONTACT WITH THE SECOND HAND!

THE CIRCUIT WILL BE COMPLETE AND... PFFT!



OUTSIDE BLACK X AND BATU HAVE ALSO REACHED THE MOUTH OF THE MAIN SHAFT.

A POLICEMAN! YOU'LL HAVE TO GET US THROUGH, BATU!



A HINDU! SAY, WH. WHO!

I HAVE HERE A PASS IF YOU'LL LOOK AT IT, PLEASE!



A BUTTON! ARE YOU JOK... K ING. A A..AH!



LOOK! THOSE ARE THE MEN WE'RE AFTER, AND THEY HAVE THE BOMB PLANTED!

HE'S HYPNOTIZED, MASTER, COME!



HE CHARGES OUT AGAINST GREAT ODDS.

O.K., RATS, GET SET FOR A PARTY!

WHERE... WHO?!



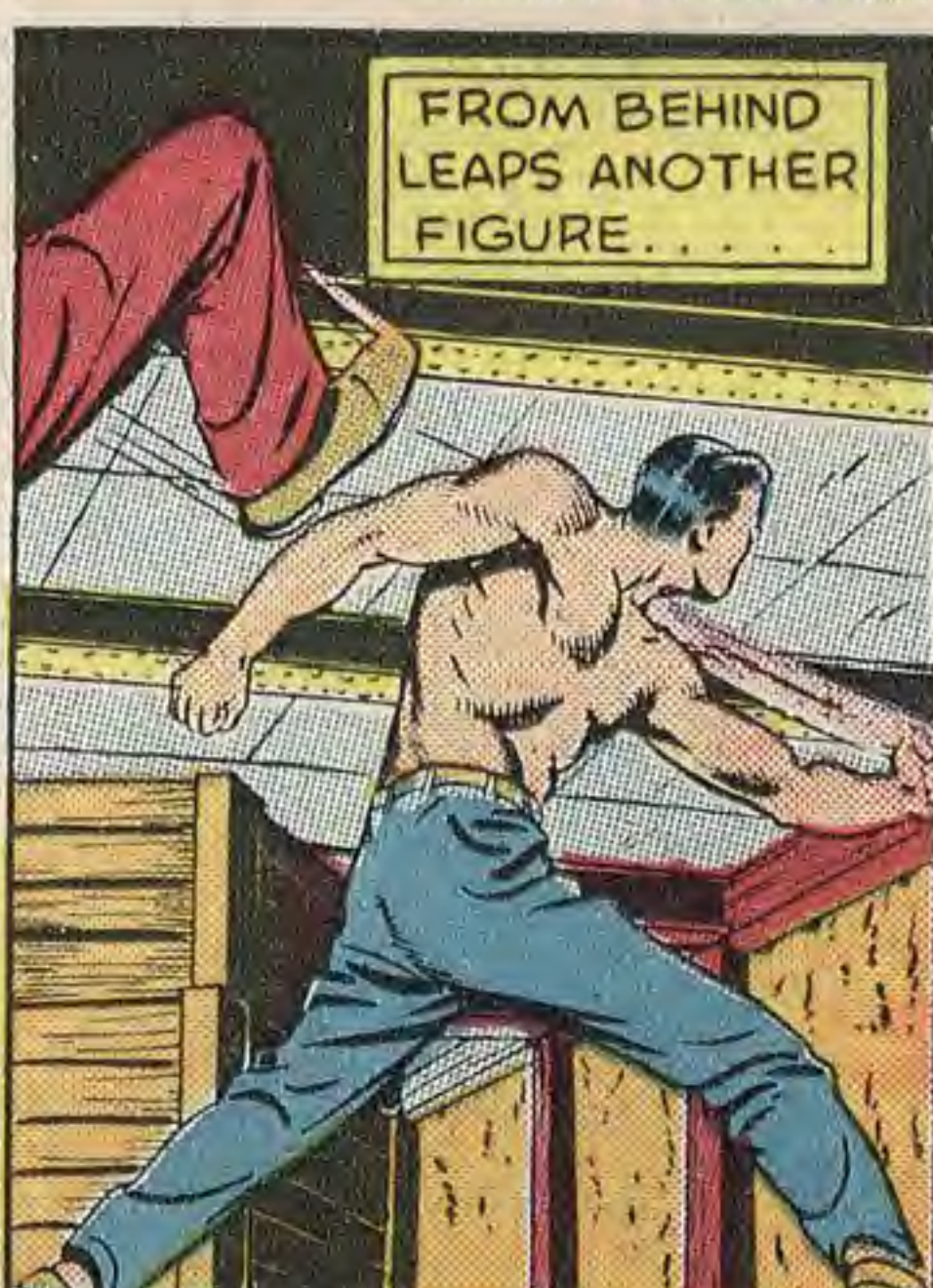
SAY... WHAT?? GET HIM, MEN!!



HERE'S A LITTLE TOKEN OF MY ESTEEM!



FROM BEHIND LEAPS ANOTHER FIGURE...

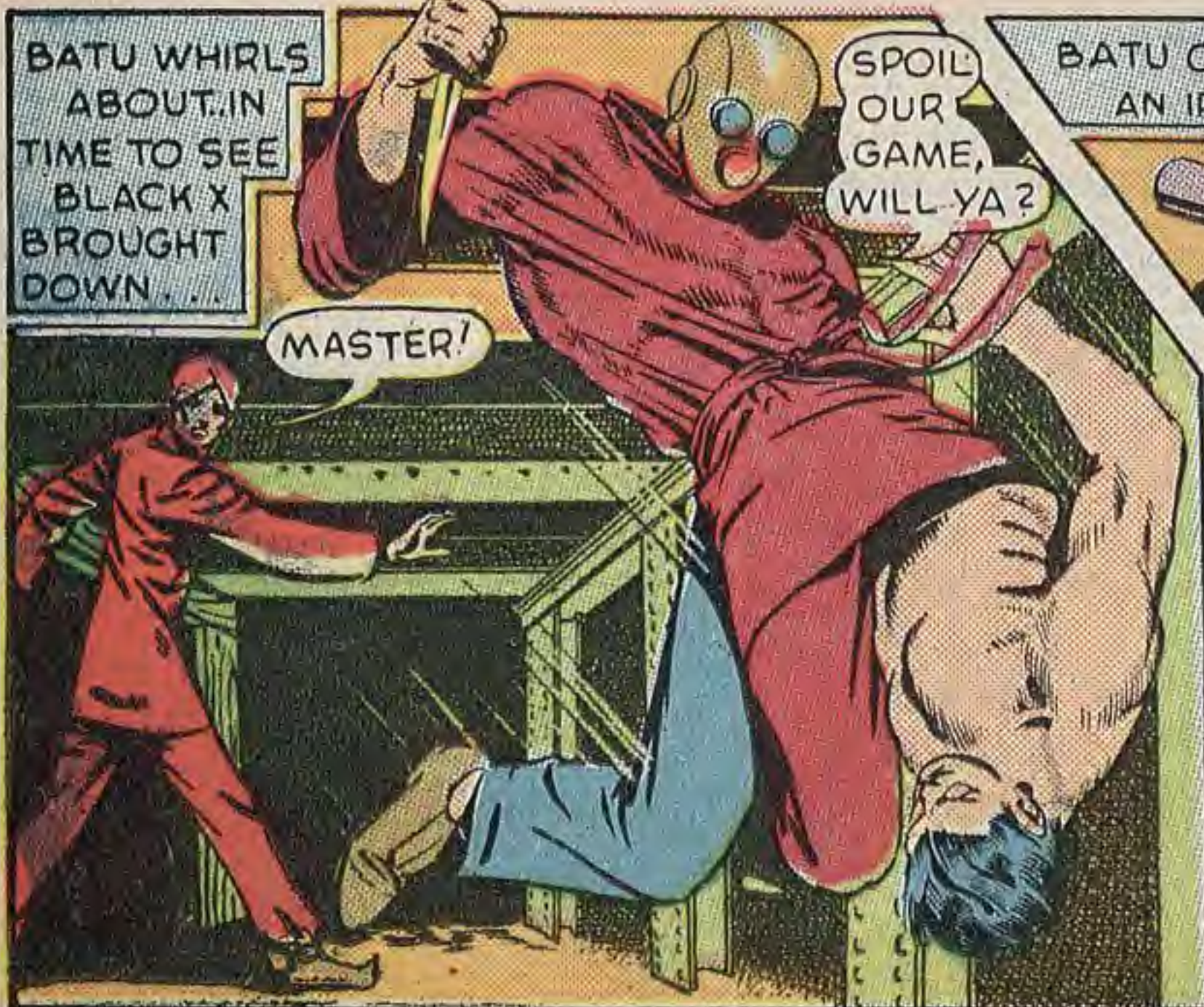


BATU WHIRLS ABOUT IN TIME TO SEE BLACK X BROUGHT DOWN...

SPOIL OUR GAME, WILL-YA?

BATU QUICKLY GRABS AN IRON BAR...

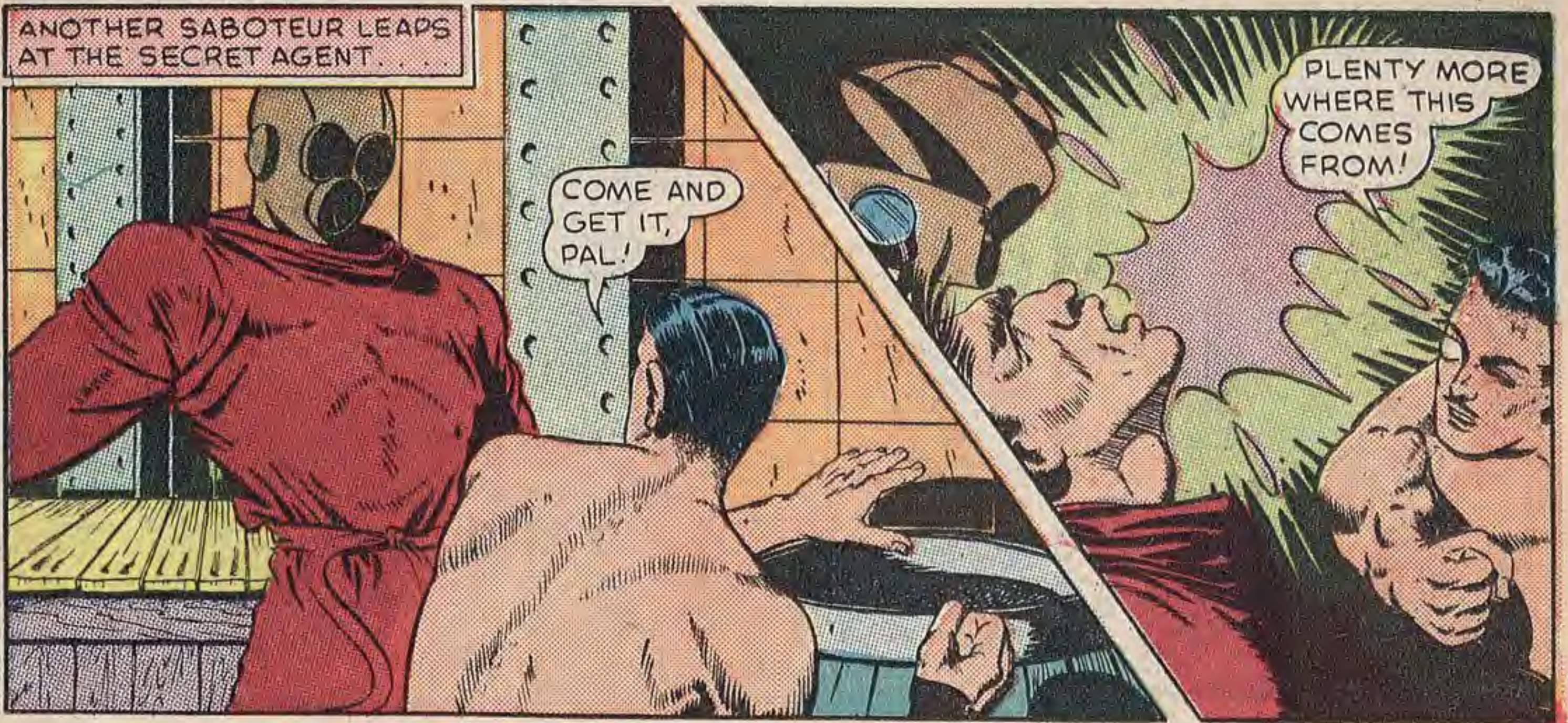
AND WITH A TERRIFIC SMASH...



ANOTHER SABOTEUR LEAPS
AT THE SECRET AGENT.

COME AND
GET IT,
PAL!

PLENTY MORE
WHERE THIS
COMES
FROM!



HERE'S THE REST OF
THEM HEADING FOR ME..
THIS ISN'T GOING TO
BE A PICNIC
FOR ME!

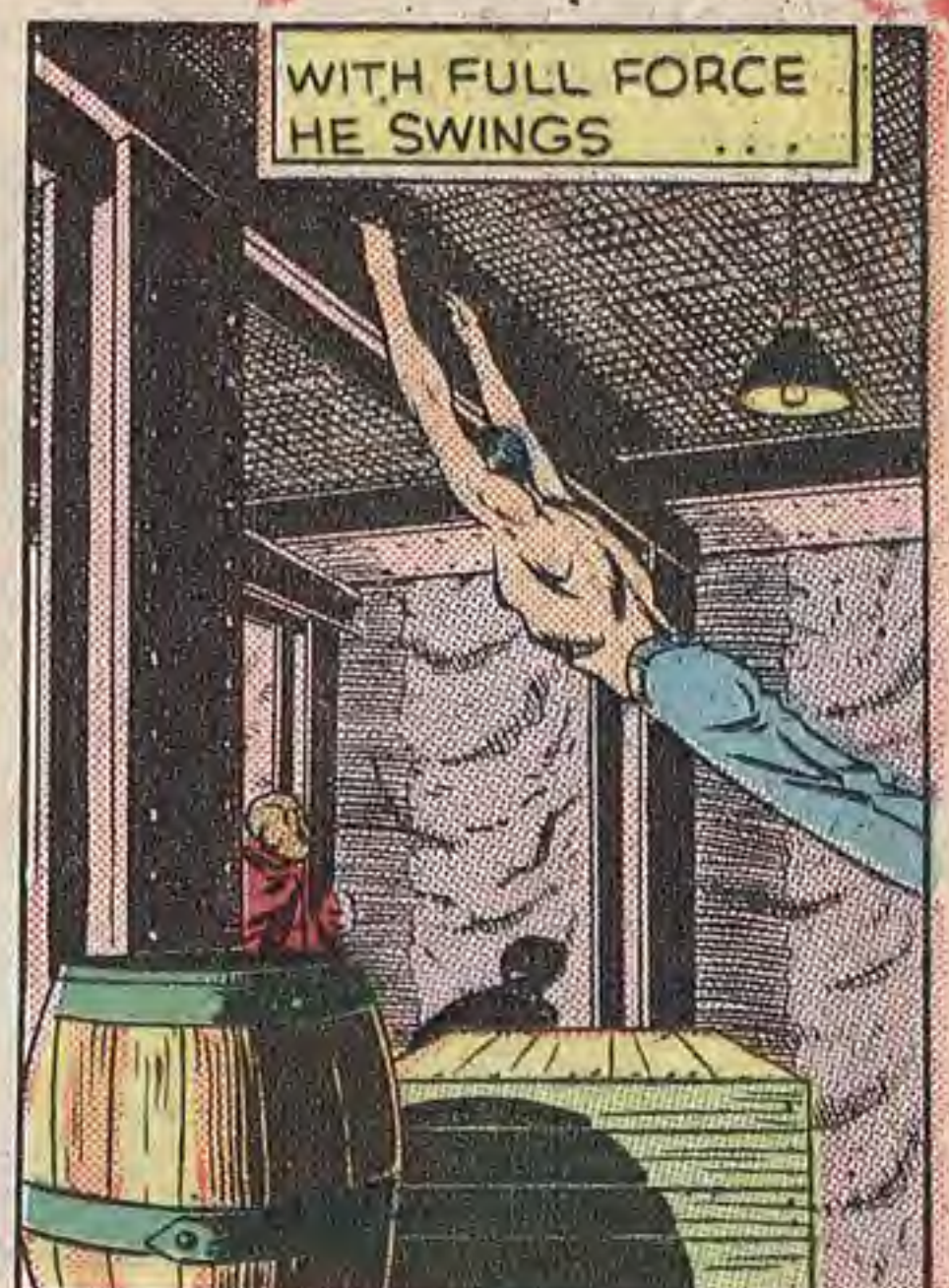


HMM.. I'VE
AN IDEA!



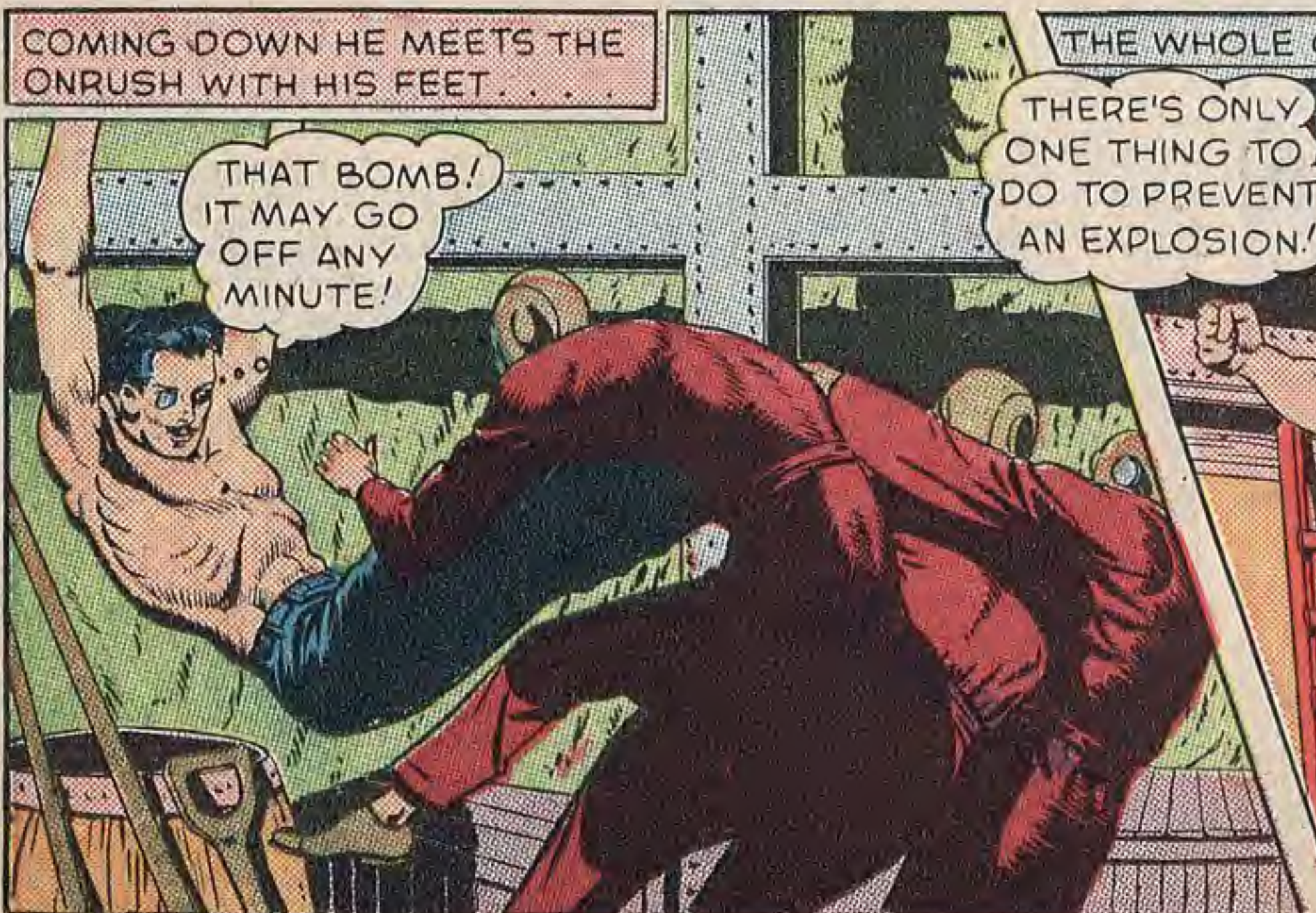
HE LEAPS UP
AND GRABS
A GIRDER

WITH FULL FORCE
HE SWINGS ...



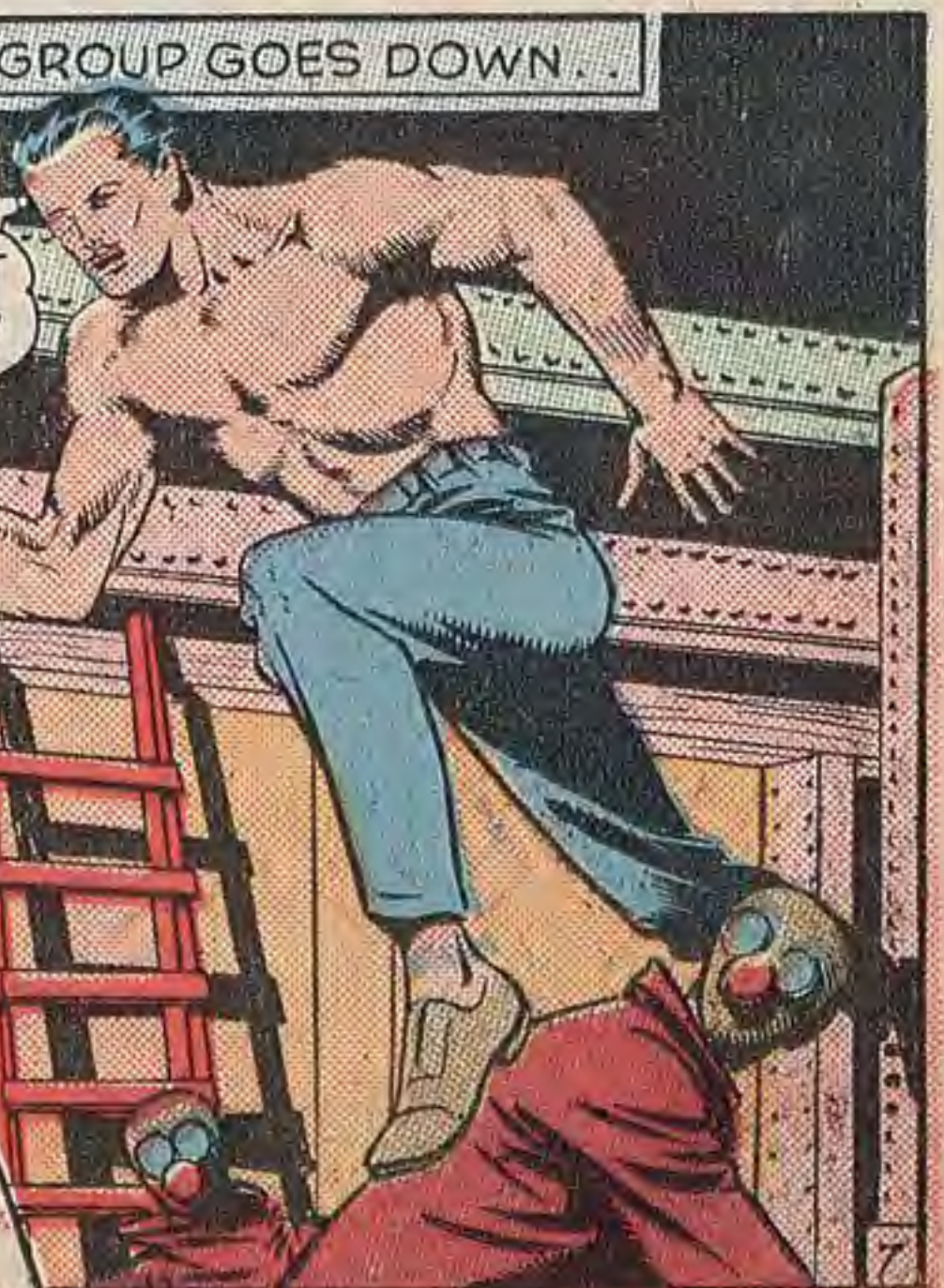
COMING DOWN HE MEETS THE
ONRUSH WITH HIS FEET...

THAT BOMB!
IT MAY GO
OFF ANY
MINUTE!



THE WHOLE GROUP GOES DOWN..

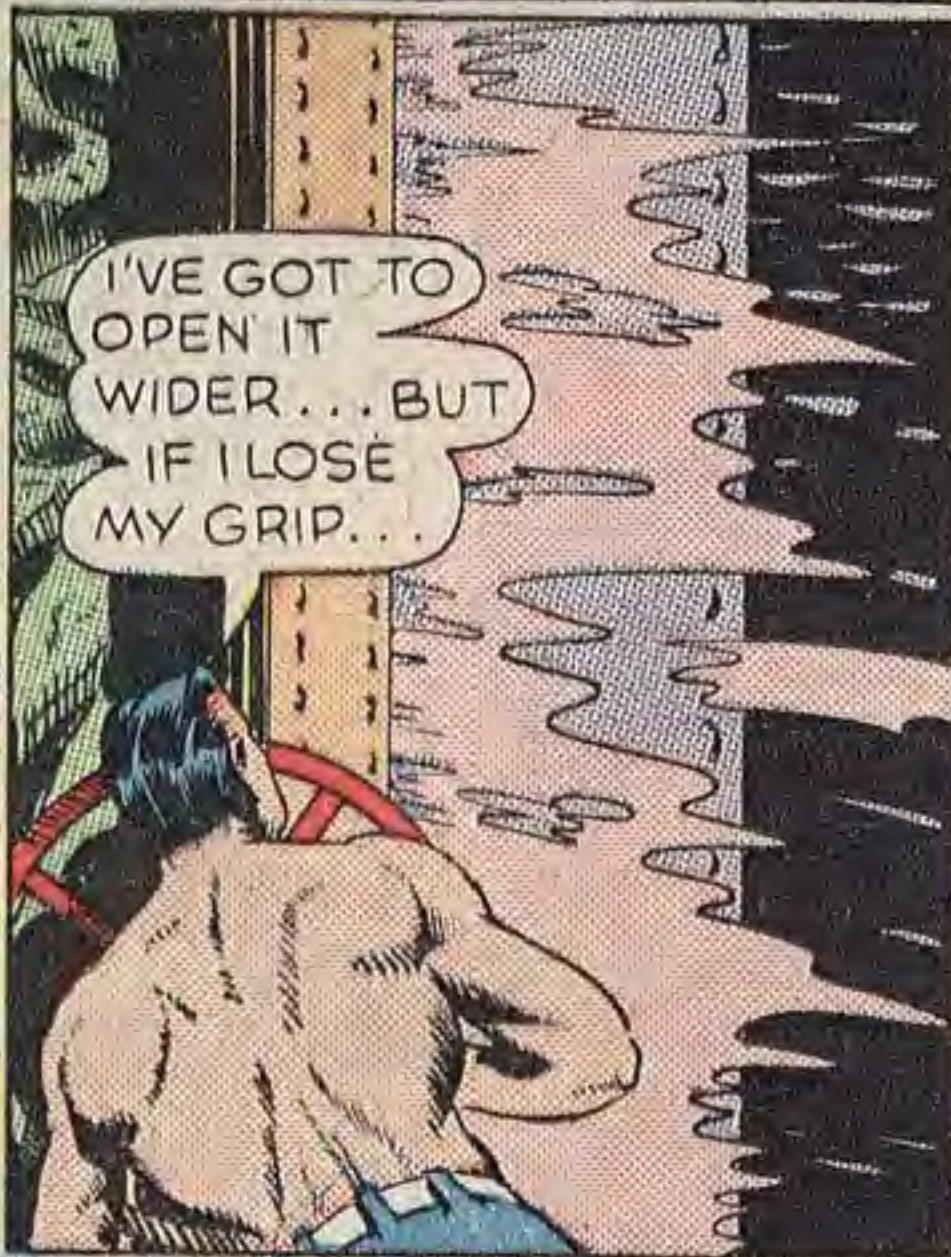
THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING TO
DO TO PREVENT
AN EXPLOSION!



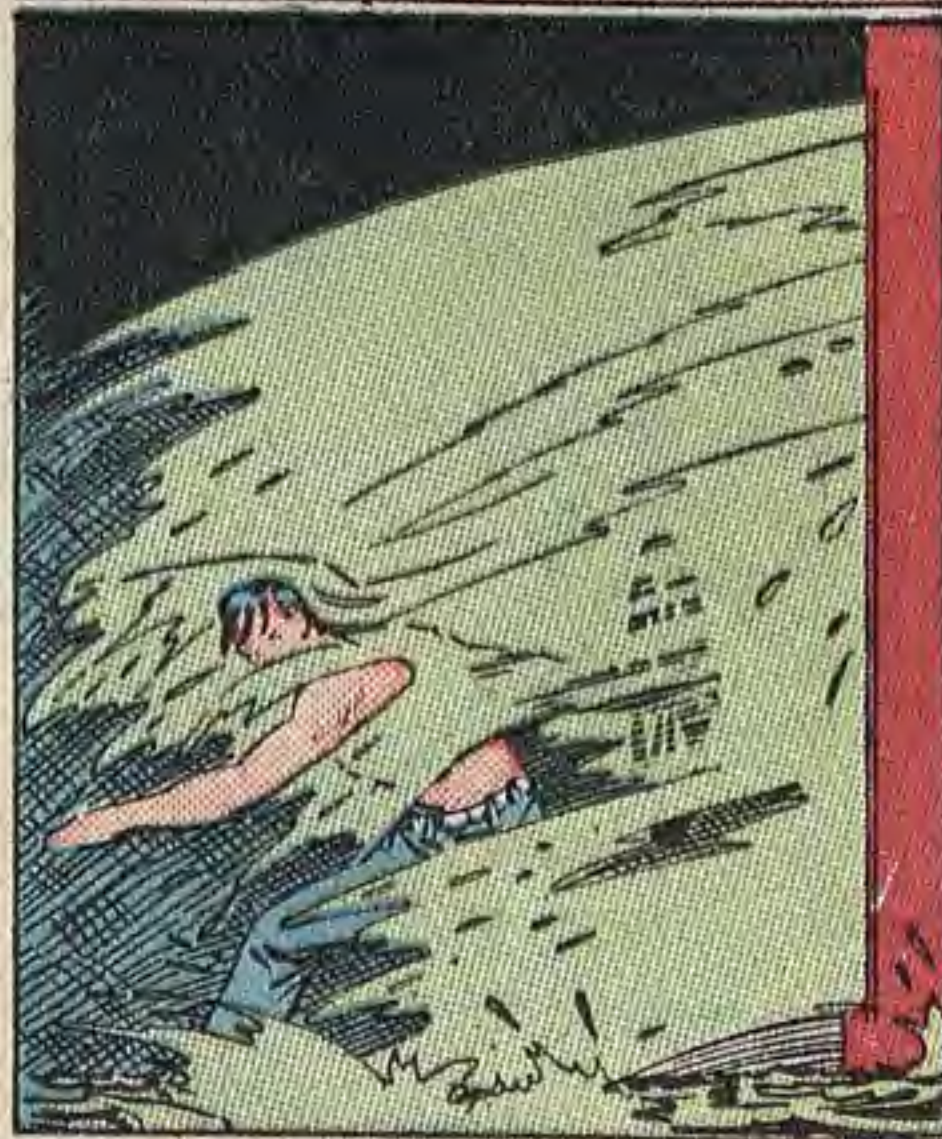
HE RUSHES TO THE CONTROLS OF THE WATER COMPARTMENT



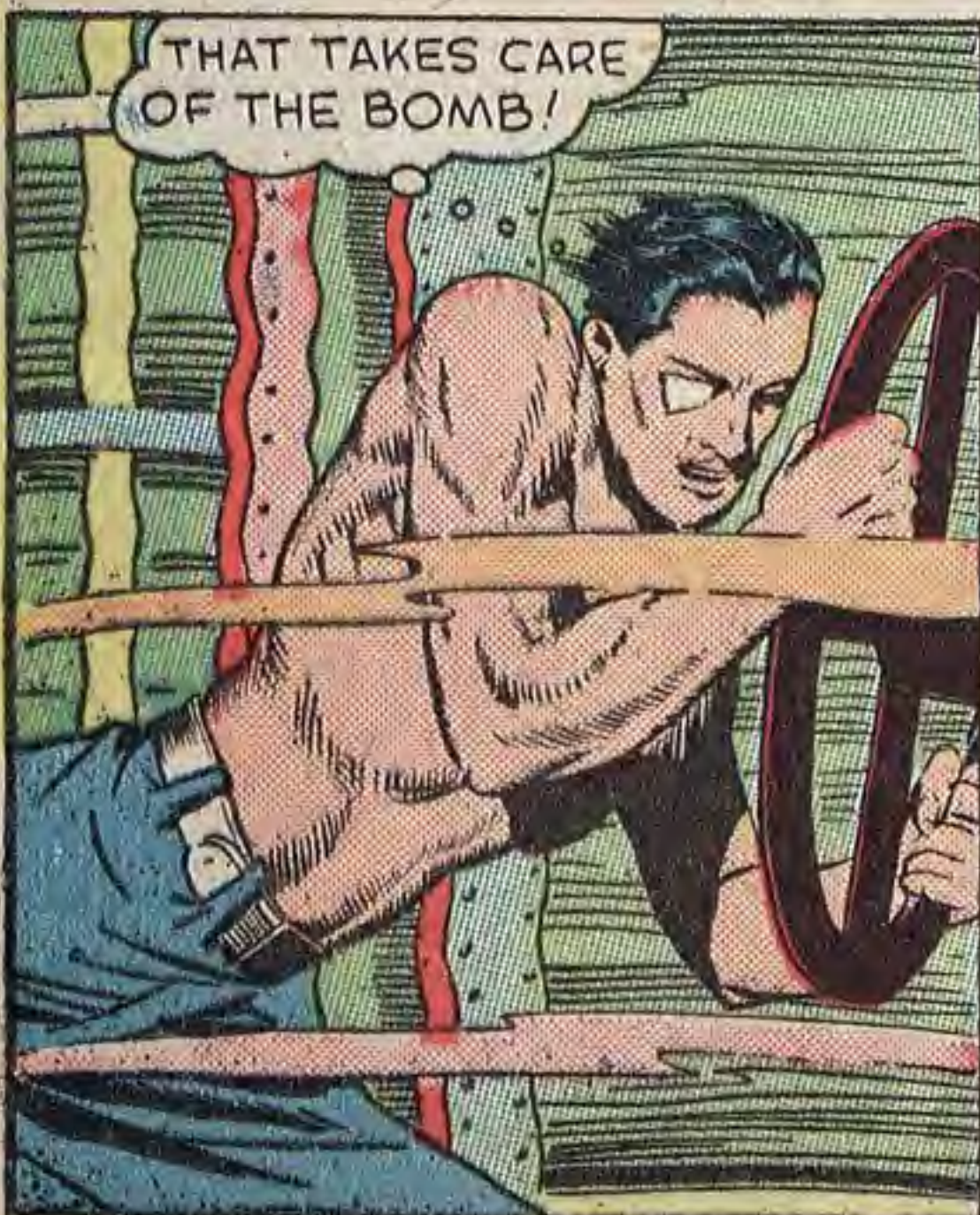
THE DOOR IS PARTLY OPENED.



BLACK X BATTLES THE CHARGING FORCE OF THE WATER TO KEEP HIS HOLD ON THE WHEEL



IN A MOMENT THE PLACE IS A SEA OF CHURNING CHAOS...

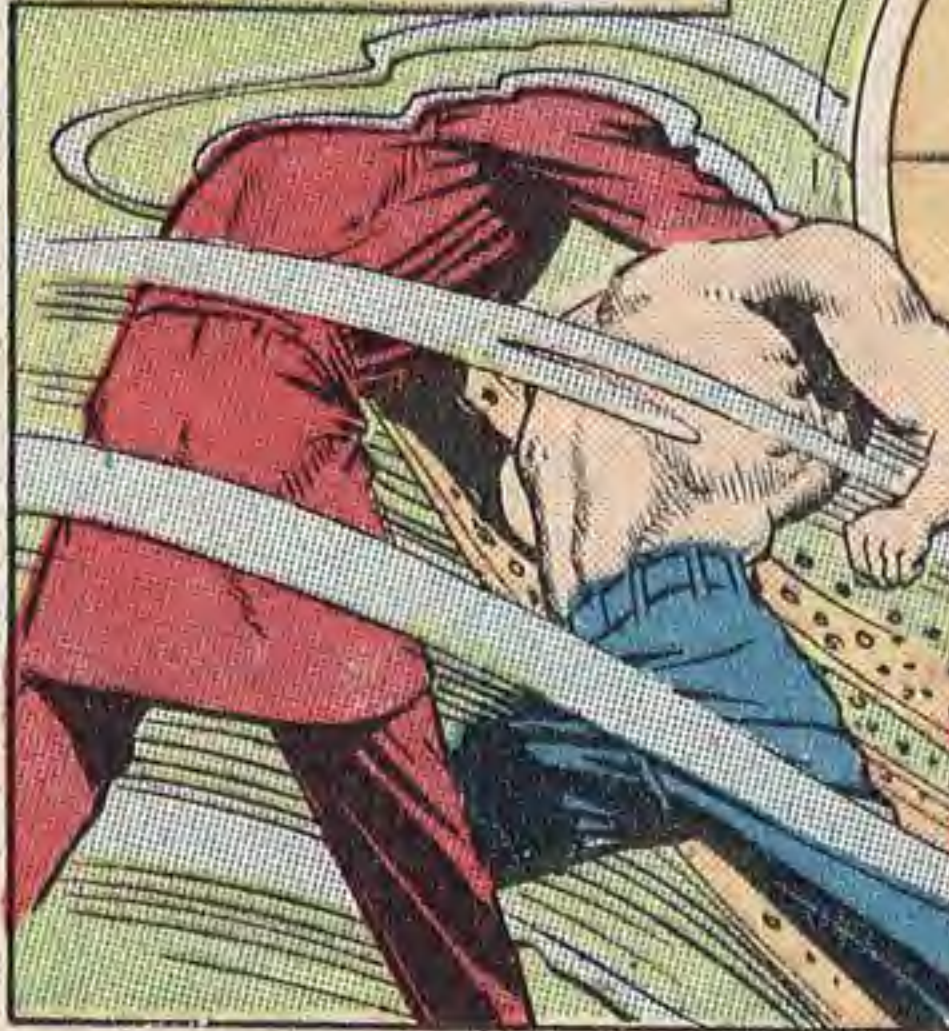


AS THE WATER SETTLES, THE GANG ATTACKS BLACK X...



YOU LET THIS WATER IN HERE... NOW IT'LL BE YOUR OWN GRAVE!

THE SECRET AGENT FIGHTS DESPERATELY. HE COMES UP WITH A SMASHING RIGHT TO THE BODY OF ONE OF HIS ASSAILANTS...



YOU HAVE PLENTY OF NERVE WHEN YOU'RE NOT IN DANGER!

BLACK X'S OPPONENT HITS THE WATER'S SURFACE WITH A SPLASH...



JUST THEN THE POLICE RUSH IN...



ALL RIGHT, ALL OF YOU! KEEP 'EM HIGH, AND NO FALSE MOVES!

WHO ARE YOU? WE NOTICED YOU WERE FIGHTING THEM... WHY, YOU'RE BLACK X!

RIGHT! I TRUST YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!



WE'LL DO THAT... YOU DID A FINE JOB... ANYTIME WE CAN LEND A HAND IT'LL BE OUR PLEASURE!



THANKS... YOU NEVER CAN TELL!

A FEW DAYS LATER IN WASHINGTON...



BLACK X, I HAVE A REPORT HERE FROM THE CHIEF OF POLICE, THE SAME GANG WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE EXPLOSIONS THROUGHOUT THE CITY, AND HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE...

THE SQUAD WOULD LIKE BATU TO GO OUT THERE SOMETIME AND GIVE THEM A FEW LESSONS IN MAGIC!



HA HA!



NEXT DAY...

DAILY STAR -
OPERA STAR MURDERED

SENSATIONAL "FIND"
SLAIN DURING DEBUT
..THIRD KILLING IN
TWO DECADES RE-
VIVES ANCIENT
PHANTOM LEGEND..

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF
WRITIN' GHOST STORIES,
CARTER? IT WASN'T
ANY PHANTOM WHO
SLUNG THAT KNIFE!

IS THAT SO, SERGEANT
MONAHAN! THEN WHO DID?
YOU'VE BEEN INVESTIGAT-
ING ALL NIGHT!

STICK AROUND!..I'M
WORKIN' ON A NEW
ANGLE...I'M
RECONSTRUCTING
THE CRIME TONIGHT!

THAT NIGHT..THE GREAT OPERA RESOUNDS
AS THE FATAL THIRD ACT IS PLAYED TO
AN EMPTY AUDITORIUM..

...AND DEEP IN ITS LONG FORGOTTEN
CELLARS, A WEIRD FIGURE PLODS UPWARD
TOWARD THE MUSICAL STRAINS...

BOY! THAT UNDERSTUDY
SURE IS SCARED! NO
WONDER, THOSE EMPTY
BOXES ARE ENOUGH
TO....

THAT BOX!
THERE'S
SOMEONE
IN IT!
LOOK OUT!

DOWN!

WITH SUPERHUMAN
AGILITY A CLOAKED
FIGURE LEAPS TO
A CURTAIN
CORD AND
SWOOPS ONTO
THE STAGE!

IT'S THE KILLER!
GET 'IM BOYS!!

HE'S GOT
THE GIRL!



AFTER HIM!



AS THE POLICE PURSUE THE FLEEING ABDUCTOR, CHIC NOTICES A MALE SINGER DART INTO THE SHADOWS...

OH-OH! WHERE'S HE GOING?



HE WENT THROUGH THIS TRAP DOOR... BUT IT'S NOTHING BUT AN EMPTY ROOM!



THOSE SPIDER WEBS... THEY'VE BEEN DISTURBED... THERE MUST BE AN OPENING!



HERE IT IS! ANOTHER DOOR... LEADING TO AN OLD STAIRWAY!



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS CHIC SUDDENLY HEARS HEAVY FOOTSTEPS!

AH! THE PHANTOM IS NOT A LEGEND... BUT A REALITY!



STOP WHERE YOU ARE... OR I'LL DRILL YOU!



THE BESTIAL CREATURE DROPS HIS HUMAN PREY AND STALKS TOWARD CHIC...

HE'S INHUMAN! TWO SLUGS IN HIM AND HE'S STILL COMING!



UGH! I-I CAN'T BREATHE!



SUDDENLY A CRISP COMMAND ECHOES THROUGH THE PASSAGE...

RELEASE HIM, FOOL!

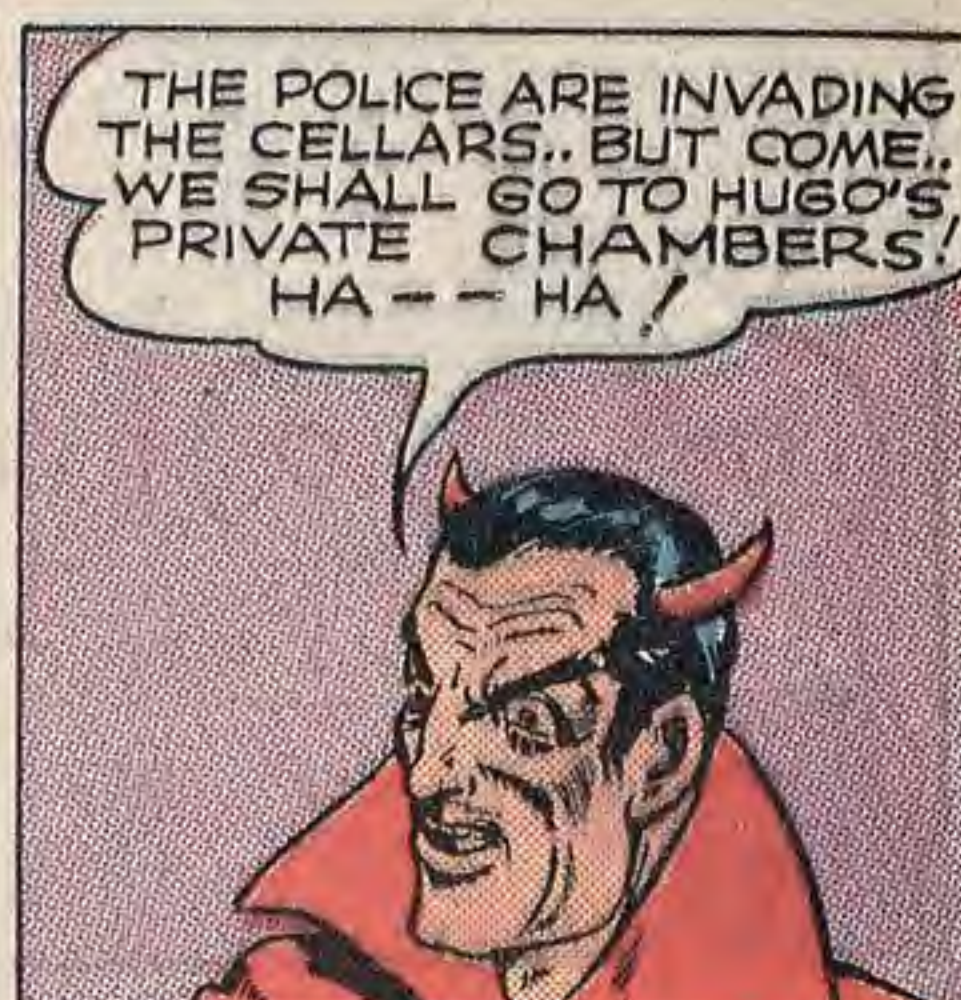


I'M SORRY, HUGO FORGOT THAT HE ALREADY DISPOSED OF MY CURRENT RIVAL, THAT GIRL... NOW THAT **YOU** KNOW, YOU ALL MUST DIE!



...FOR TWENTY YEARS I HAVE BEEN THE LEADING SINGER OF THIS OPERA HOUSE... HUGO HAS FAITHFULLY KILLED ALL THOSE WHO WOULD REPLACE ME! BUT, NOW IT SEEMS I HAVE NO MORE USE FOR HIM... DUMB BRUTE!

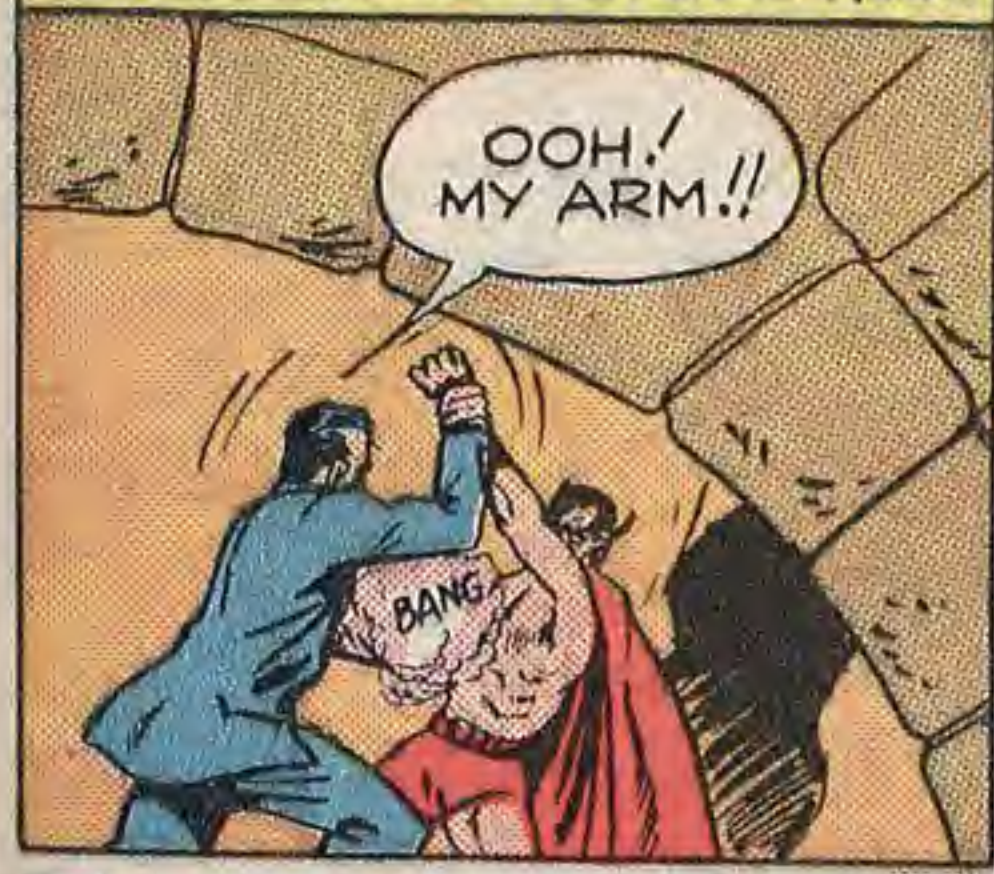
ARRR!



CHIC AND THE GIRL ARE FORCED DEEPER INTO THE UNDERGROUND VAULTS BY THE MAD OPERA STAR...



CHIC GAMBLES HIS LIFE ON A DESPERATE SUICIDE RUSH



BUT BEFORE THE CRAZED SINGER CAN FIRE AGAIN, A MISSHAPEN FIGURE STAGGERS INTO THE ROOM..



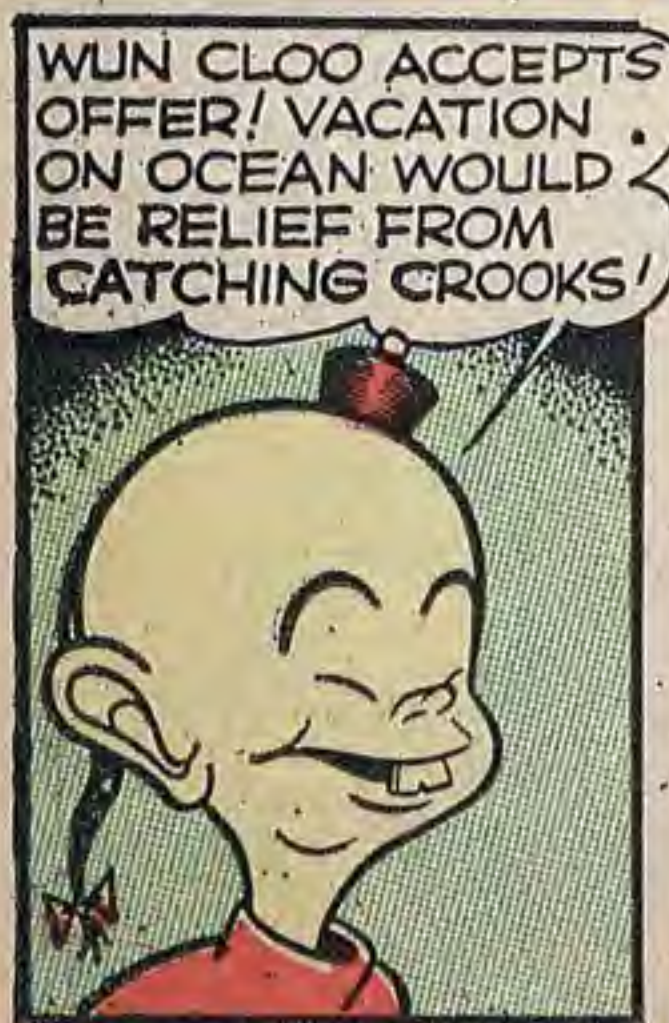
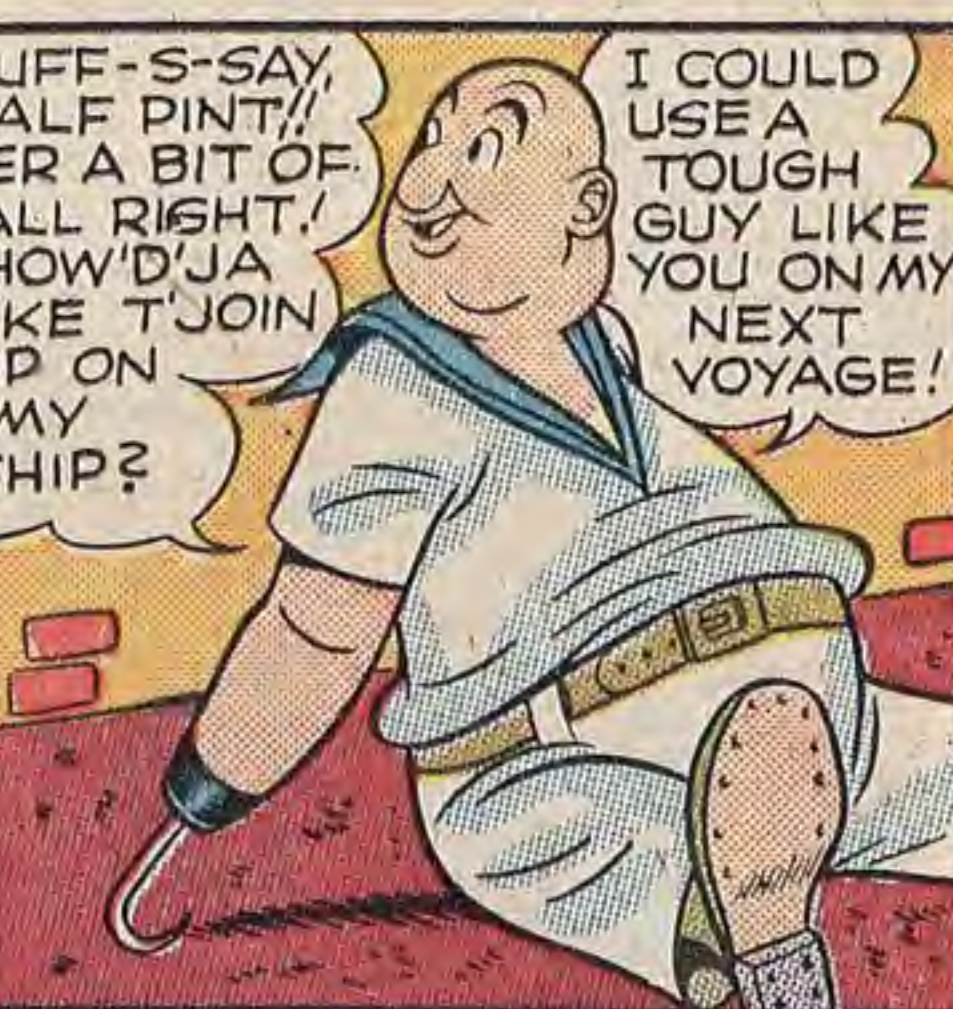
HUGE STEELY HANDS CHOKE OFF THE KILLER'S SCREAM OF TERROR..

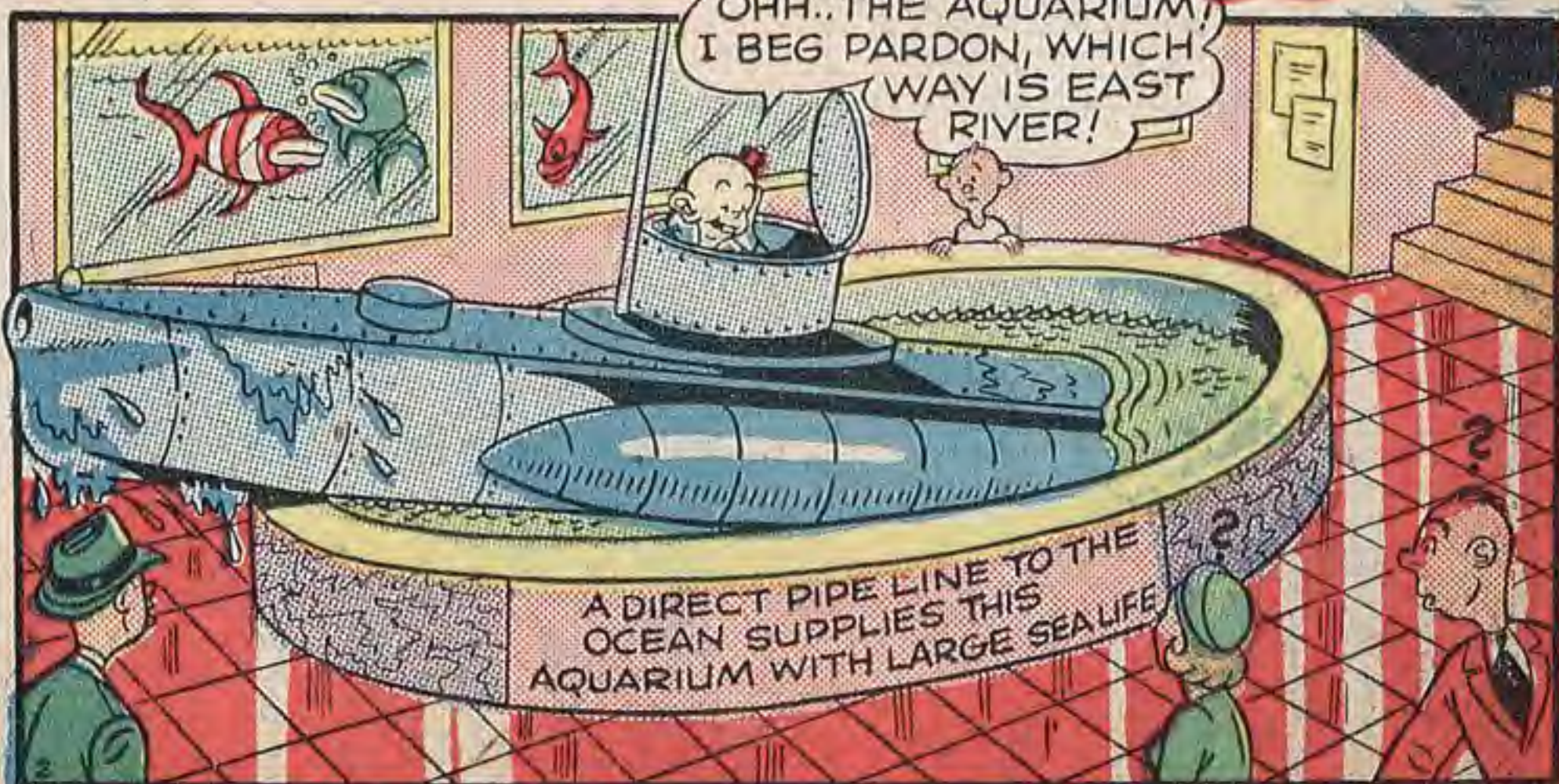
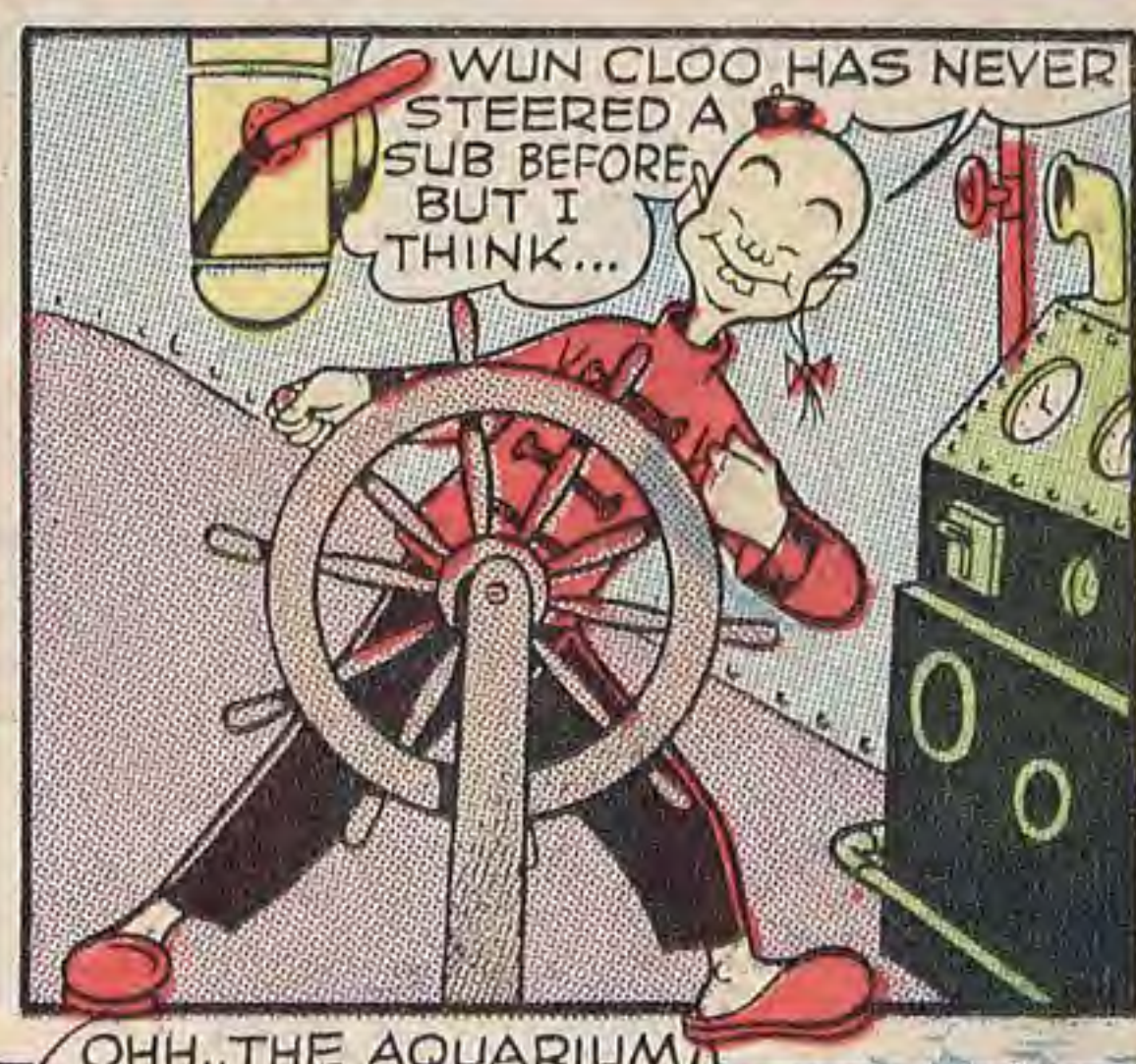


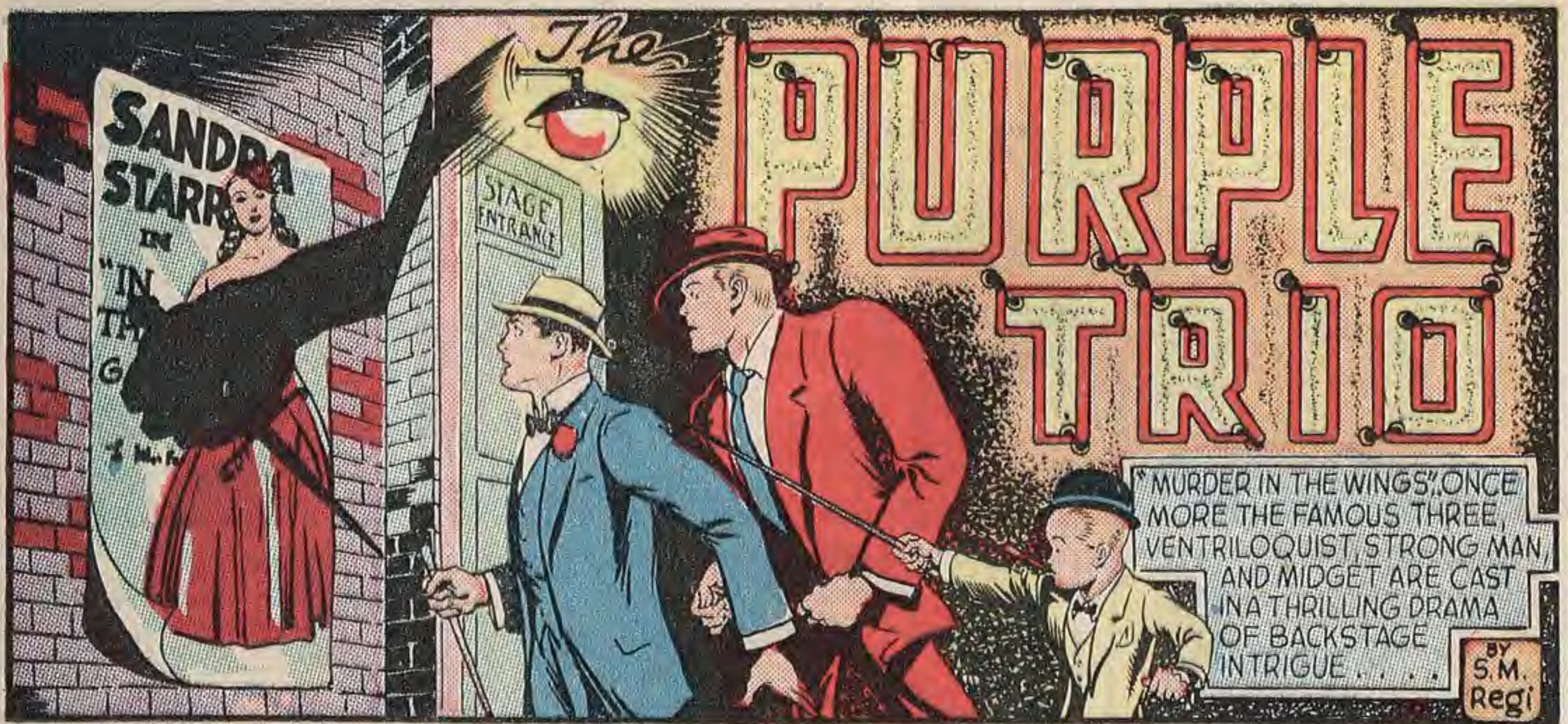
WUN CLOO

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE

by -GILL FOX-







ROCKY, TINY AND WARREN CLINK THE COINS IN THEIR RESPECTIVE POCKETS, BUT CAN'T MAKE A TOTAL OF \$3.30 FOR GALLERY SEATS TO THE HIT MUSICAL OF THE YEAR...



IT'S A DARN SHAME! OUR LITTLE SANDRA RISEN TO STARDOM OVERNIGHT AND WE HAVEN'T GOT THE PRICE TO SEE HER SHOW!



A SMOOTH CAR ROLLS UP TO THE STAGE DOOR AND SANDRA IS ESCORTED OUT BY TWO MEN.



THEY APPEAR TO BE GUARDING HER VERY CLOSELY...



SNUBBED IN THE BEST THEATRICAL FASHION... THE TRIO STANDS AWKWARDLY WAVING THEIR HATS IN THE AIR...



I AIN'T SURPRISED, I AIN'T SURPRISED!! DAMES LIKE THAT ALWAYS FORSAKE THEIR OLD PALS FOR THE BRIGHT LIGHTS!



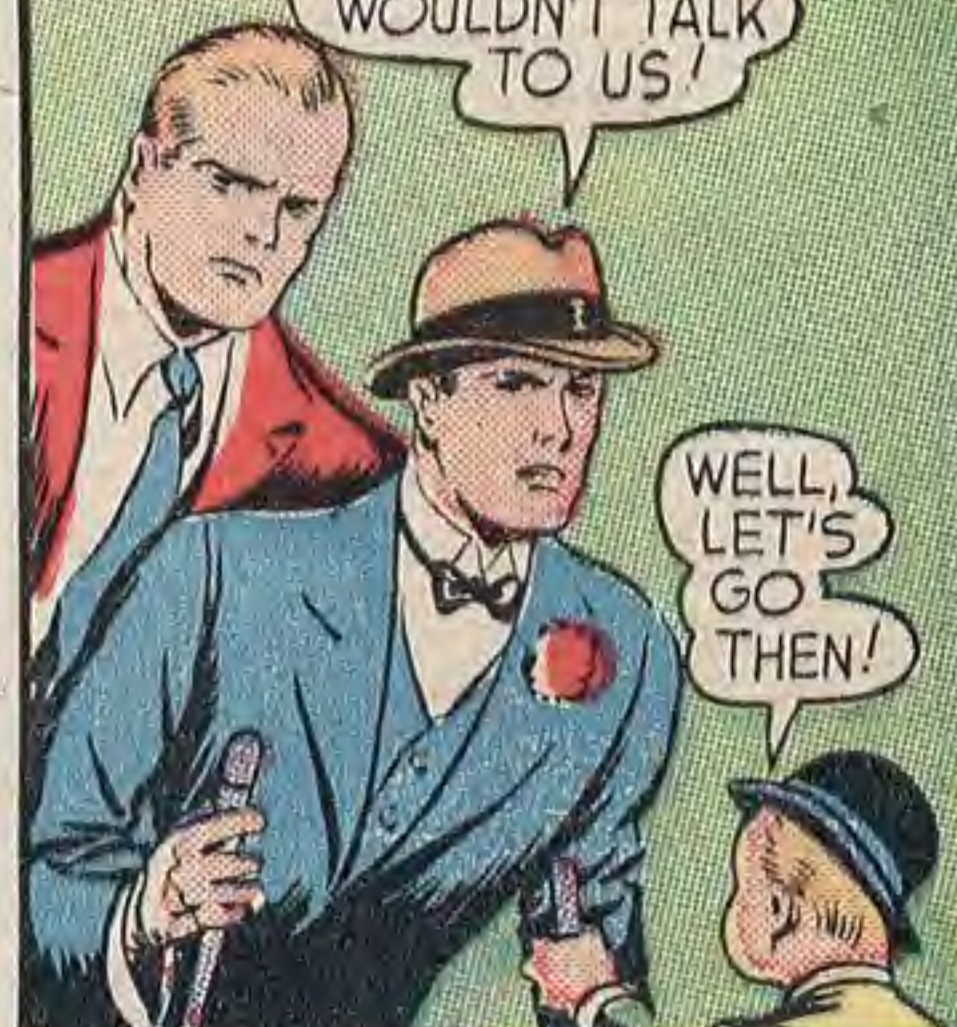
SUDDENLY THE AIR WHISTLES OVERHEAD AND ROCKY DANGEROUSLY LOSES HIS HAT.



A COLD STEEL DAGGER QUIVERS FROM THE POSTER, PLUNGED IN THE IMAGE OF SANDRA!



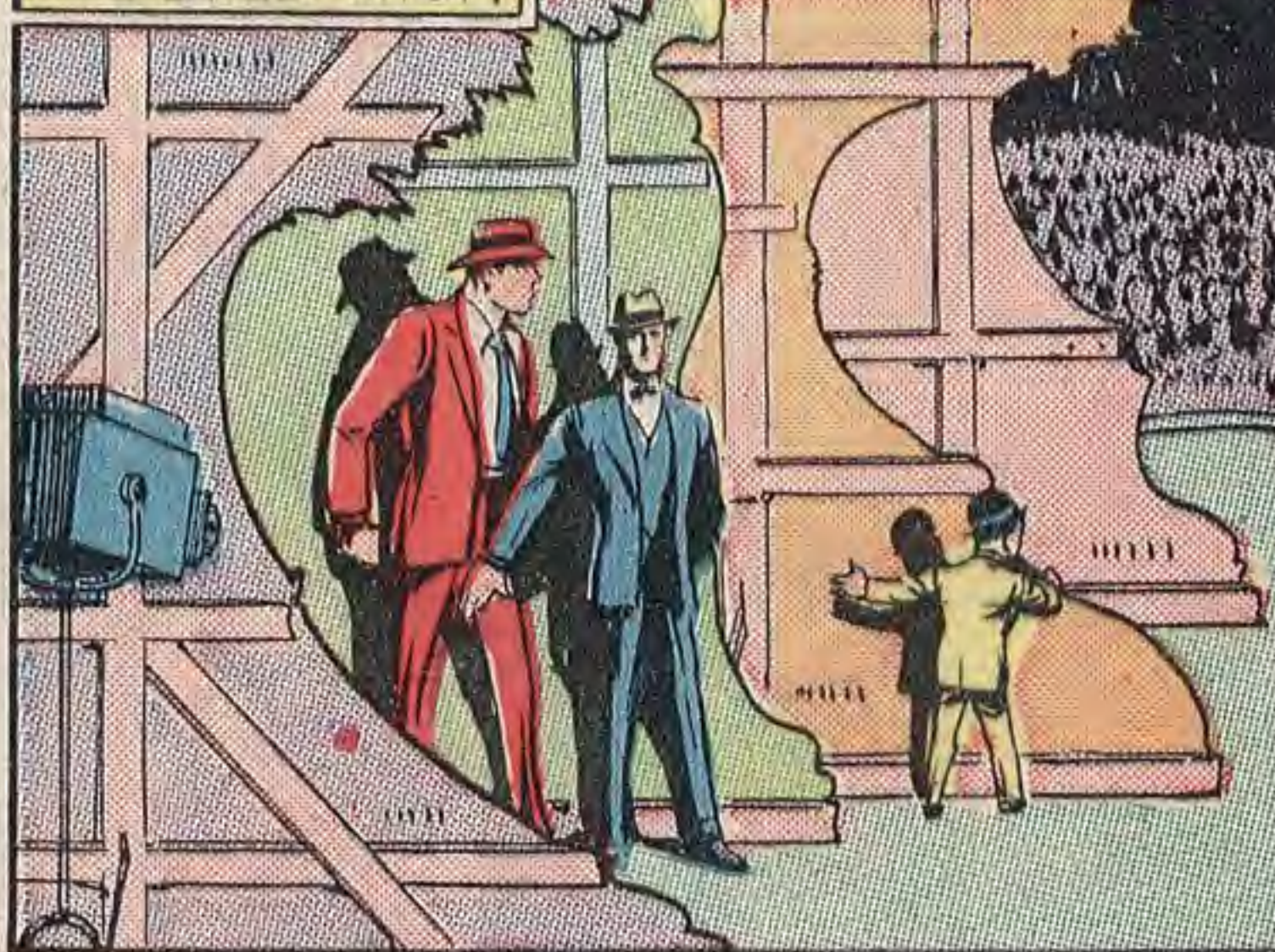
NOW I GET IT! SANDRA'S LIFE IS IN DANGER! SOMEONE'S THREATENING HER... THAT'S WHY SHE WOULDN'T TALK TO US!



THE PURPLE TRIO HAS EASY ENTRANCE PAST THE WATCHMAN AT THE STAGE-DOOR



SILENTLY THEY SLIP INTO THE WINGS TO LISTEN TO THE LOVELY VOICE OF THEIR PROTEGE, SINGING THE LATEST HITS.



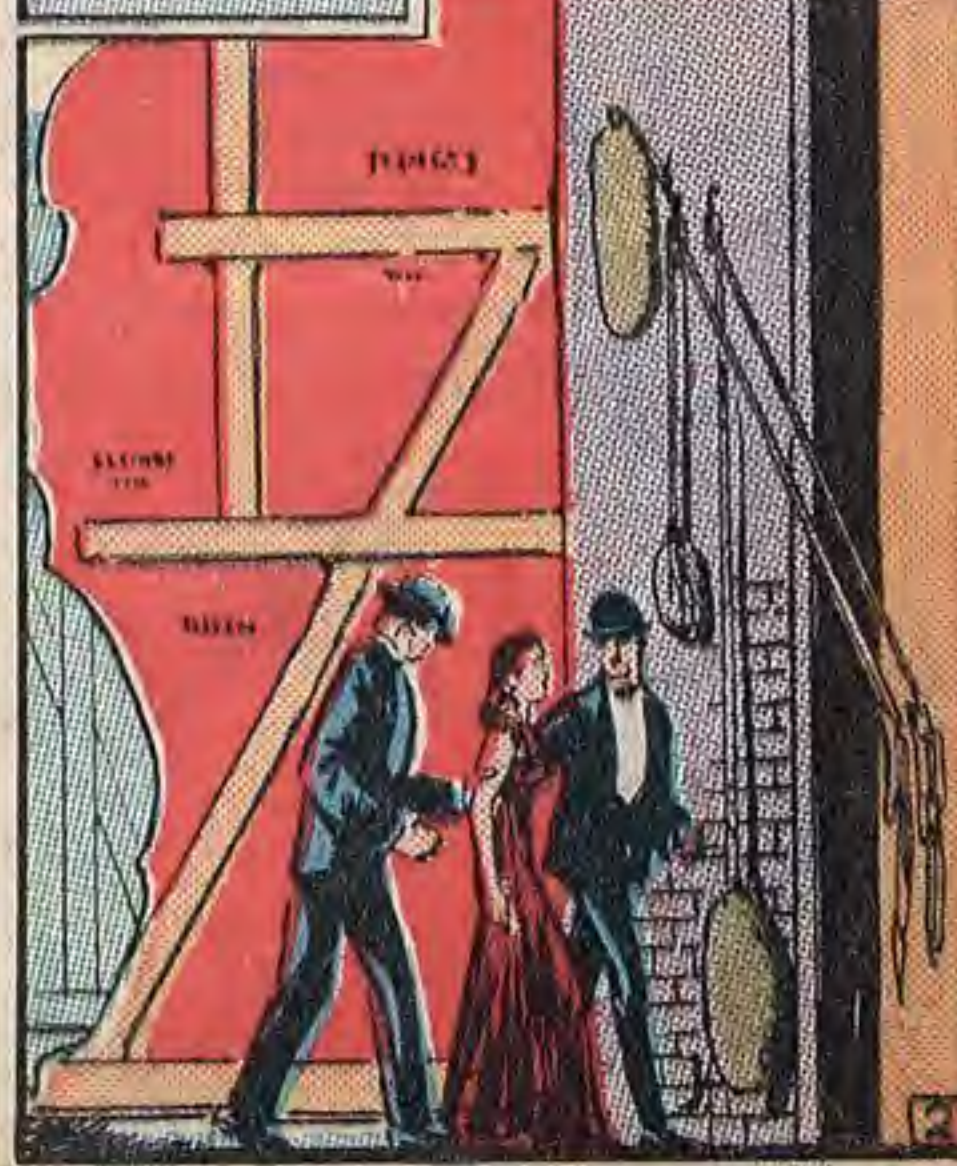
THE APPLAUSE THAT GREET'S HER IS TERRIFIC.. SHE IS A SENSATION.. A GREAT SUCCESS.



BUT THE PROFESSIONAL EYES OF THE TRIO DETECT THE FEAR THAT GRIPS HER BENEATH HER CHARMING POISE.



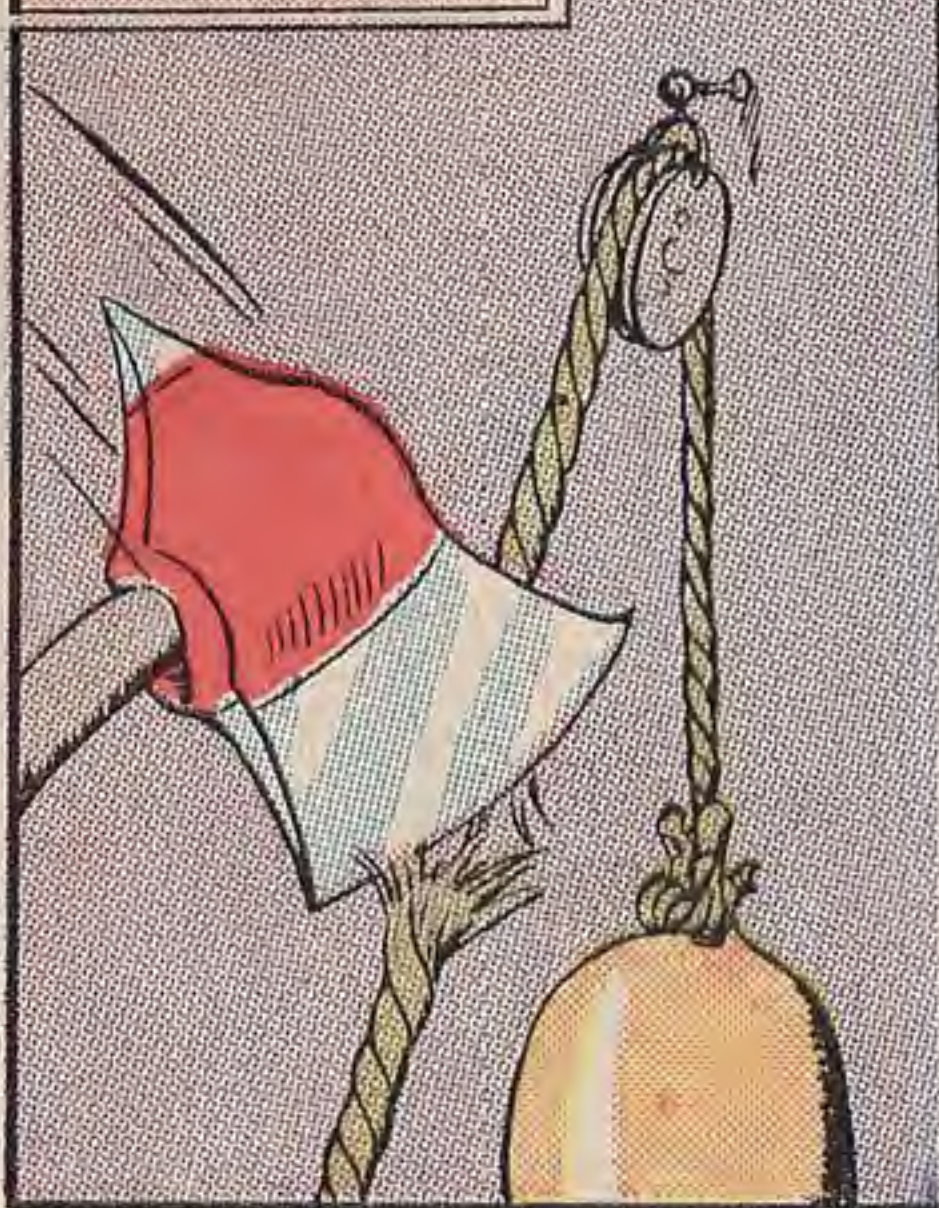
AS SOON AS SHE LEAVES THE STAGE SHE IS FLANKED BY THE TWO MEN



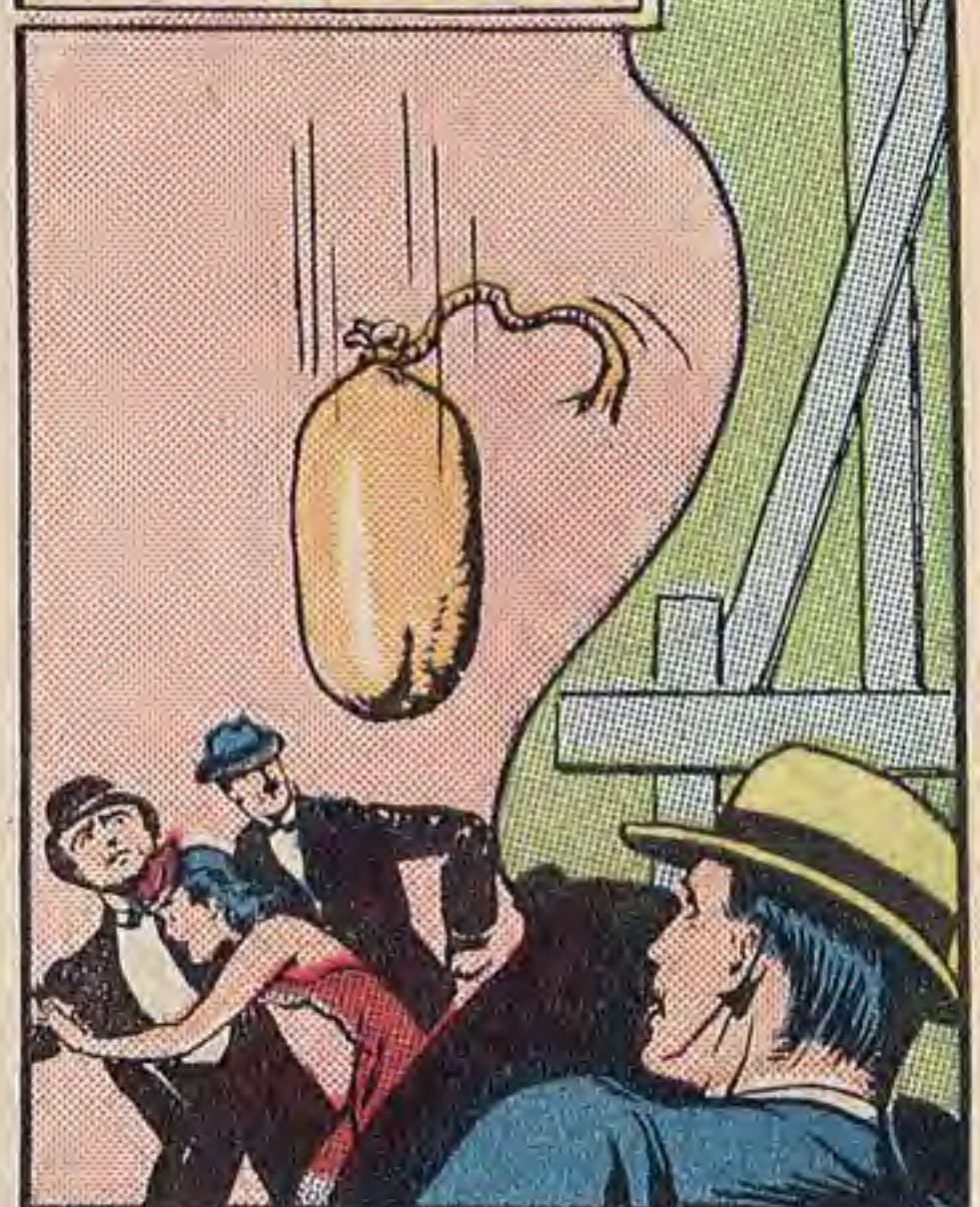
SUDDENLY TINY SPOTS TROUBLE IN THE FLIES.



THE AX FALLS... THE ROPE IS SLICED.



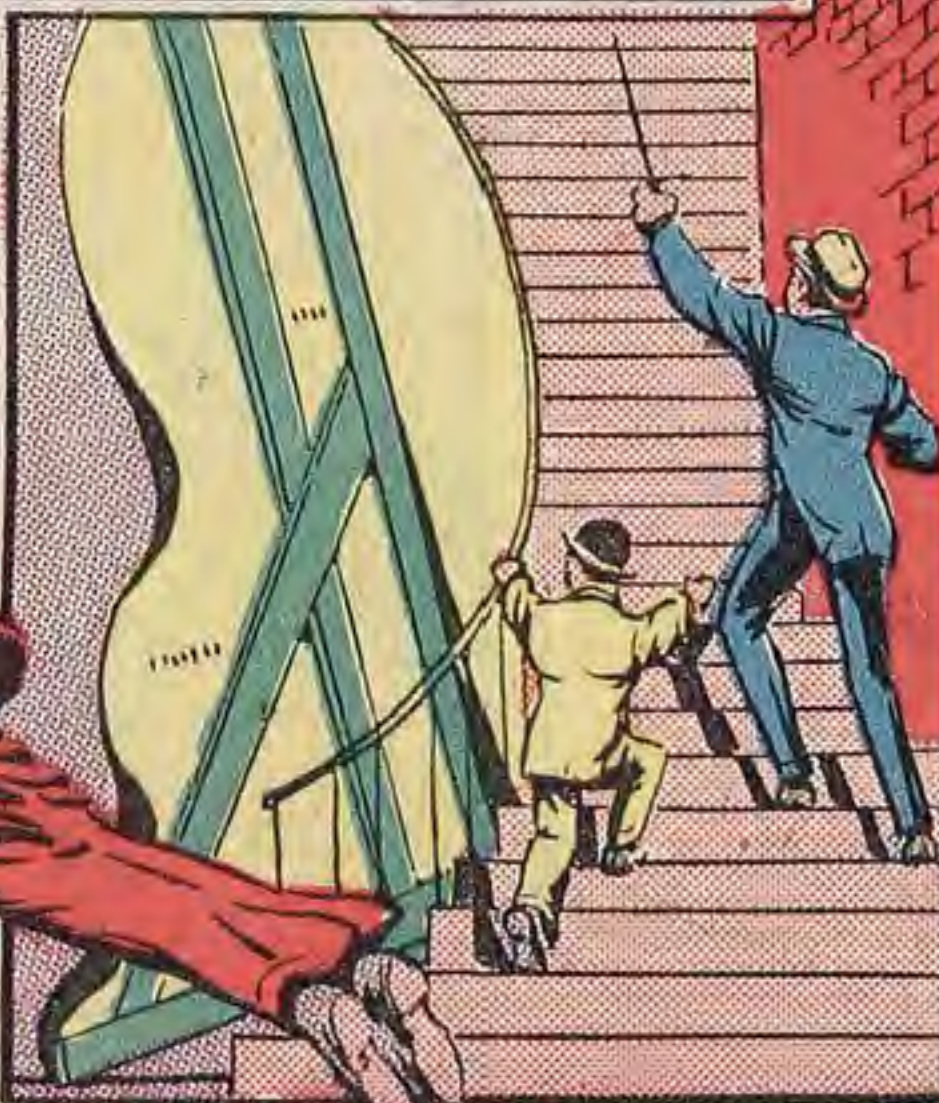
THE HEAVY SAND BAG DROPS DOWN ON SANDRA.



BUT ROCKY LEAPS TO THE RESCUE AND CATCHES THE HEAVY MISSILE IN MID-AIR.



AS SANDRA IS HURRIED TO HER ROOM, WARREN AND TINY RUSH TO THE LADY WITH THE AX.



NOW, I THINK YOU HAVE SOME TALL EXPLAINING TO DO, MISS!



I AM ROSITA, THE GREATEST SINGER IN AMERICA! THEES SANDRA STARR!... WHO EES SHE? SHE TAKE MY PART IN THEES SHOW... I KEEL HER!



HER I WEEEL KILL AND THOSE TWO MEN THAT ARE ALWAYS WITH HER! THEY STOLE MY PART!



I WEEEL TELL YOU EVERY THEENG... OOOOH!





A LOVELY LATIN MURDERED IN THE WINGS... SANDRA BEING SHOVED AROUND BY THOSE TWO LUGS... THIS CASE PROVES INTERESTING!



I'LL DO SOME PRIVATE RECONNOITERING ON MY OWN!



FLOWERS FOR MISS STARR!

TAKE 'EM IN!

O.K.!



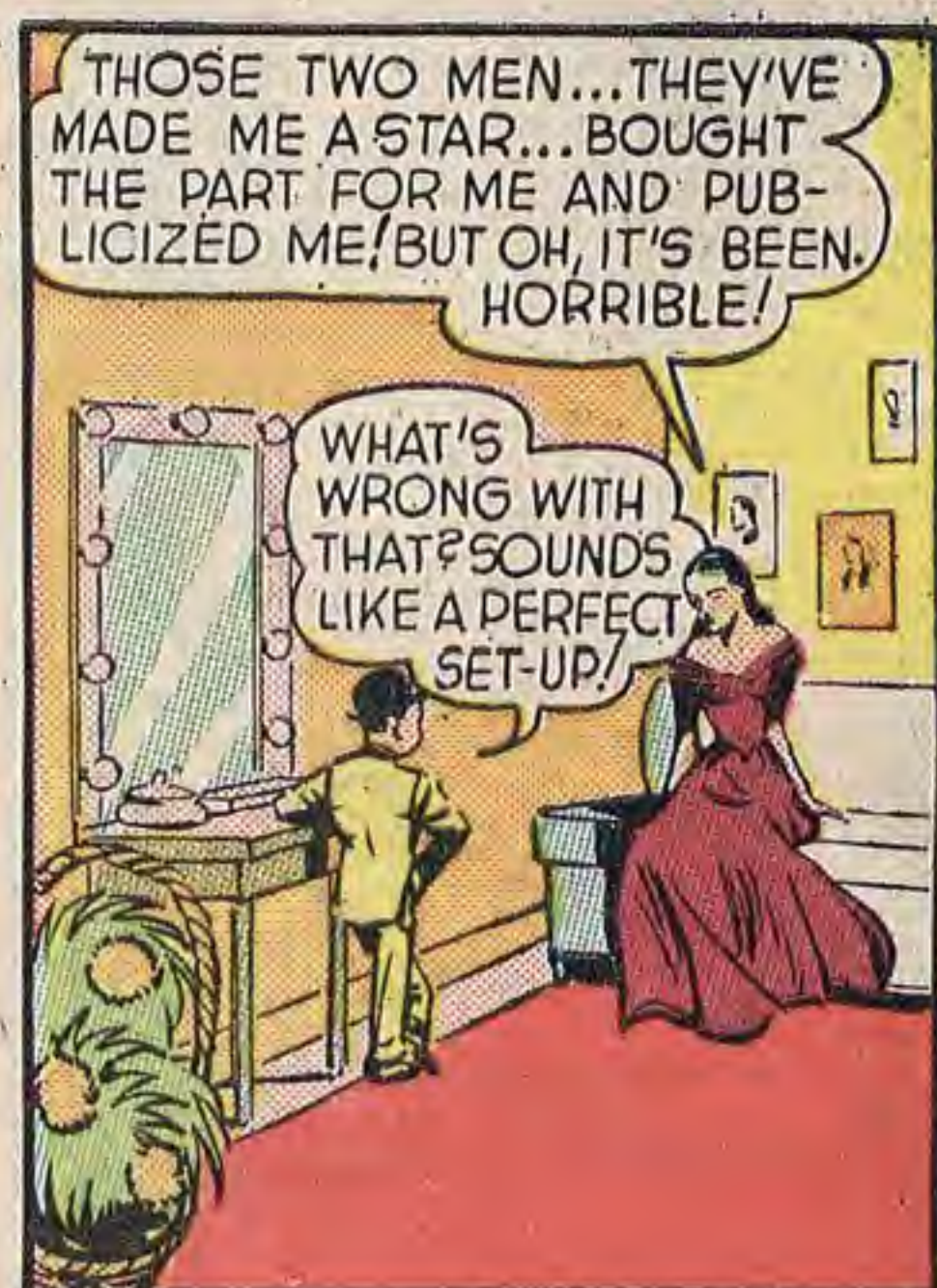
GOOD EVENING, MISS STARR! HOW ABOUT AN AUTOGRAPH?

TINY!



OH, YOU DARLING! I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE ANYONE IN MY LIFE!

COME ON, BABY. TELL GRANPA ALL ABOUT IT... WHAT'S THE MYSTERY?

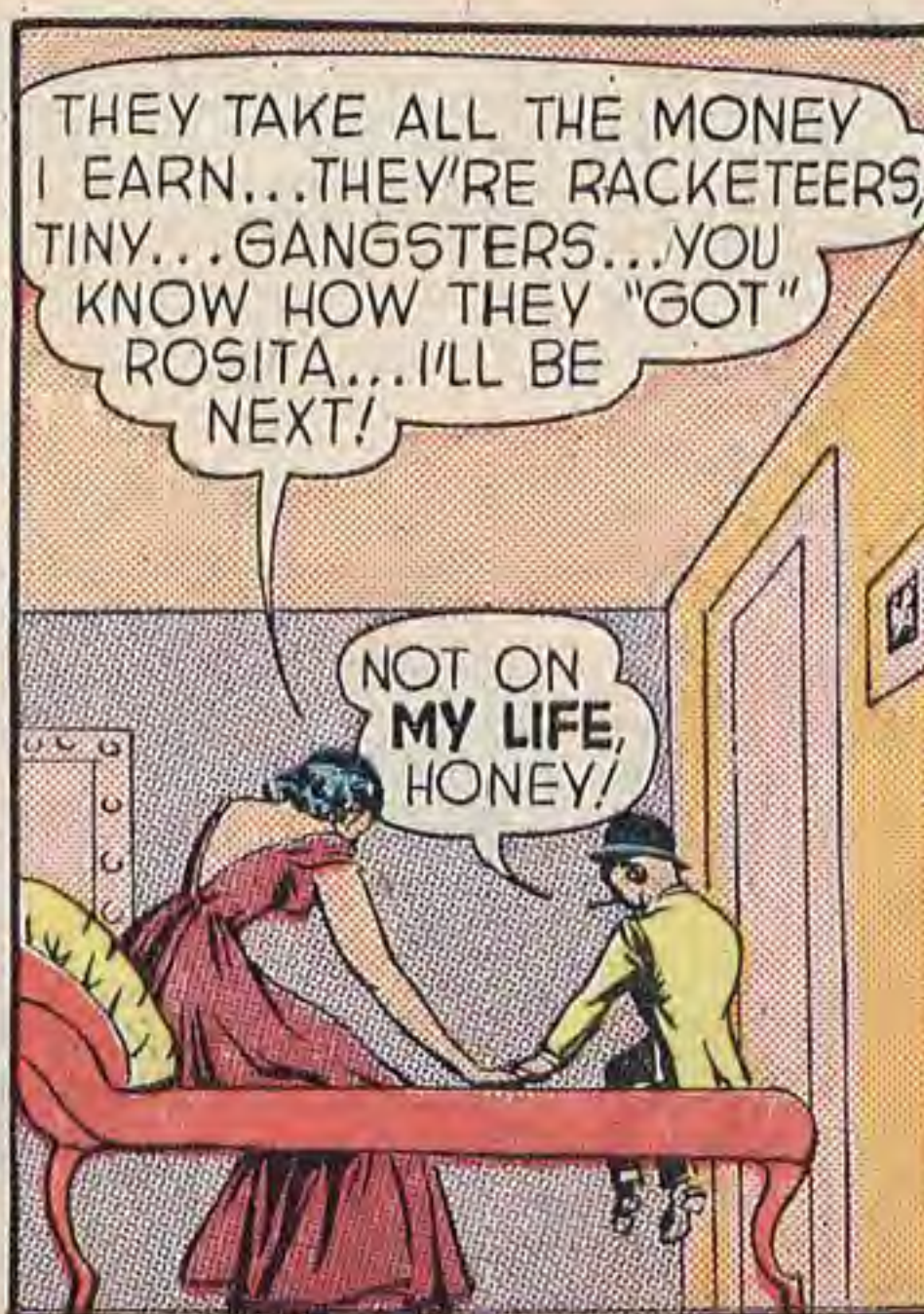


THOSE TWO MEN... THEY'VE MADE ME A STAR... BOUGHT THE PART FOR ME AND PUBLICIZED ME! BUT OH, IT'S BEEN HORRIBLE!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? SOUNDS LIKE A PERFECT SET-UP!



IT ISN'T!... I'M JUST THEIR TOOL! THEY'VE THREATENED TO KILL ME IF I DIDN'T MAKE GOOD!



THEY TAKE ALL THE MONEY I EARN... THEY'RE RACKETEERS, TINY... GANGSTERS... YOU KNOW HOW THEY "GOT" ROSITA... I'LL BE NEXT!

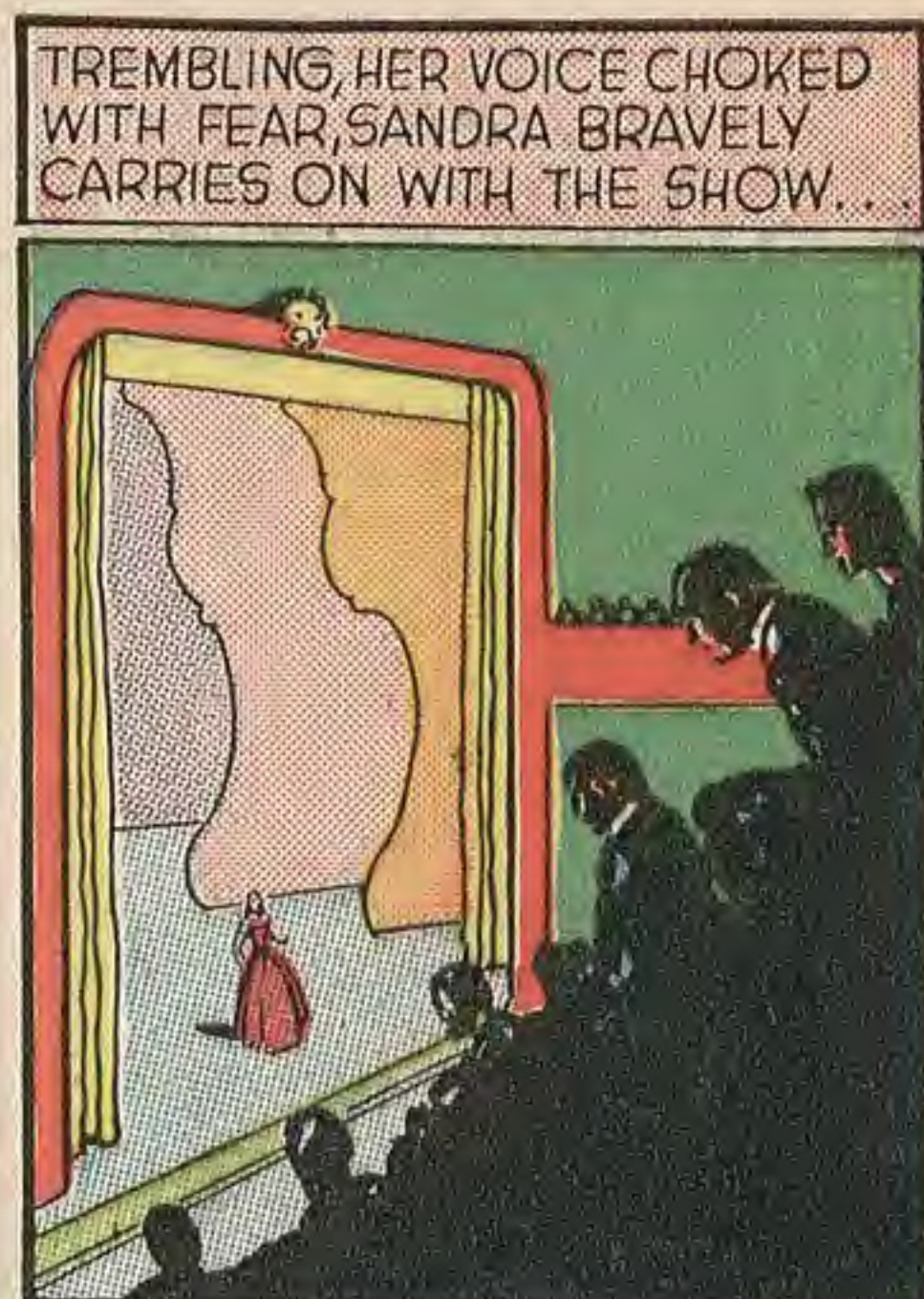
NOT ON MY LIFE, HONEY!



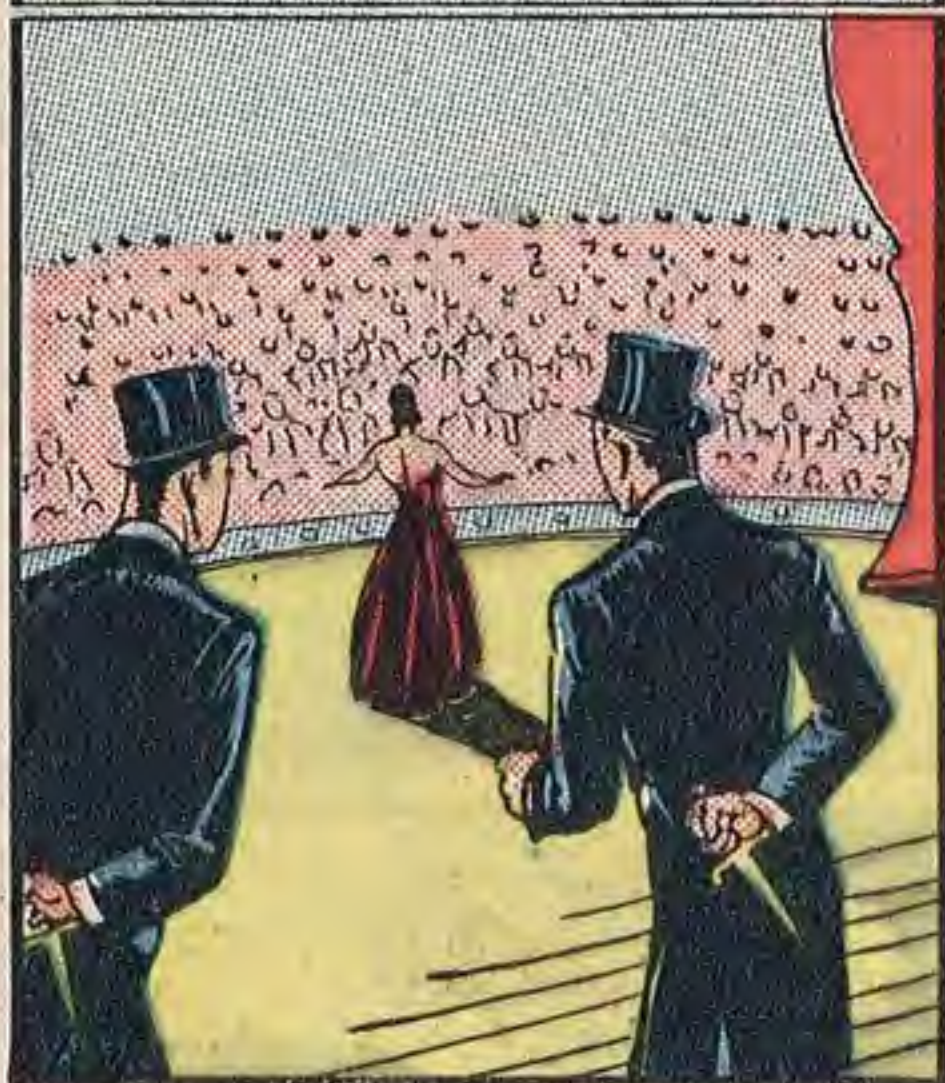
SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS...

DID I HEAR YOU TALKIN' TO SOMEONE?

N-NO!



THEIR SUSPICIONS PROVE TO BE CORRECT... TWO OF THE CHORUS MEN ARE THE CROOKS, CARRYING SMALL DAGGERS...



THEY ADVANCE SLOWLY WITH THE CHORUS LINE...

MAKE IT GOOD, STARR!

IT'S YOUR LAST SONG!

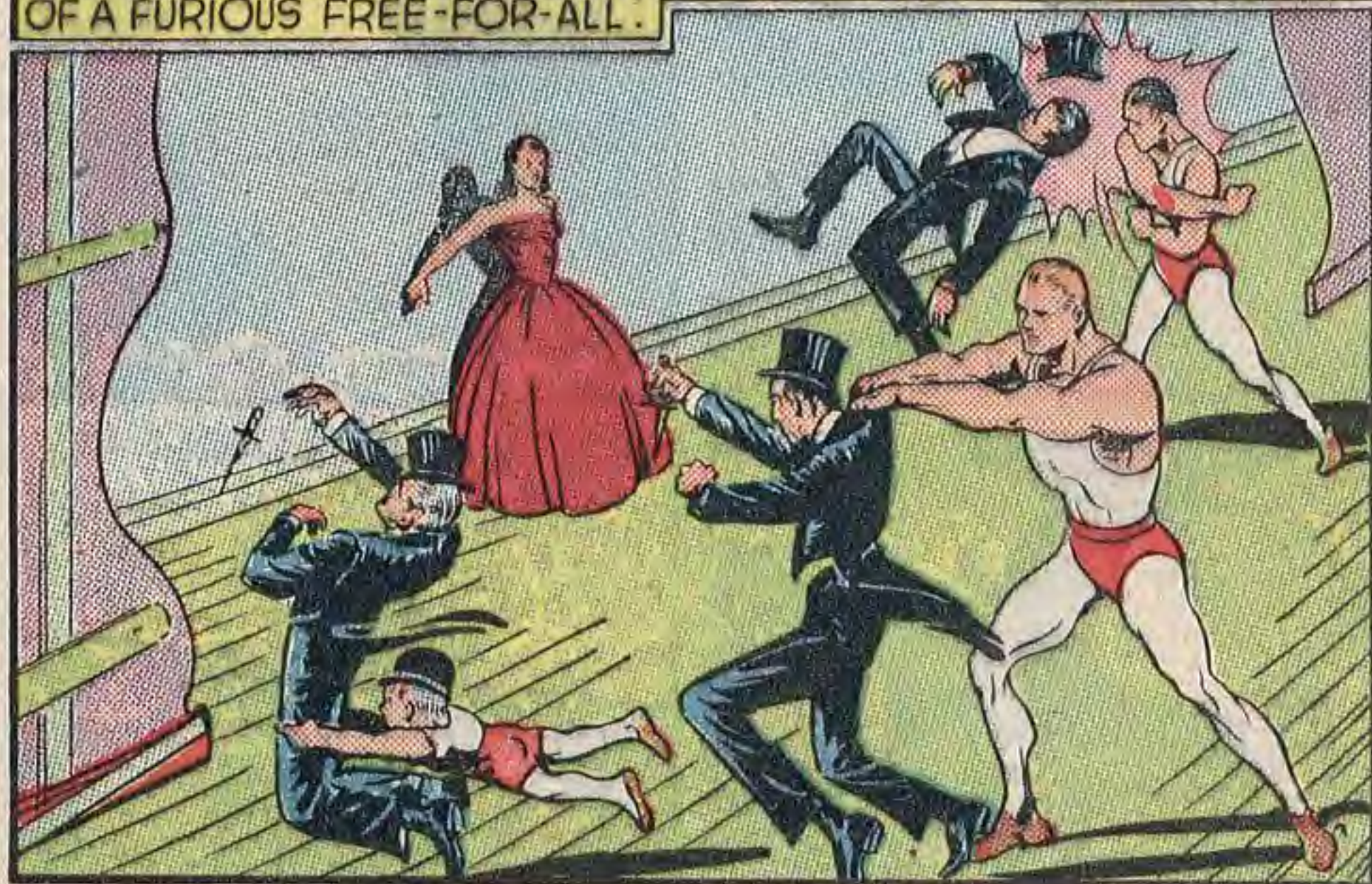


BUT SUDDENLY THE TRIO BREAKS THE ACT WITH A WILD DASH TOWARD SANDRA...



ALLEY OOP!

THE CURTAIN CRASHES DOWN, AS THE STAGE BECOMES THE SCENE OF A FURIOUS FREE-FOR-ALL.



SCENERY TUMBLES AND STAGE HANDS YELL HOARSELY AS THE BATTLE RAGES.



AT LAST.

O.K.! YOU CAN GO ON WITH THE SHOW, NOW!



THE CROOKS ARE LED TO THE "BLACK MARIA" TO CONTINUE THE RUN OF THEIR ACT IN THE "BIG HOUSE"...



GET IN!

LATER...

SIGN RIGHT THERE, BOYS... THAT WAS THE BEST ACT OF THE SHOW.. WE'LL KEEP IT IN!



THEIR FIRST BIG JOB IN MONTHS BUT HOW LONG CAN THE PURPLE TRIO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE? SEE THE NEXT ISSUE!!

CLIP CHANCE

CLIP IS SPENDING HIS SUMMER VACATION AT THE HOME OF HIS ROOMMATE, SPUD DOYLE--

CLIP, TWO MORE WEEKS AND WE'LL BE BACK ON THE CAMPUS OF DEAR OLD CLIFFSIDE!

YES, SPUD--



AND WE'LL BE PREPARING FOR ANOTHER TOUGH FOOTBALL SCHEDULE-- BUT LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT SCHOOL-- WHAT'LL WE DO TODAY?



HOW ABOUT WATCHING OUR HOME TEAM, "THE REDS," PLAY "THE BLUES" FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE COUNTY?

SURE--



LET'S GO DOWN AND WATCH THEM PRACTICE BEFORE THE GAME!



WOW!-- LOOK AT THAT BALL RIDE!



HELLO, COACH JONES!

HELLO, SPUD, HELLO, CLIP!



DOES IT LOOK LIKE WE'LL WIN, COACH?

I'M AFRAID NOT, SPUD--

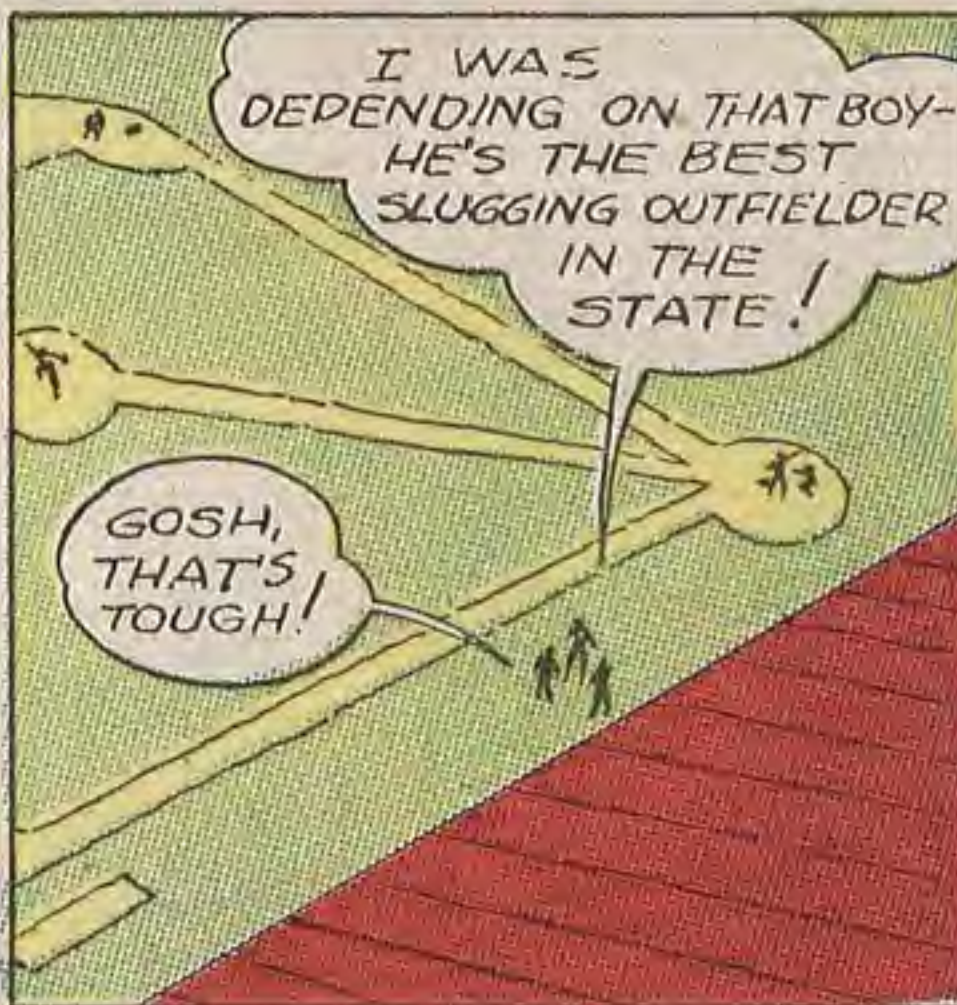


DICK ARNOLD'S MOTHER JUST CALLED AND SAID HE IS CONFINED TO BED FOR A FEW DAYS WITH THE GRIPPE--



I WAS DEPENDING ON THAT BOY-- HE'S THE BEST SLUGGING OUTFIELDER IN THE STATE!

GOSH, THAT'S TOUGH!



HOW ABOUT THAT NEW FELLOW, GIL FOX?

HE'S GOT BAD ANKLES-- CAN'T DEPEND ON HIM CHASING FLY BALLS-- SAY--





YOU'VE BEEN WORKING OUT WITH US, CLIP- HOW ABOUT YOU PLAYING FOR US?

SURE, I'LL BE GLAD TO!



THE CONVERSATION IS OVER- HEARD BY TWO MEN---

YOU HEAR THAT, BOSS?

YEAH, AN' THAT'S CLIP CHANCE, CLIFFSIDE'S STAR ATHLETE-



THAT GUY'S JUST AS GOOD AS ARNOLD- SO WE GOTTA KEEP HIM OUTA TH' GAME TOO-- 'CAUSE I ALREADY PUT OUR DOUGH ON THE BLUES-



WHAT'LL I DO- TAKE A SHOT AT HIM?

NO, YA DOPE, NO KILLIN'- I GOT AN IDEA-



THE GUY IS DUE BACK IN COLLEGE IN TWO WEEKS, SO WE'LL GIVE HIM A FREE RIDE BACK THERE!

WHAT D'YA MEAN?



YOU'RE GONNA FLY HIM BACK IN TH' PLANE!

I GET IT- AFTER WE LET HIM GO, HE'D BE TOO FAR AWAY TO GET BACK IN TIME FOR TH' GAME!



LATER- THAT AFTERNOON-

WELL, SPUD- I'M GOING, IT'S ALMOST GAME TIME!

OKAY, I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



CLIP PASSES AN ALLEY ON HIS WAY TO THE FIELD--

HEY, FELLA- GIMME A HAND WITH MY PAL- HE FAINTED OR SOMETHING!

WHAT HAPPENED?



I DON'T KNOW- WE WERE COMIN' THROUGH HERE, AN' HE CAVED IN- THERE HE IS!



AS CLIP BENDS OVER THE FALLEN MAN---

WHAM

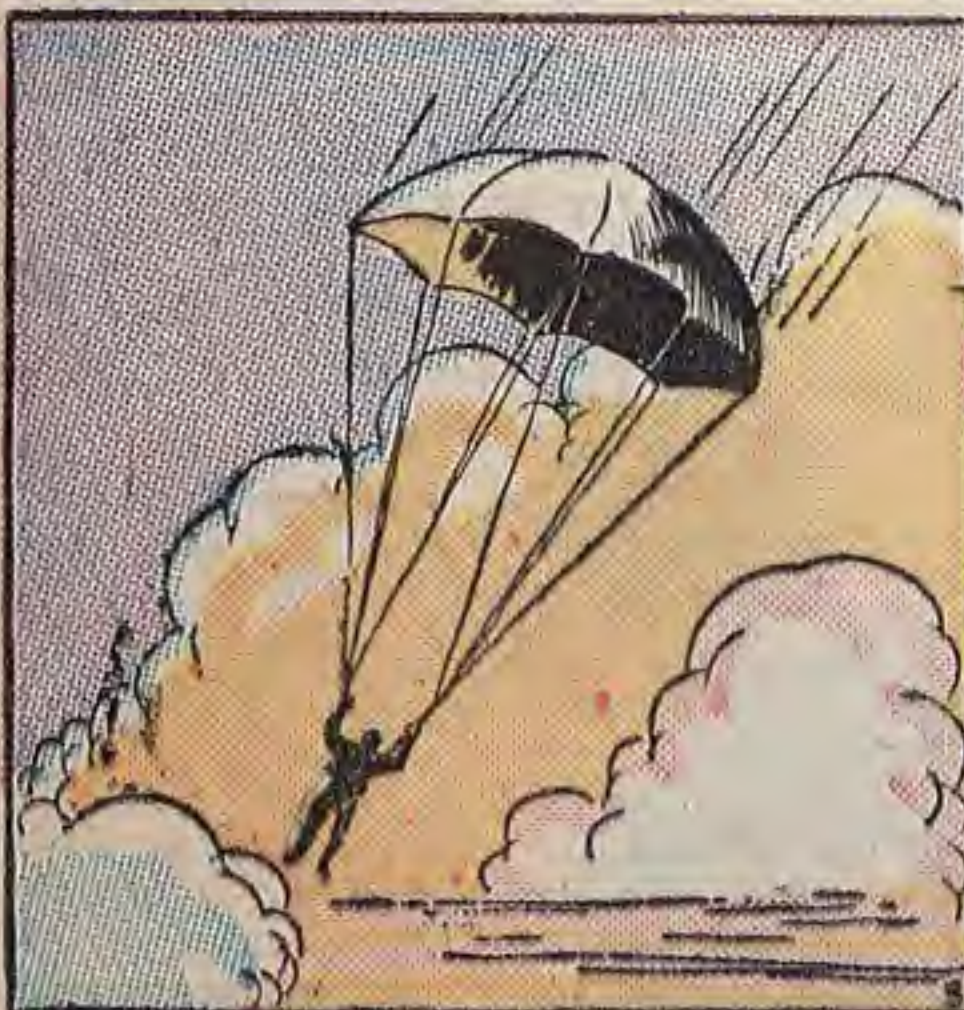
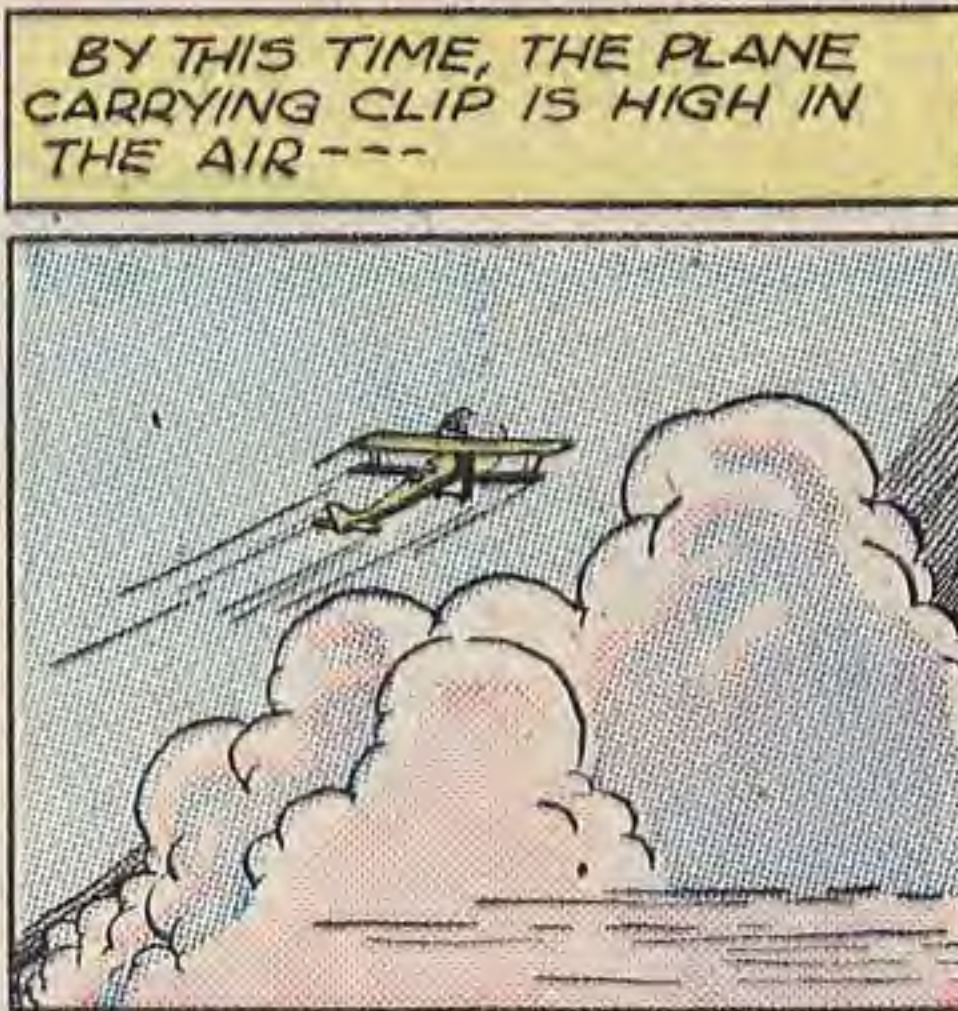
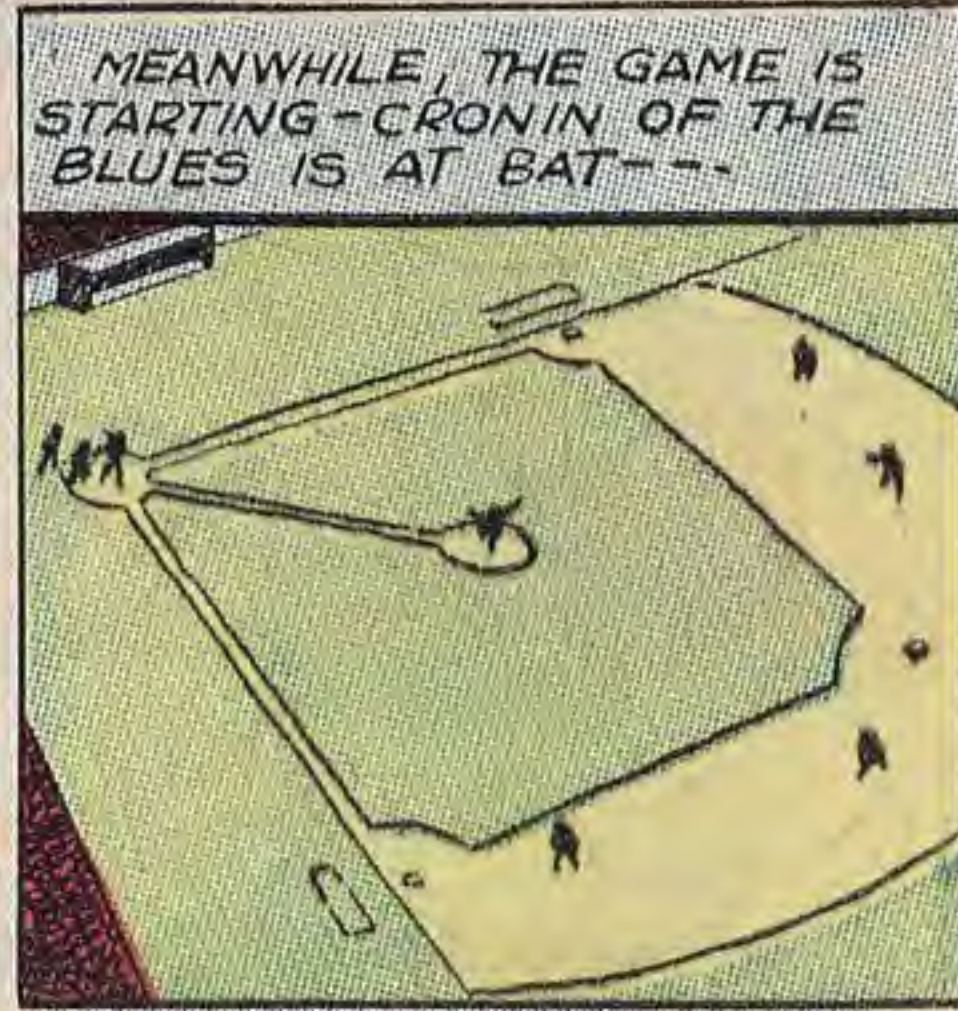


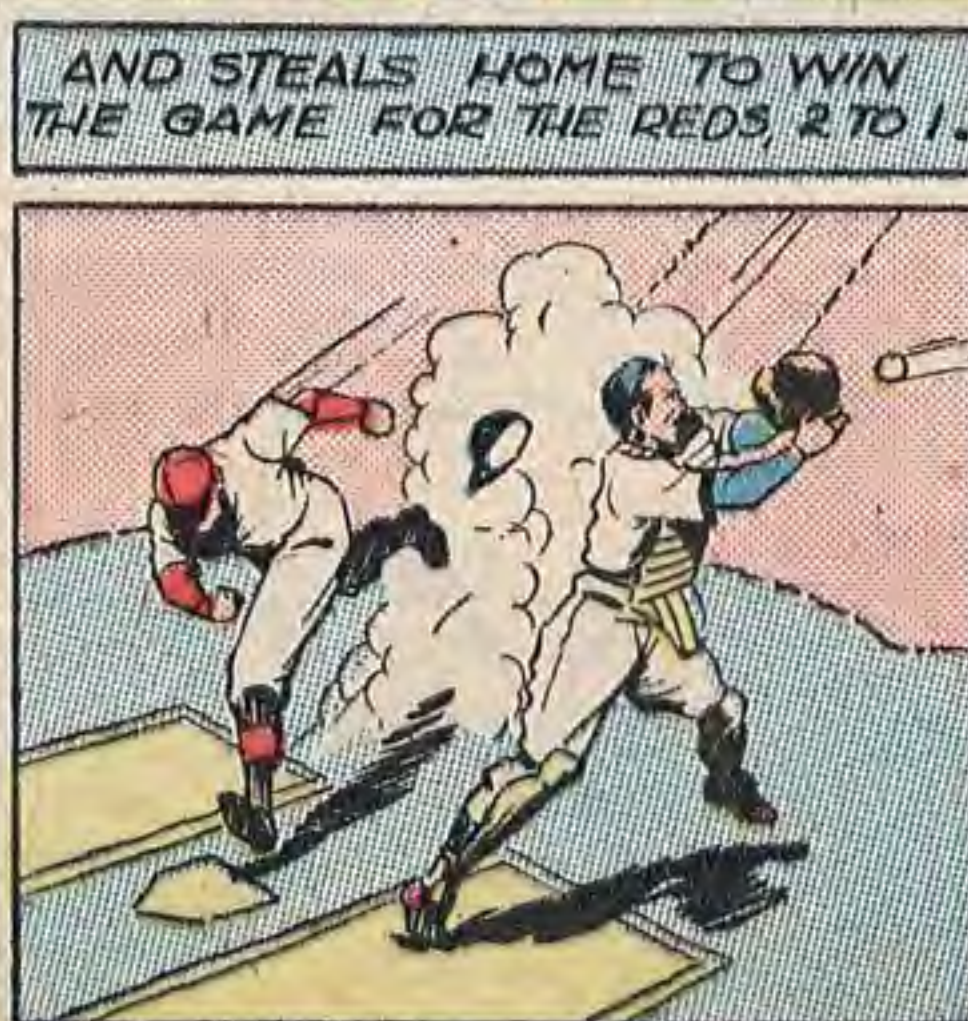
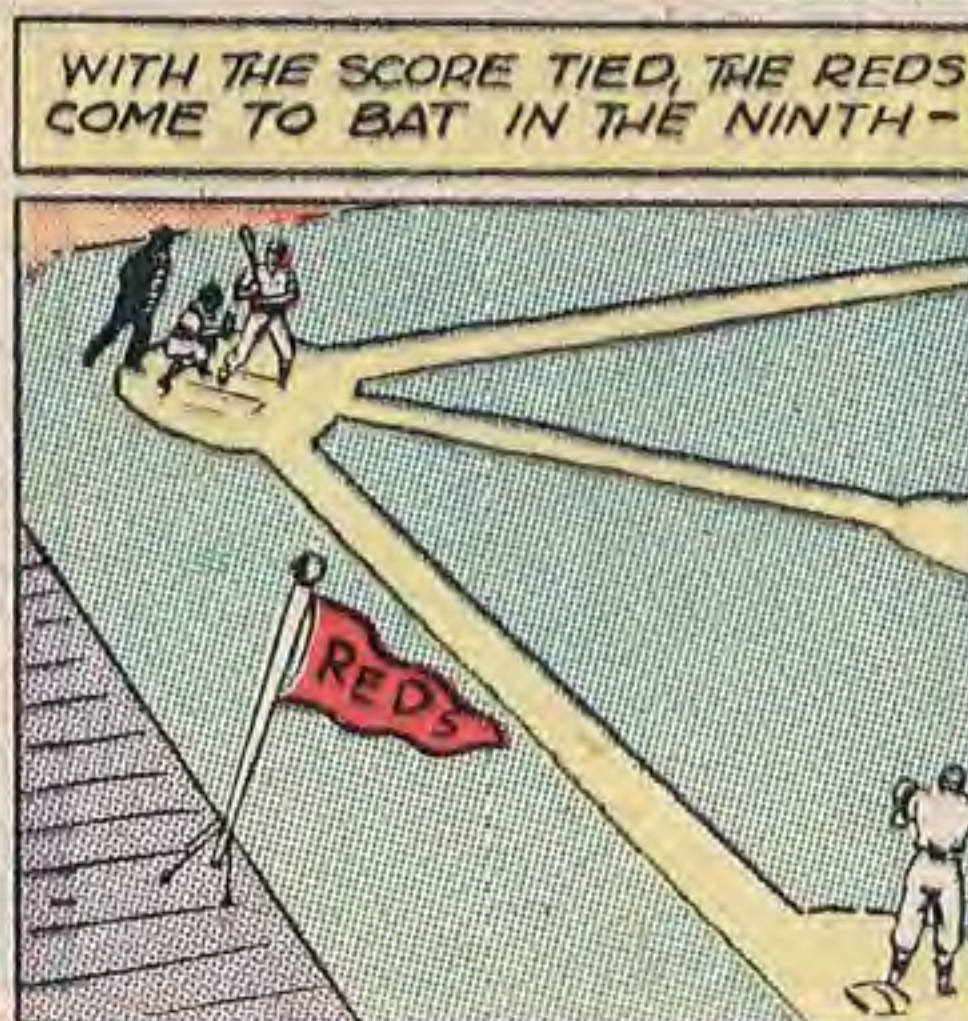
I HOPE YA DIDN'T HIT HIM TOO HARD, BOSS?

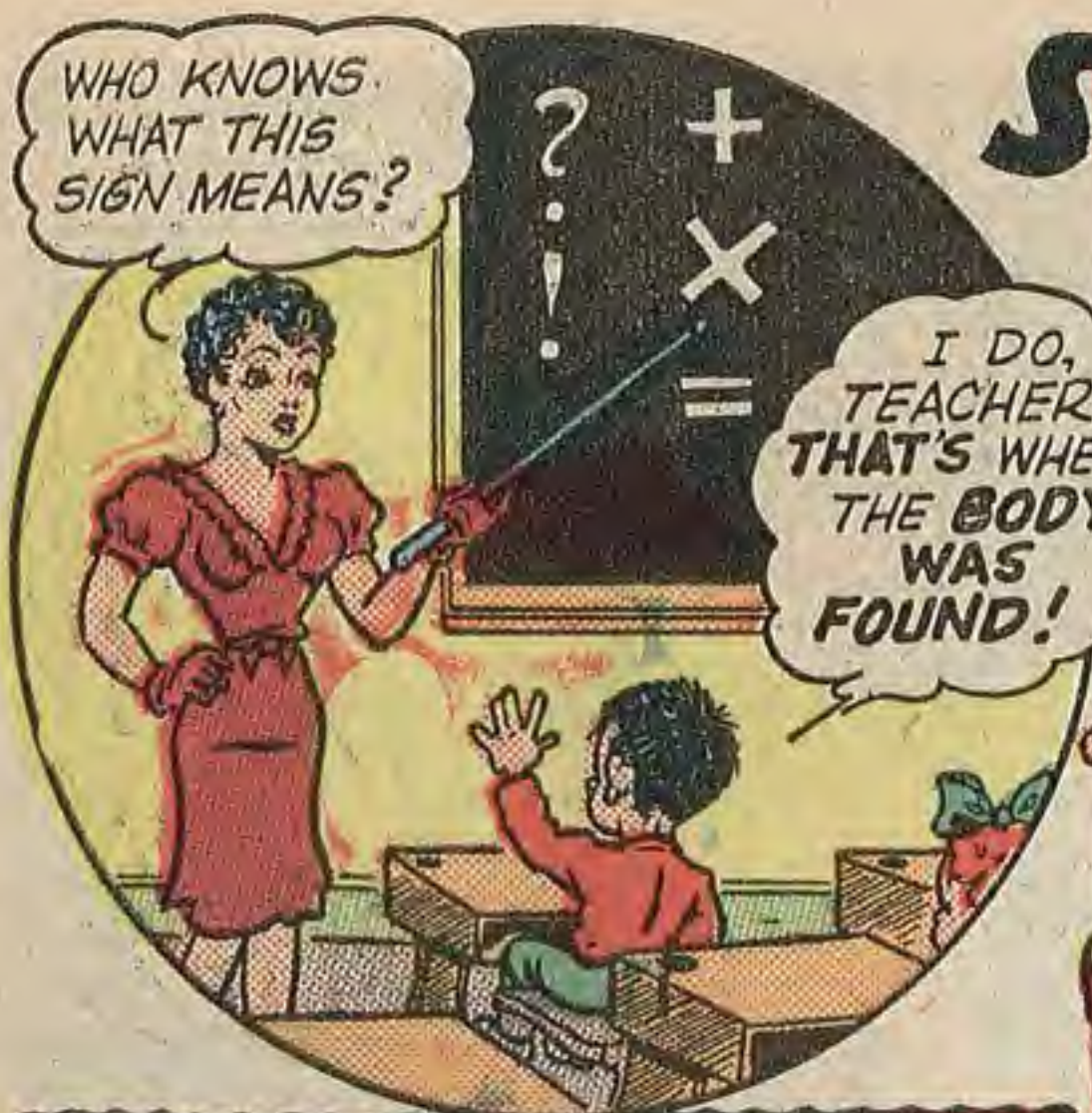
NO-GET UP!



WE'LL PUT HIM IN TH' CAR AN' YOU DRIVE HIM OUT TO TH' PLANE, I'LL STAY HERE, COLLECT TH' DOUGH AN' MEET YOU IN TH' MORNING!







SMALL STUFF



HOW A BRAND-NEW BIKE CAME TO "NEWSY" MIKE

A KID WHO WAS NAMED MICHAEL NAPERS, RODE HIS BIKE WHEN DELIVERING PAPERS. WHEN HE WANTED TO STOP, HE WOULD FREQUENTLY FLOP— THOUGH HE HAD A FEW OTHER CHOICE CAPERS!



MIKE'S BIKE REALLY RATED A PENSION, SINCE IT HADN'T A BRAKE FIT TO MENTION. BUT HIS FOOT ON THE WHEEL, WITH A SCRAPE AND A SQUEAL, MADE HIM STOP— LIKE A ROCKET ASCENSION!



CAN YOU BLAME US GROWN-UPS WHO GOT NERVOUS, AT MIKE'S MOST ASTONISHING SERVICE? WHY OUR TREES, AND OUR POSTS, WOULD STOP MOST OF HIS COASTS, WITH CRASHES THAT GREATLY UN-NERVED US!



MIKE'S DAD, WHEN HE HEARD OF THIS RUCTION, PHONED THE BIKE-STORE THIS RED-HOT INSTRUCTION: "RUSH OUT A NEW BIKE — ANY GOOD MAKE YOU LIKE — ONLY, HURRY, BEFORE MIKE'S DESTRUCTION!"



"AND MAKE SURE THAT ITS BRAKE IS A MORROW, OR I'LL SEND IT RIGHT BACK, TO YOUR SORROW! THE MORROW'S BROUGHT JOY, SINCE WHEN I WAS A BOY— BEST BRAKE YOU CAN BUY, BEG, OR BORROW!"



Famous for 40 years! Quick stopping, easy pedaling, long coasting; more ball bearings (31) than any other brake. Made by Bendix, world's foremost auto brake builder. Your dealer can furnish **MORROW Coaster Brake** on any bike—ask for it.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION
Elmira, New York

INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON

IT IS EVENING IN THE ORIENTAL MUSEUM AS RUHLE, THE CHIEF ATTENDANT, AND NOLAN, THE ASSISTANT CURATOR, PREPARE TO CLOSE FOR THE NIGHT...

OKAY—LET'S GO, RUHLE!

AS THEY PASS A CHINESE MUSEUM PIECE, A STRANGE THING HAPPENS...

WE SURE HAD A BUSY DAY!

YES!

NOLAN!...LOOK OUT—A KNIFE!!

WHAT LUCK—BUT WHERE DID IT COME FROM!

WHAT TH—? NOLAN—LOOK WHAT'S COMIN' TOWARD US!

IT'S COMIN' FASTER—RUN FOR YOUR LIFE, RUHLE!

WHEW! WE MADE IT—GOSH, NOLAN, THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED!

WE'LL HAVE TO TELL THE CURATOR ABOUT THIS!

THE NEXT DAY AT THE OFFICE OF CURATOR ROBBINS... HE AND KENT THURSTON, ALIAS 'THE INVISIBLE HOOD', HAVE JUST LISTENED TO RUHLE'S STORY...

HMM... SOUNDS VERY STRANGE BUT MIGHTY INTERESTING, ROBBINS—GHOSTS IN A MUSEUM, EH?? YES...VERY INTERESTING!

WELL, KENT—WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

HELLO, DAD—WHAT'S UP?? TELL YOU LATER, BETTY...YOU'LL HELP US CLEAR UP THIS MYSTERY, EH KENT? I'LL TRY, ROBBINS!



MEANWHILE, TWO OTHERS HAVE ENTERED THE MUSEUM...

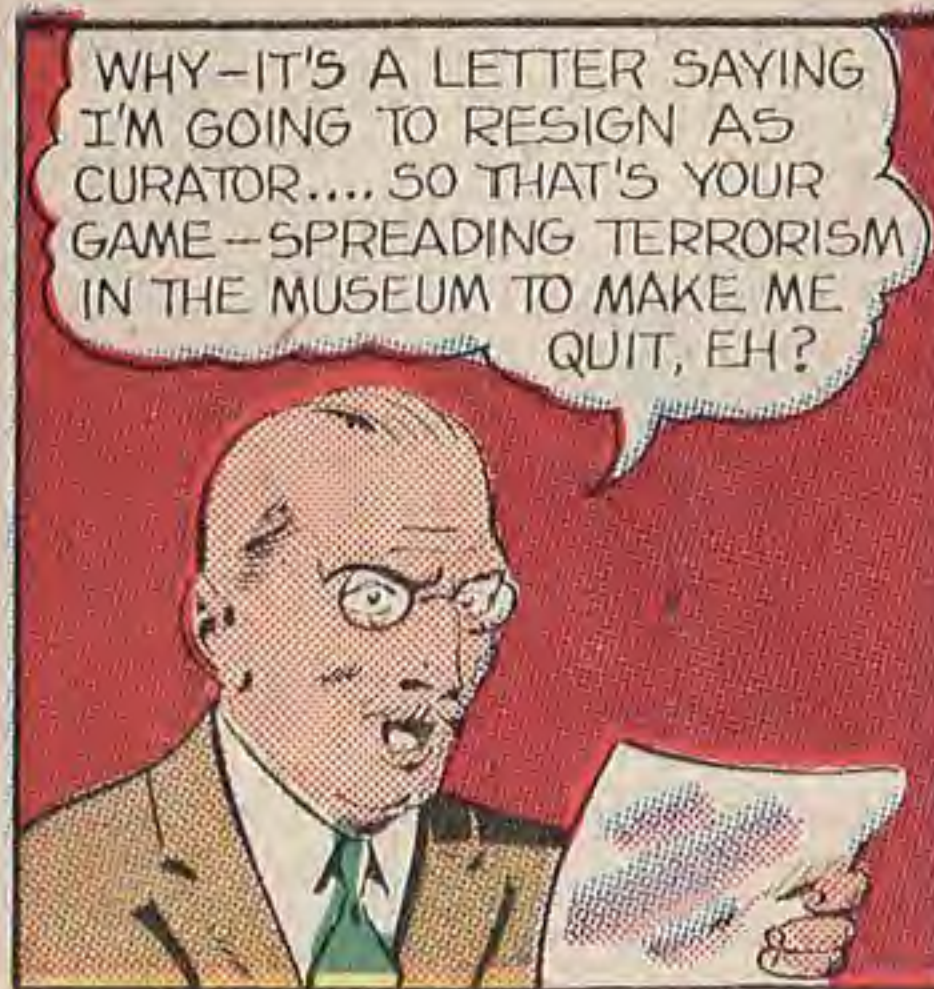


AS ROBBINS AND NOLAN PASS AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY CASE...



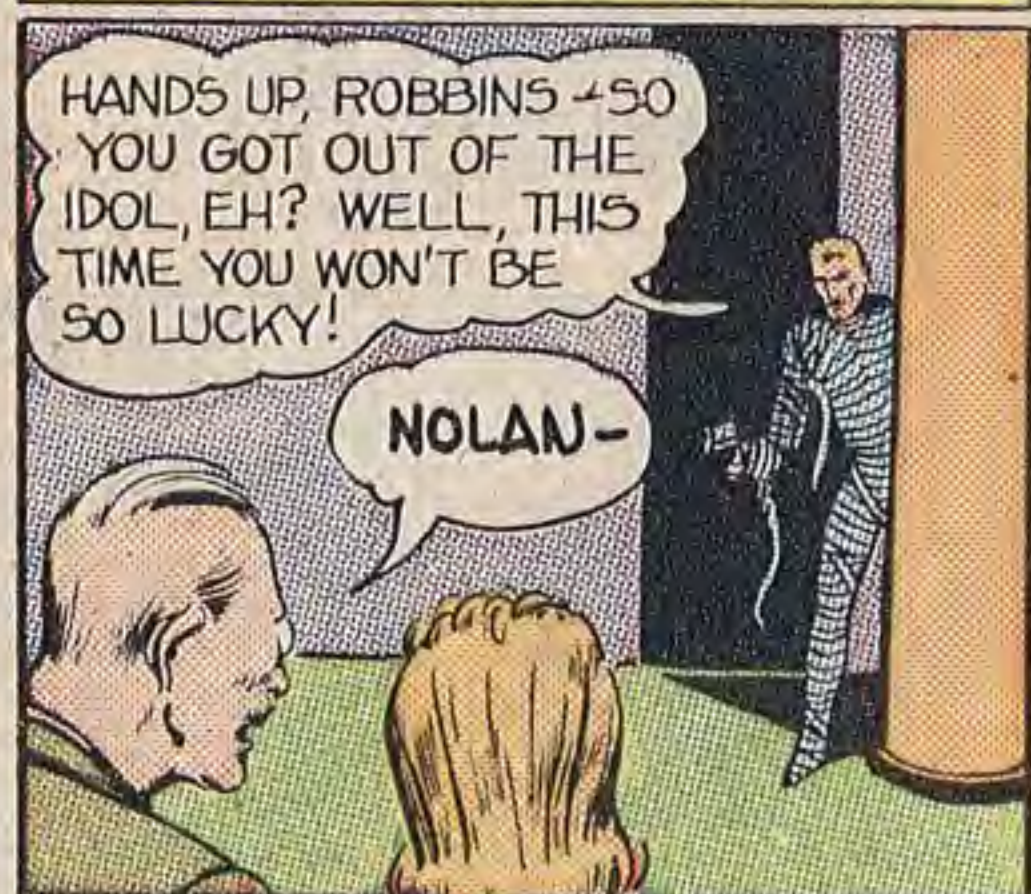
AS ROBBINS PASSES A HUGE IDOL...







SUDDENLY THERE IS A SHARP COMMAND.



AT THIS MOMENT A SHOT RINGS OUT...



BUT NOLAN MAKES A DASH FOR FREEDOM...



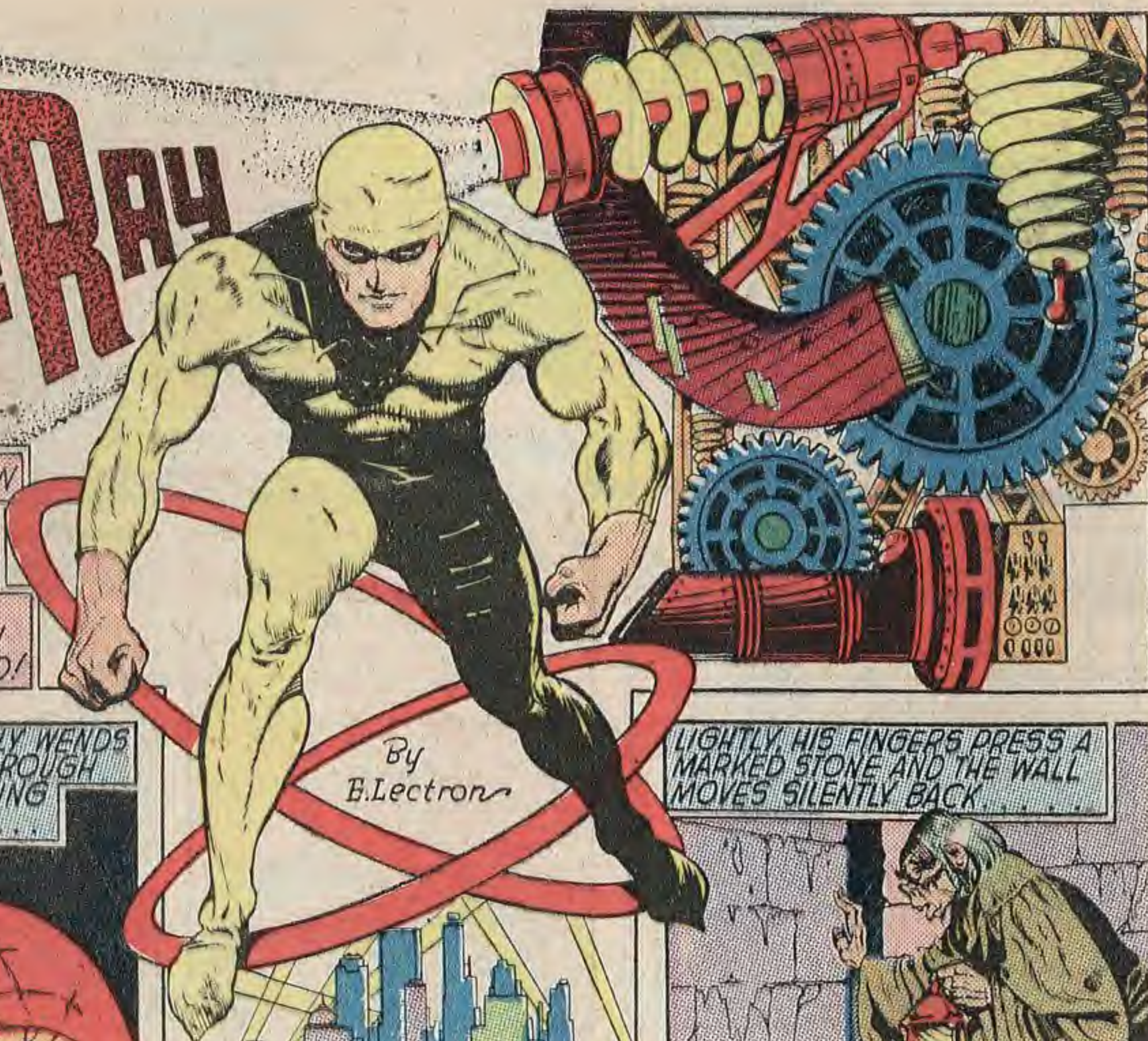
BUT AS NOLAN PASSES A STATUE...



Invisible Justice will thrill you in the November issue of SMASH COMICS.

THE RAY

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING IN THE STRATOSPHERE TRANSFORMS A DARE-DEVIL YOUTH INTO THE MYSTIC, ALL POWERFUL RAY, PLEDGED GUARDIAN OF OPPRESSED MANKIND!



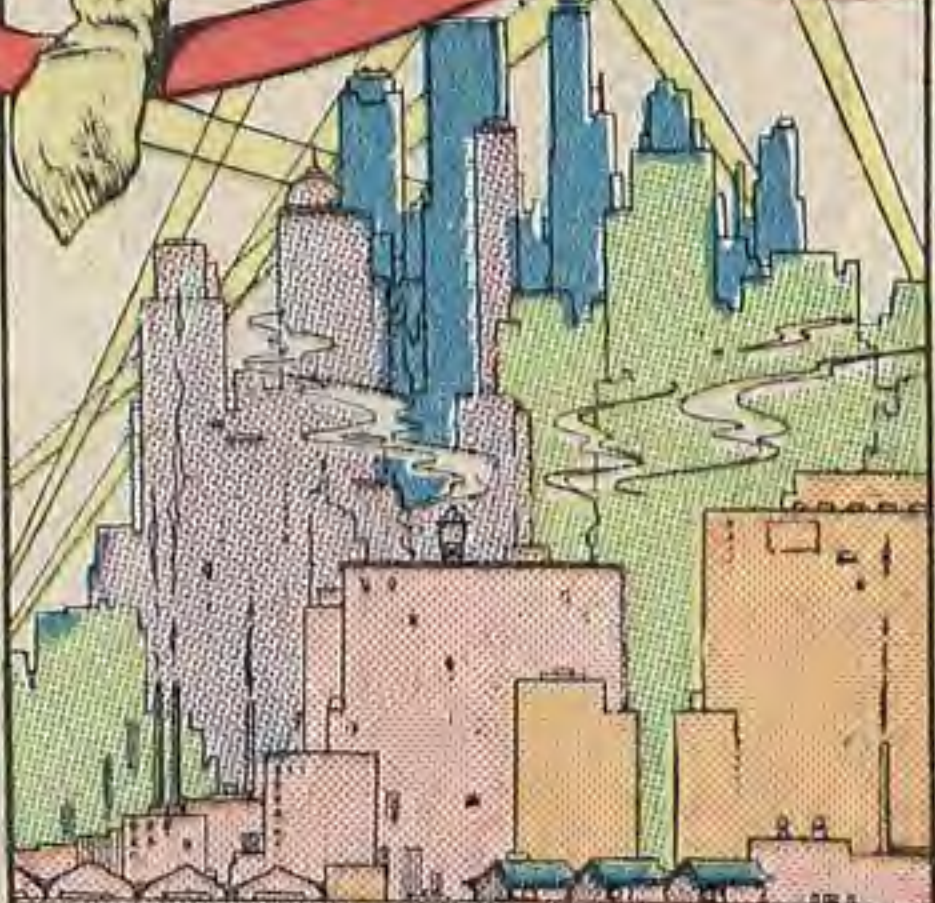
A WITHERED, GROTESQUE FIGURE DESCENDS INTO THE SEWERS OF THE CITY.



AND SLOWLY WENDS ITS WAY THROUGH THE TWISTING LABYRINTH...



By
E. Electron



LIGHTLY, HIS FINGERS PRESS A MARKED STONE AND THE WALL MOVES SILENTLY BACK.



THE SHUFFLE OF HIS FEET GOES DOWN INTO THE GLOOM.



MASTER! I HAVE NEWS! THE MASQUERADE BALL TAKES PLACE THIS NIGHT! THE LOVELY DIANE WILL SOON BE YOURS!

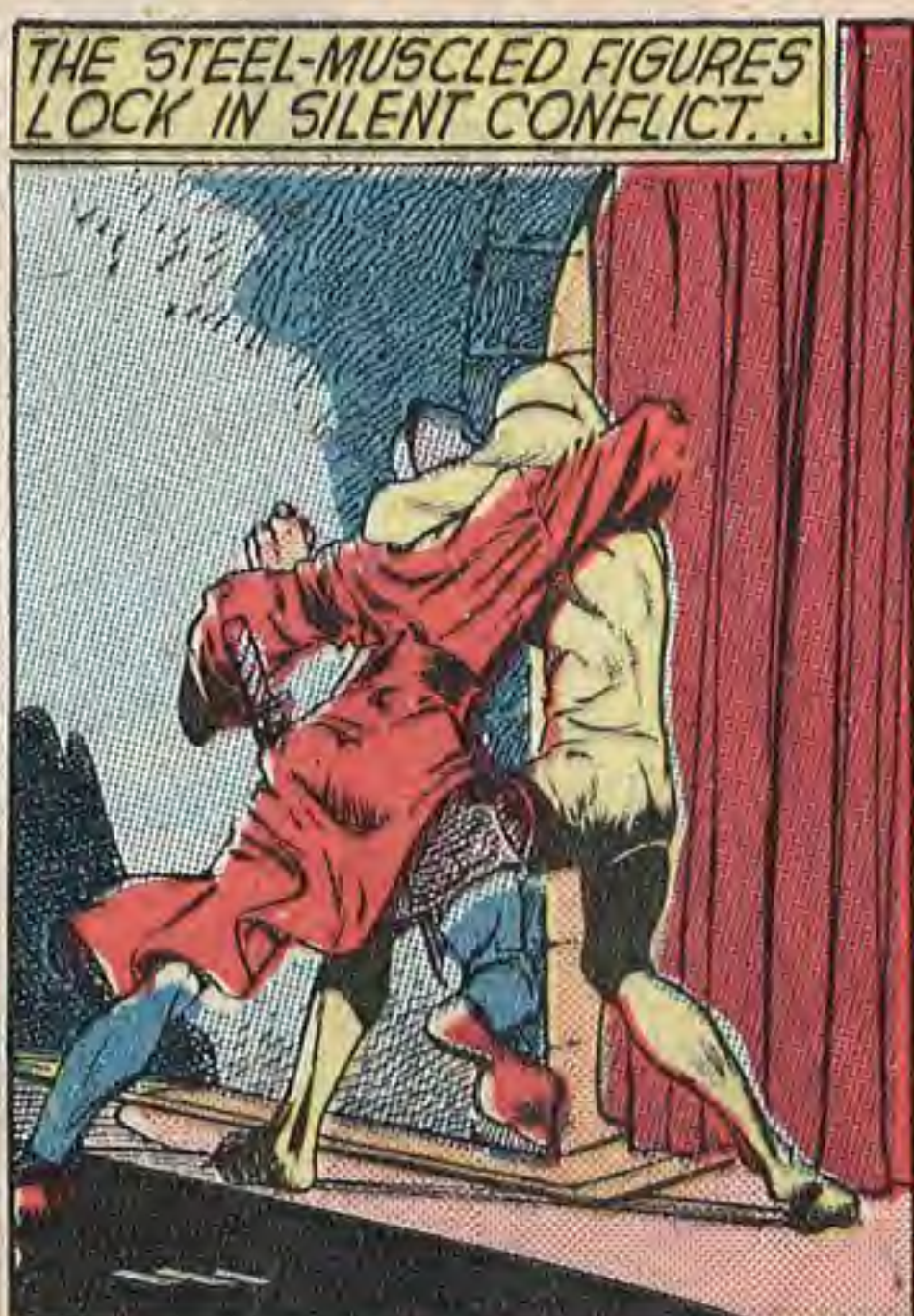
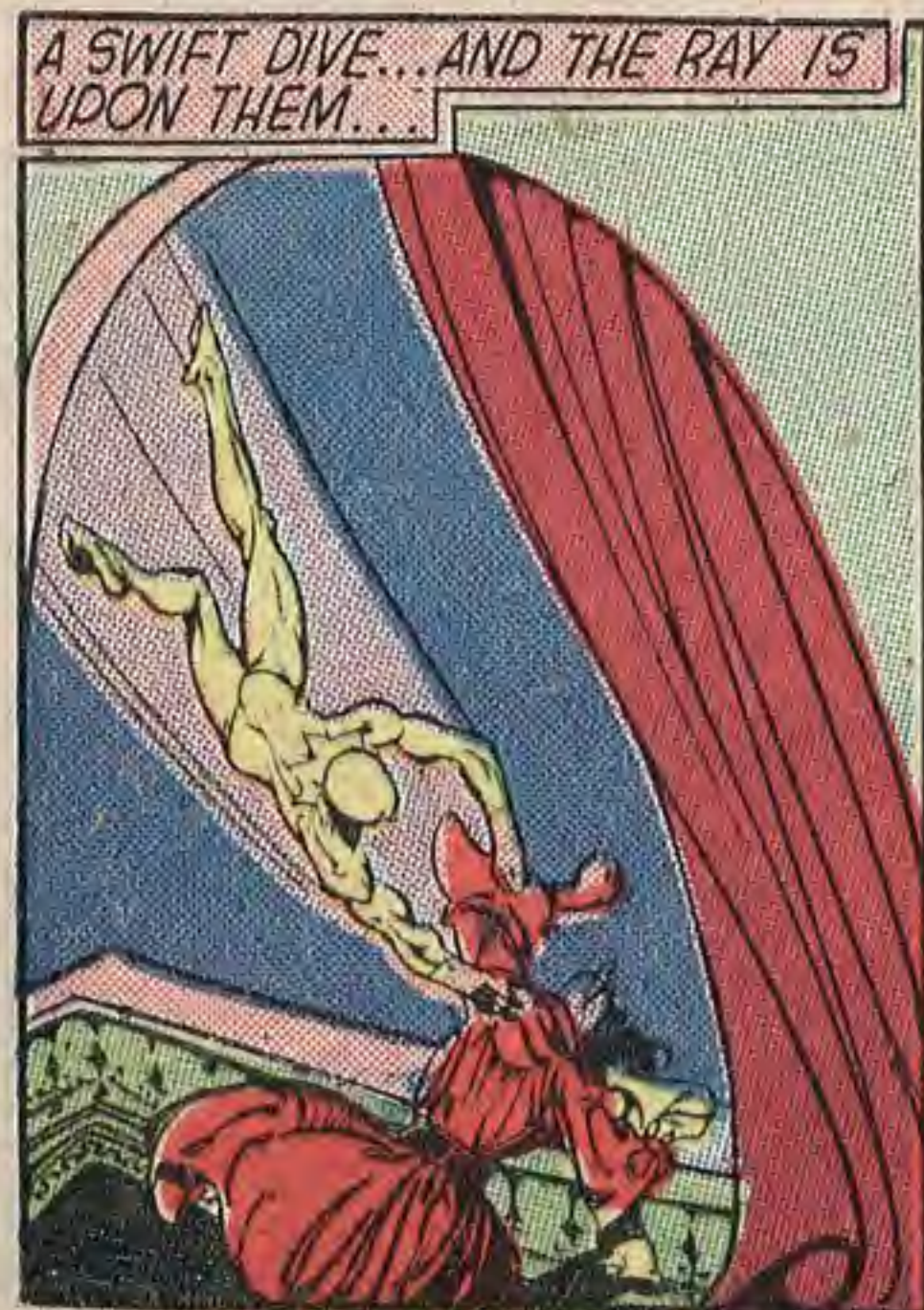


NEWS?! YOU BRING ME HOPE AND LIFE! SOO CHOO, MY ONLY FRIEND, YOU ALONE HAVE STOOD BY IN MY MISERY SINCE MY ACCIDENT... ONLY YOU...

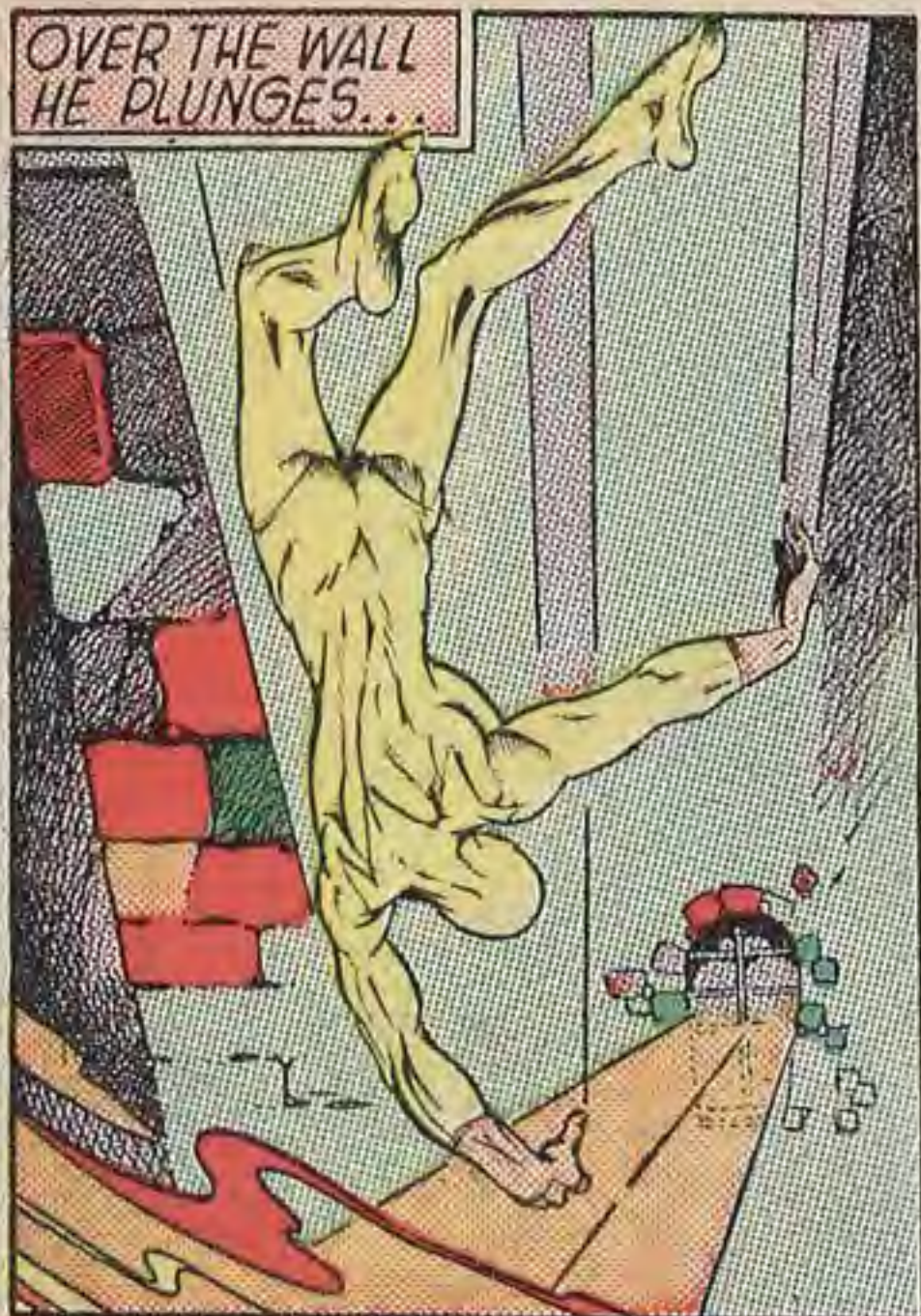


YOU DO NOT SHY AWAY FROM MY HIDEOUS FACE, ONCE YOUNG AND HANDSOME, AS ALL THE WORLD SHRINKS BACK! BUT THEY WILL PAY AND PAY HEAVILY FOR SHUNTING ME FROM SOCIETY. AND SHE, DIANE, WILL BE MINE! AH, ONCE I SLAVED TO AID UNGRATEFUL MAN... BUT, NOW...





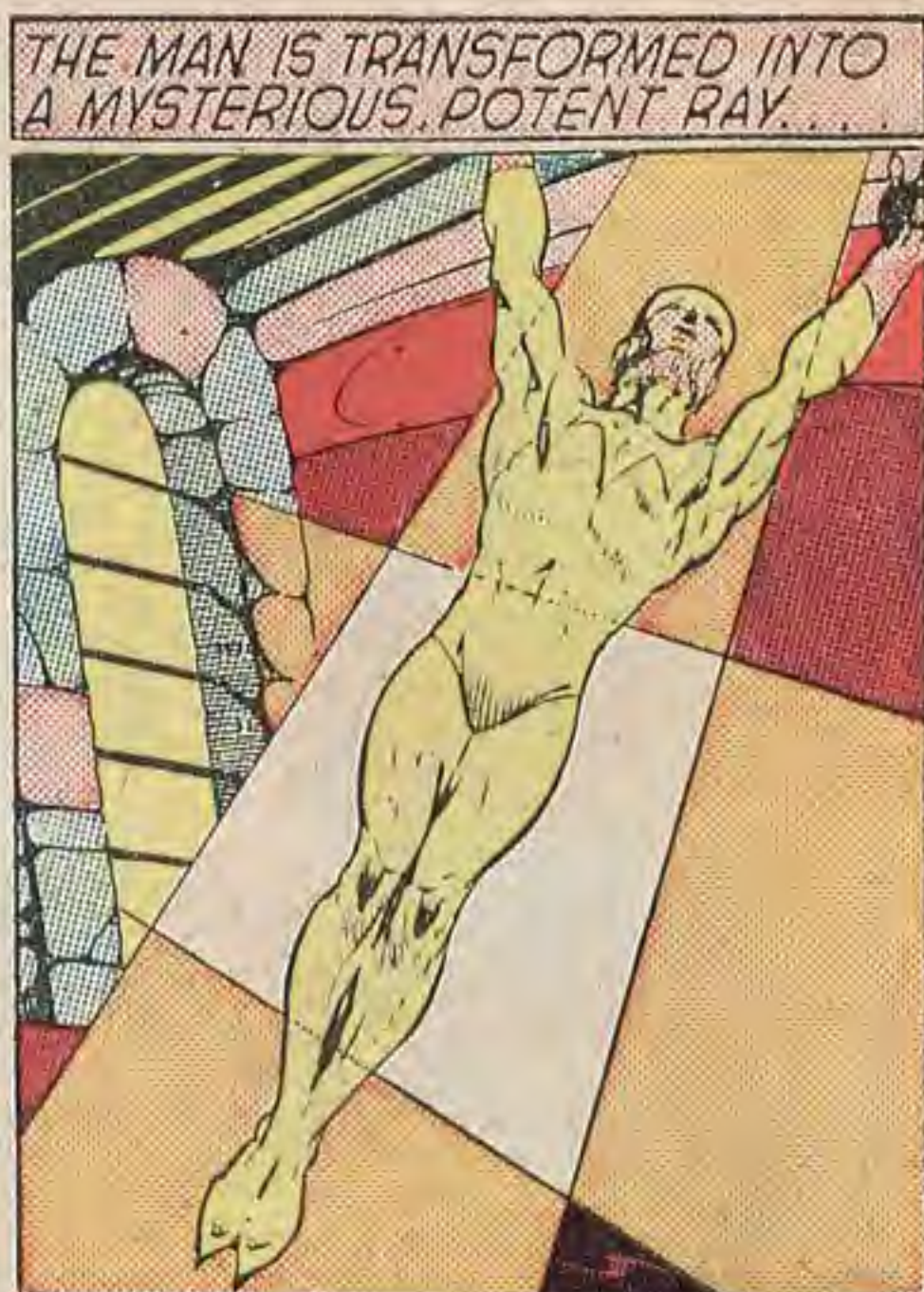
OVER THE WALL
HE PLUNGES...



A BEAM OF LIGHT CUTS HIS PATH.
THERE IS A SUDDEN, BLINDING
FLASH...



THE MAN IS TRANSFORMED INTO
A MYSTERIOUS, POTENT RAY...



MEANWHILE, DIANE IS CAPTIVE
IN THE BOWELS OF THE CITY...



RESIGN
YOURSELF, MY
DEAR. THIS IS
YOUR NEW
HOME!

BUT,
WHO-?



WHO AM I?
NOW, YOU SHALL
KNOW!



EEEEK!



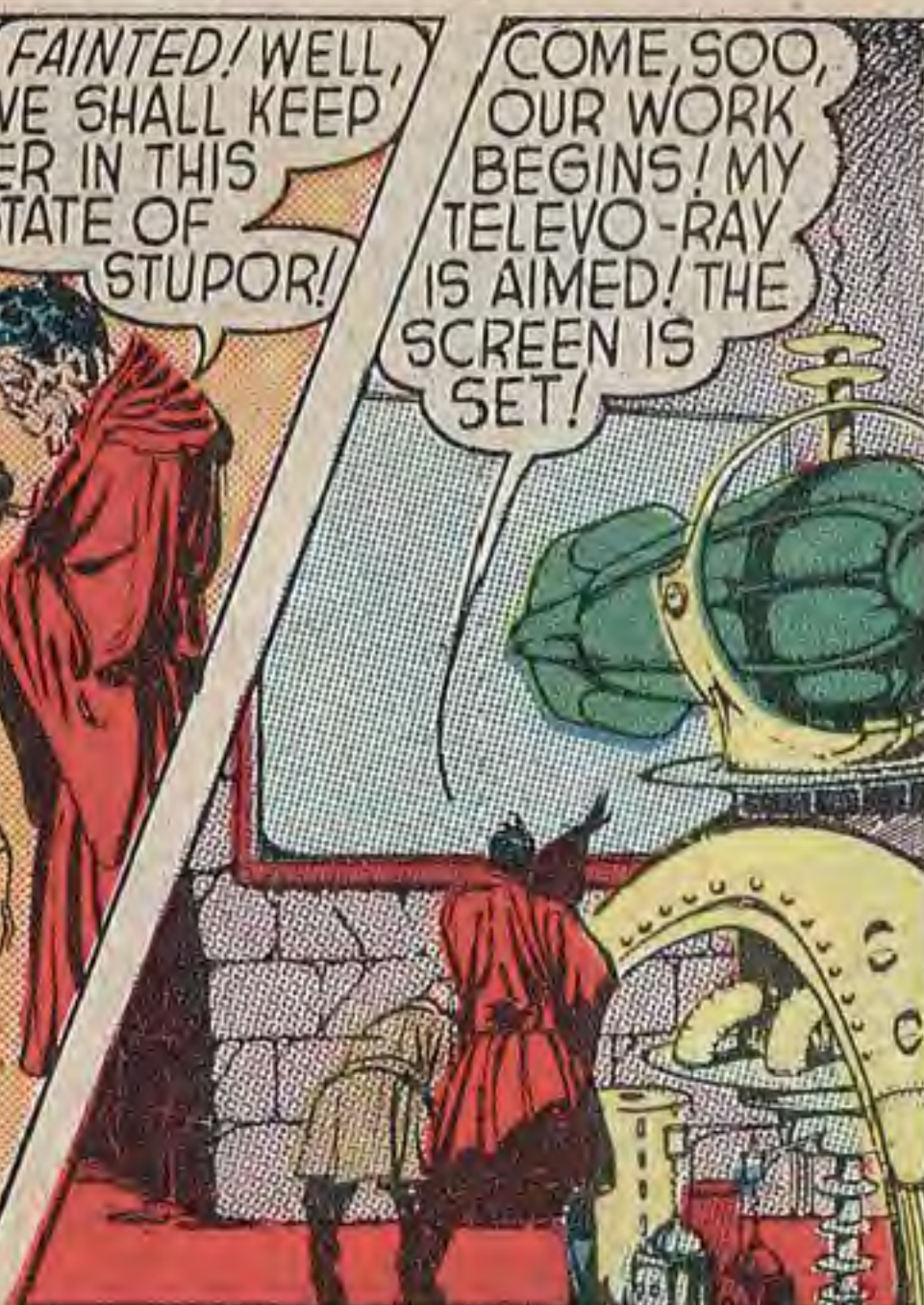
CADAVA, THE HANDSOME!!
YOUR ONE-TIME FIANCEE!



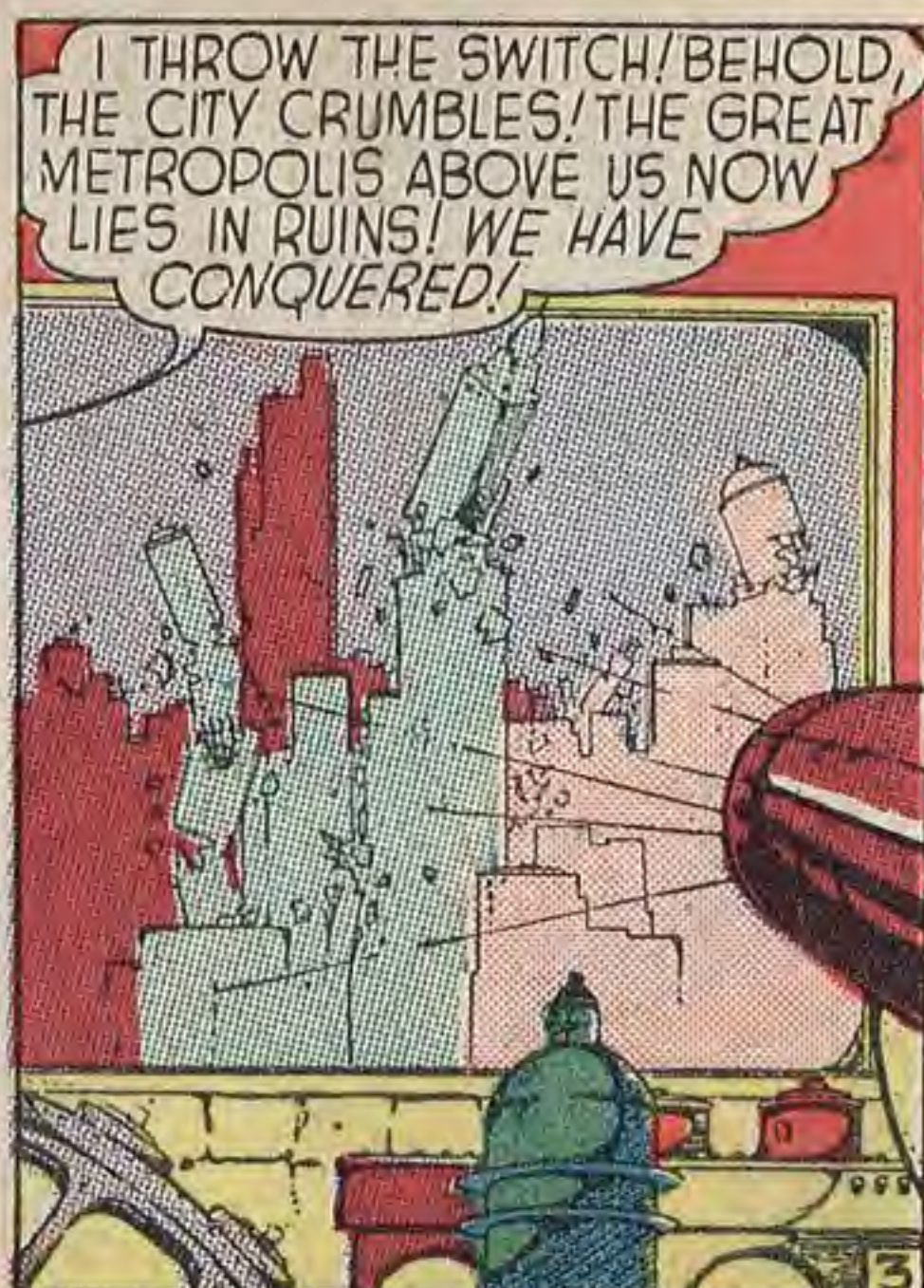
FAINTED! WELL,
WE SHALL KEEP
HER IN THIS
STATE OF
STUPOR!



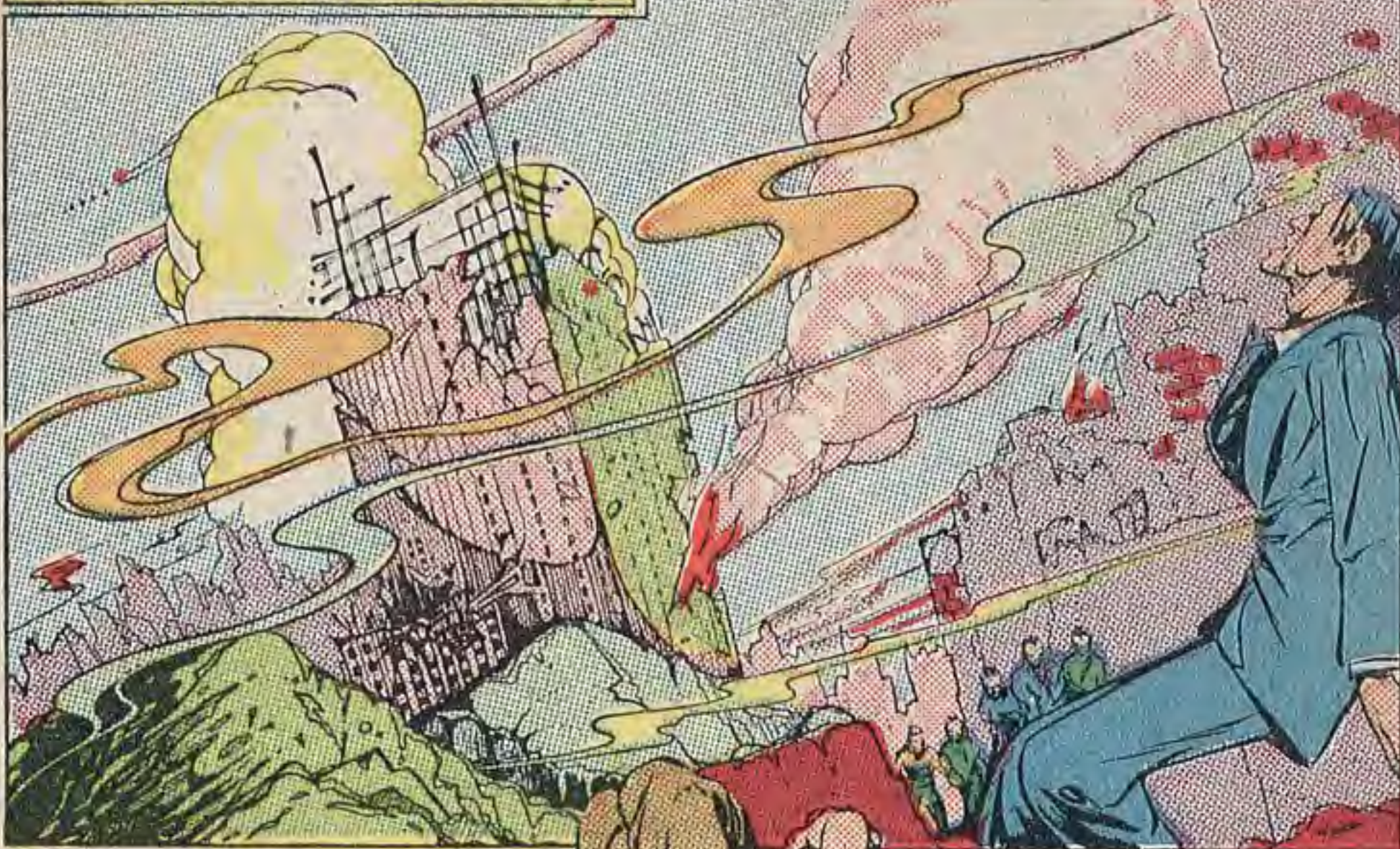
COME, SOO,
OUR WORK
BEGINS! MY
TELEVO-RAY
IS AIMED! THE
SCREEN IS
SET!



I THROW THE SWITCH! BEHOLD,
THE CITY CRUMBLES! THE GREAT
METROPOLIS ABOVE US NOW
LIES IN RUINS! WE HAVE
CONQUERED!



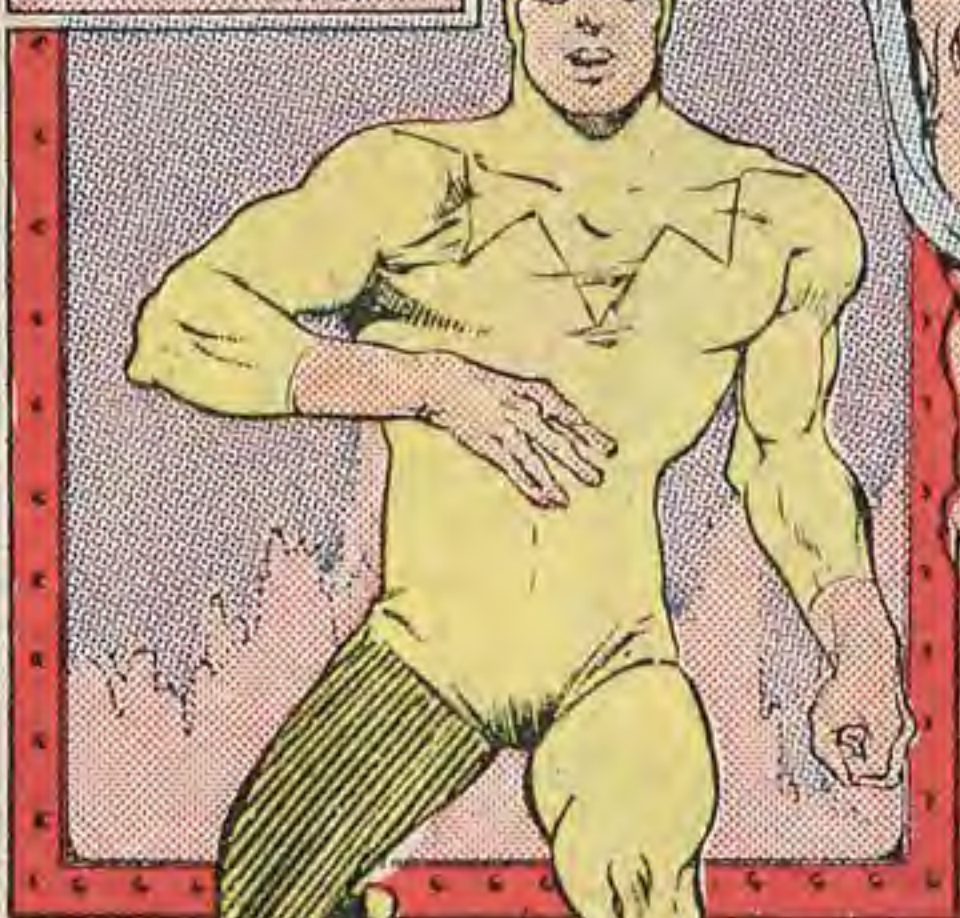
FRANTIC THRONGS RUN SCREAMING FROM THE MOUNTAIN OF DESTRUCTION... NO ONE CAN GRASP THE MEANING OF THIS HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE...



NO ONE BUT THE RAY, WHO SUDDENLY APPEARS ON THE SCREEN.



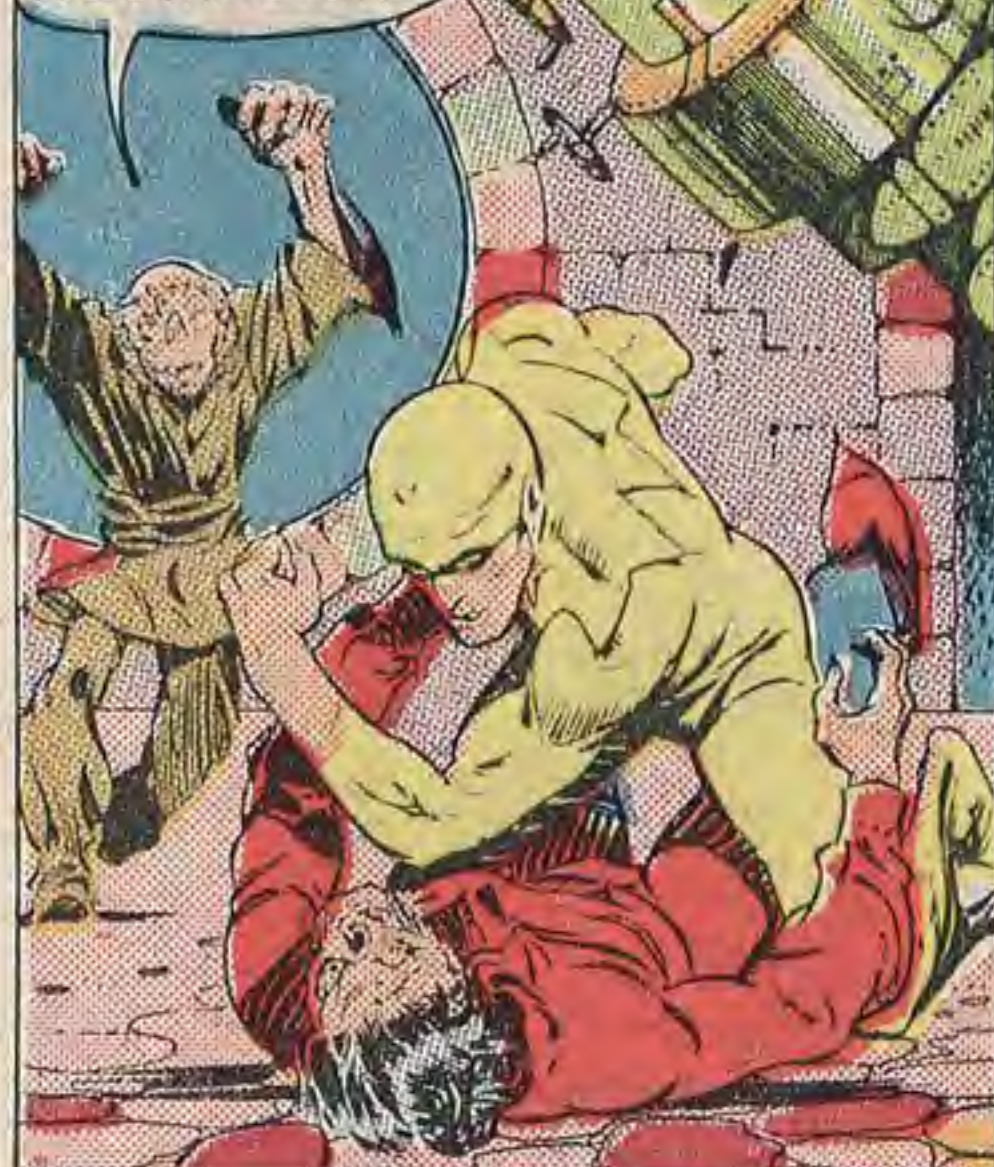
STRAIGHT INTO THE DUNGEON LABORATORY CRASHES THE AMAZING MAN, TRAVELING ON CADAVA'S OWN TELEVO-RAY!



FIEND! YOUR REVENGE HAS BEEN TERRIBLE, BUT YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE FAR WORSE!



NO! NO! NO! MASTER!



SQUEALING IN TERROR, SOO CHOO GRABS A HEAVY CLUB AND SCAMPERS TO THE FIGHTERS...



I KILL! I KILL! BELOVED MASTER IS SAVED! HE! HE!



ONLY THE RAY COULD HAVE ENTERED THROUGH MY SCREEN! WELL, WE ARE THROUGH WITH HIS INTERFERENCE NOW!



THE SIGNAL! THERE ARE STRANGERS IN THE PASSAGE!



AS THE RAY ADVANCES, THE
HIDEOUS CADAVA WHIPS OUT
A SHARP BLADE...



BUT THE RAY IS
TOO SWIFT FOR HIM...



MASTER!



STRUGGLING FIERCELY, THE TWO
STAGGER TO THE BRINK AND
FALL HEADLONG INTO THE BLACK
WATER...



A FITTING
END FOR THE
SEWER KING!



SCREAMING SHRILLY, SOO
CHOO CONFRONTS THE
RAY, HIS FINGER TREMBLING
ON A TRIGGER...



BUT...

GO TO YOUR
MASTER, POOR
LOYAL SERVANT!



THE MYSTIC POWER IN
THE RAY'S FINGERTIPS
BRINGS DIANE FROM
HER STUPOR...



I'LL TAKE YOU HOME
NOW... THEN I
CAN BEGIN
WORK ON
THE RUINED
CITY!



TOGETHER, THE
RAY AND DIANE
RISE ABOVE THE
EERIE CATACOMBS...



SOON THE CITY TOWERS
ARE RECONSTRUCTED...
BY THE STRANGE FORCES
CONTROLLED BY THE RAY...



...AND
RETURN TO
THE SURFACE...

Archie by BUD THOMAS O'TOOLE

SO THIS IS MEXICO? AND WE'RE HERE TO BUY OIL FOR OUR HOMELAND IN PYROMANIA!

SI, SENOR. THE MEN YOU SEE ACROSS THE WAY ARE CALLED PEONS... AND THEIR LADY FRIENDS ARE KNOWN AS THEIR PEONIES! HA HA!

MY! MY! I NEVER KNEW THAT PEONIES GREW OUTSIDE OF FLOWER POTS!

I CAN SEE WE'LL LEARN A LOT OF THINGS WE NEVER KNEW!

SO THIS IS THE BEST ROOM IN THE HOTEL TORTILLA, AND THAT IS THE PATIO?

UH..

EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, BUT THIS HUMIDITY COMPELS ME TO TAKE A SHOWER!

TO BE SURE! TO BE SURE, KING ARCHIE!

OH! MY STARS AND GARTERS... A PYTHON, TEN FEET LONG!

SENOR!

OH! OH! OH! DID YOU SEE THAT THING DOWN THE HALL?!

AH, SENOR, NO BE 'FRAID OF NICE OLD PYTHON! HE HERE FOR TO CATCH ZE BEEG RATS!

A RAT CATCHER, EH? IN MY COUNTRY THEY USE CATS AND MOUSE TRAPS!

WELL, EEF YOU 'FRAID, SENOR, I PUT HEEM DOWN STAIRS WEETH THE KEEDS!

LET'S GO FOR A WALK. THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

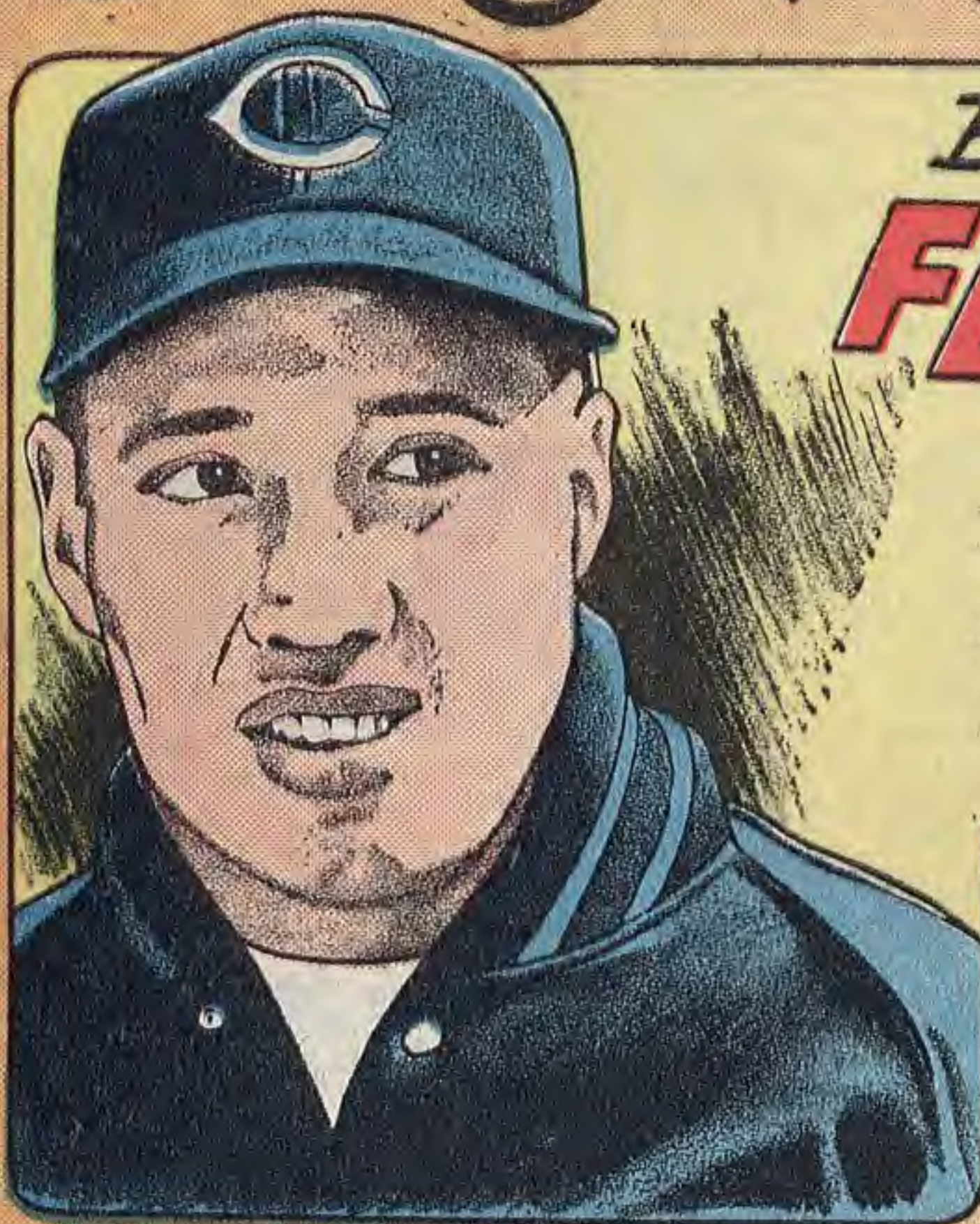
ARCHIE, YOU LOOK SICK!

OWEEEEEE!

CONTROL YOURSELF, ARCHIE! IT'S ONLY A LIL' CATERPILLAR. YOU'VE GOT THE JUMPIN' JITTERS, BOY!



SPORTRAITS



Bobby
FELLER

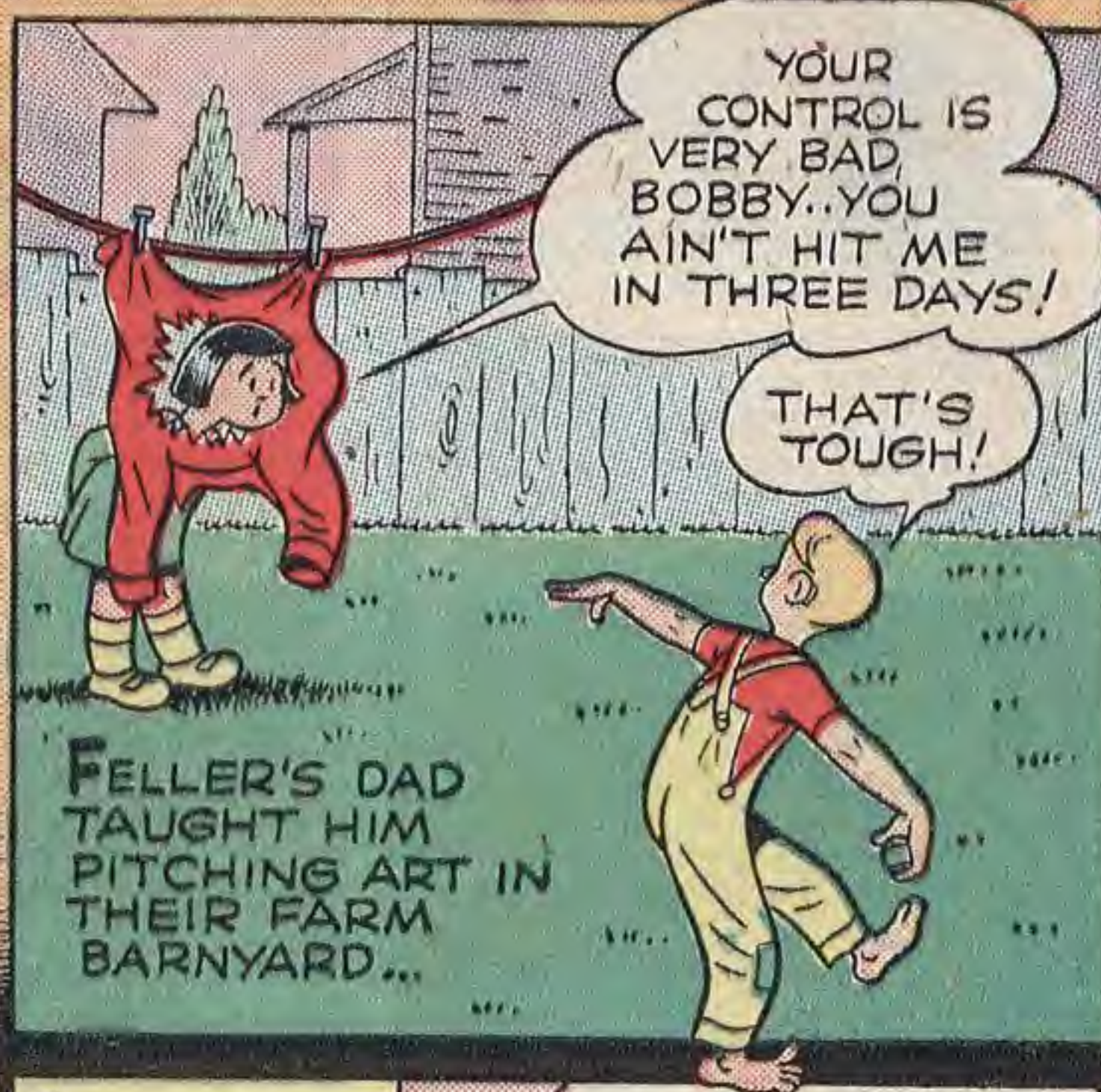
ESTABLISHED YOUNG
PITCHING STAR OF THE
CLEVELAND INDIANS..WHO
MANY PREDICT WILL TAKE
HIS PLACE ALONG WITH THE TOP
RATE MOUNDSMEN OF
"ALL TIME..."

HEY, FELLER!
THREE RUNS
HAVE ALREADY
SCORED AGAINST
US SINCE
YA STARTED
THAT LONG
WIND-UP!



-GILL
FOX-

IN THE BEGINNING,
RUNNERS TOOK COSTLY ADVANTAGE
OF BOB'S CRUDE, LONG WIND-UP...



FELLER'S DAD
TAUGHT HIM
PITCHING ART IN
THEIR FARM
BARNYARD...

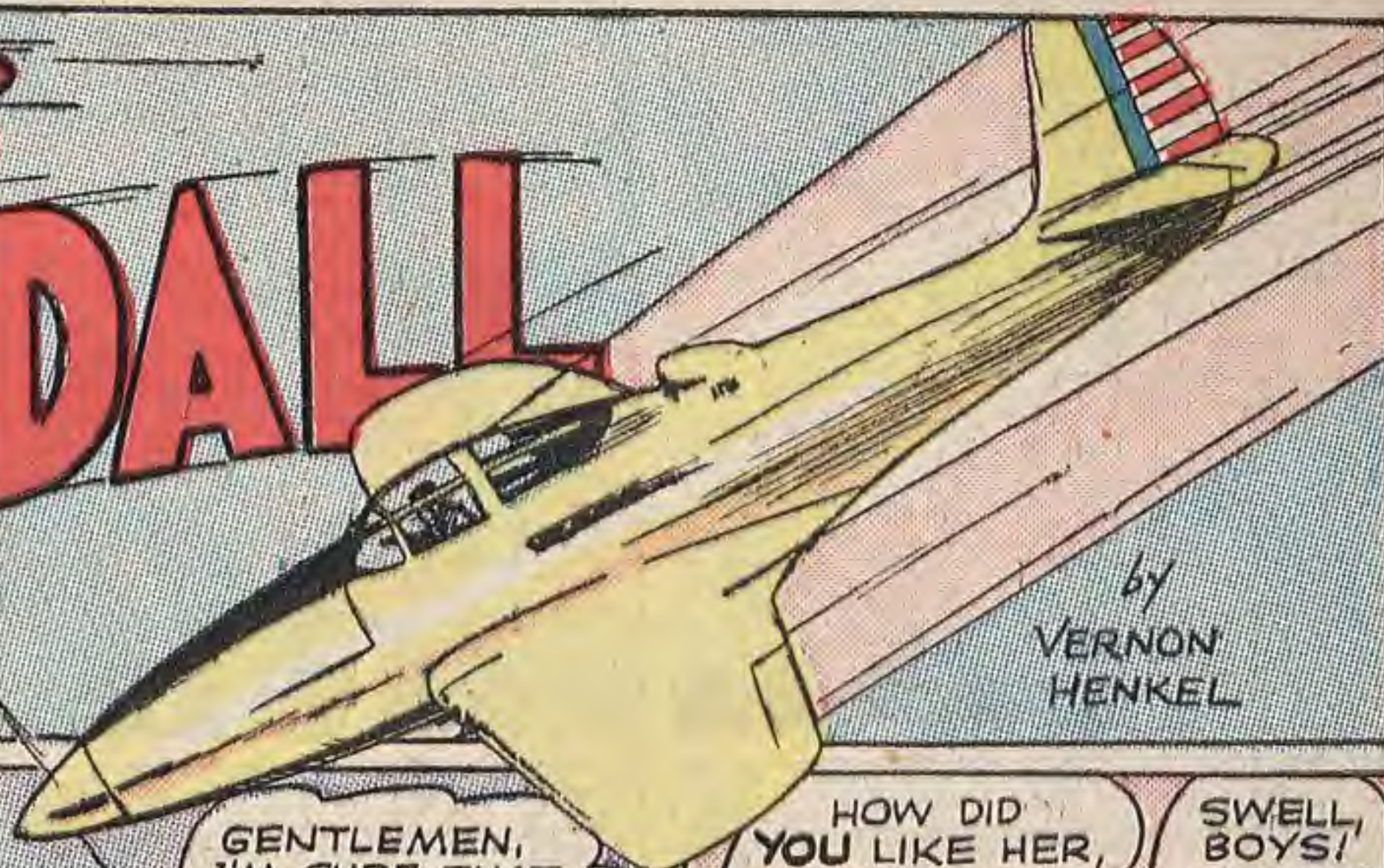
IN HIS FIRST
BIG LEAGUE
GAME, BOB
FANNED 15
ST. LOUIS
BROWNS
BATTERS

WOW! OUR BATTERS
ARE WEARIN' A
DEEP PATH JUST
WALKIN' TO
THE PLATE
AND BACK!



WINGS WENDALL

by
VERNON
HENKEL



ALL EYES ARE TURNED SKY-
WARD TO WATCH A BULLET-
LIKE PLANE FINISH AN
AMAZING MILITARY PERFORM-
ANCE...



GREAT!

GENTLEMEN,
I'M SURE THAT
MY COUNTRY OF
BALTICA WILL
BE HAPPY
THAT I BOUGHT
THIS PLANE!



HOW DID
YOU LIKE HER,
CAPTAIN
WENDALL?

SWELL,
BOYS!
NOTHING
BETTER!



THEN IT'S SETTLED!
CAPTAIN WENDALL WILL FLY
THE FIRST OF THESE
PLANES TO BALTICA'S
CLOSEST AMERICAN
POSSESSION TOMORROW.



GOOD!!

AS WINGS ENJOYS A RARE
EVENING OF RELAXATION HE
IS UNAWARE OF TWO MEN
WHO CLOSELY WATCH HIM.



HAVING
FUN,
DIANE?

THERE IS CAPTAIN
WENDALL..REMARKABLE
HOW CLOSELY YOU
RESEMBLE HIM!

YES!
JUST A
FEW
CHANGES
AND NO
ONE COULD
TELL THE
DIFFER-
ENCE..



YOU MUST HURRY,
VULCAN...IT MUST BE
DONE TONIGHT...GOOD
LUCK!



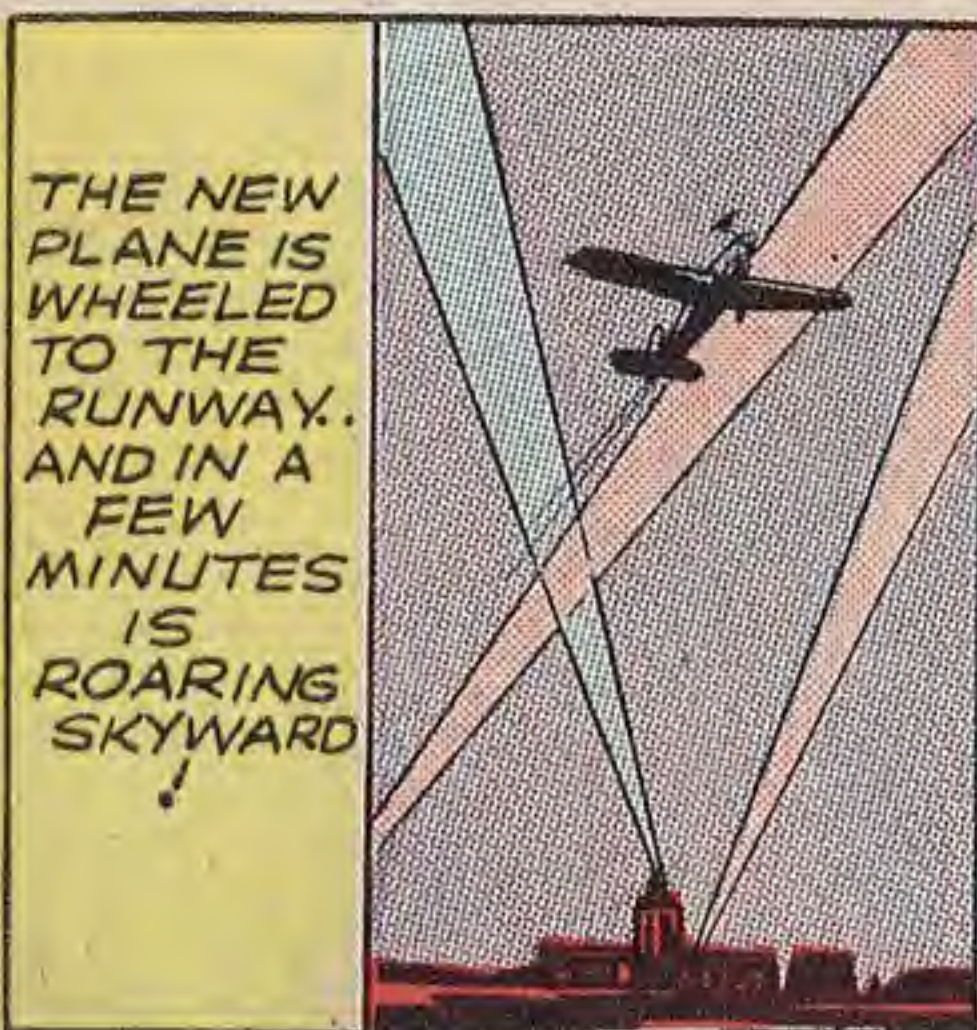
LATER..VULCAN, WENDALL'S
"DOUBLE", ARRIVES AT THE
AIRPORT...

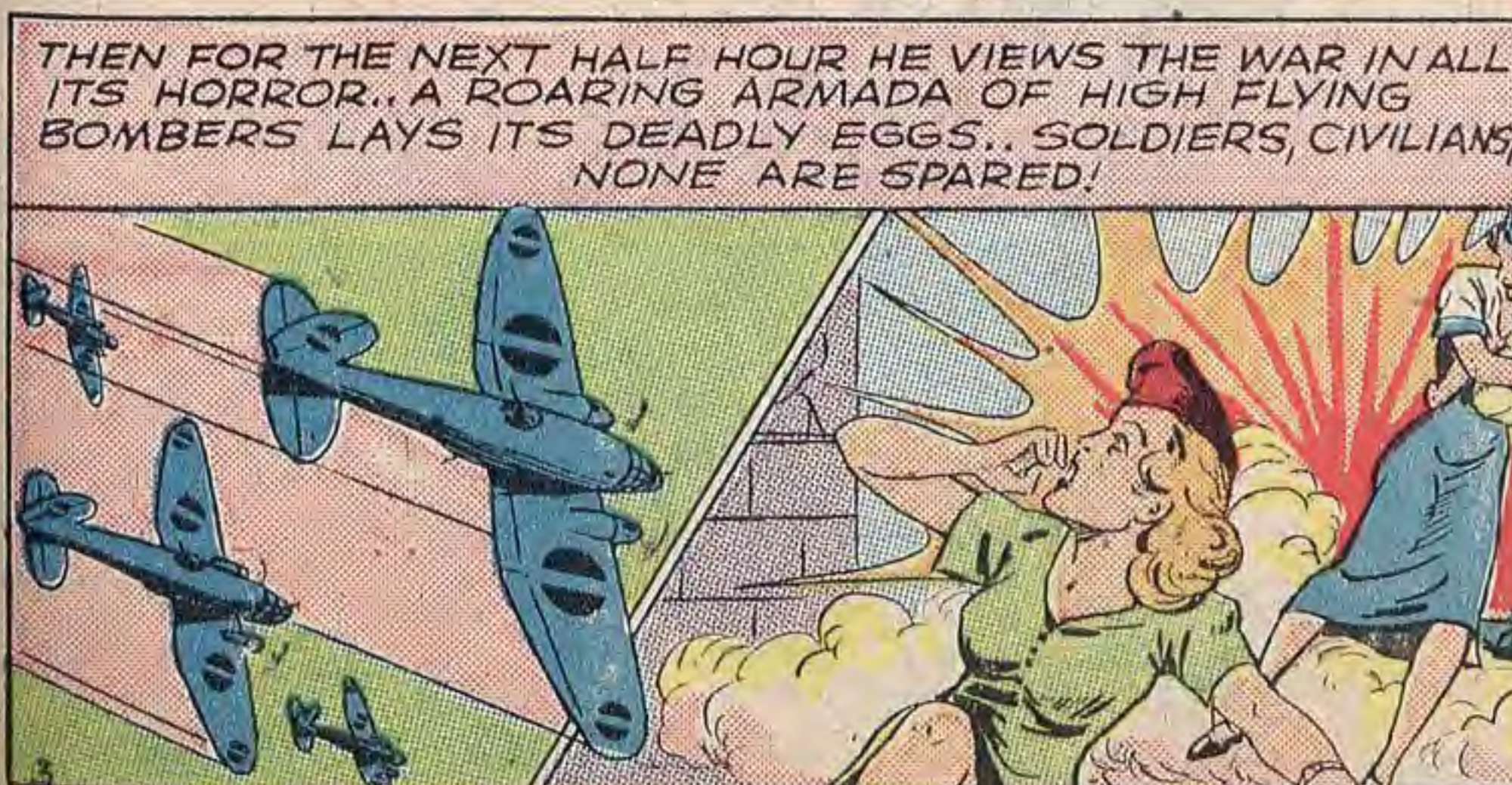
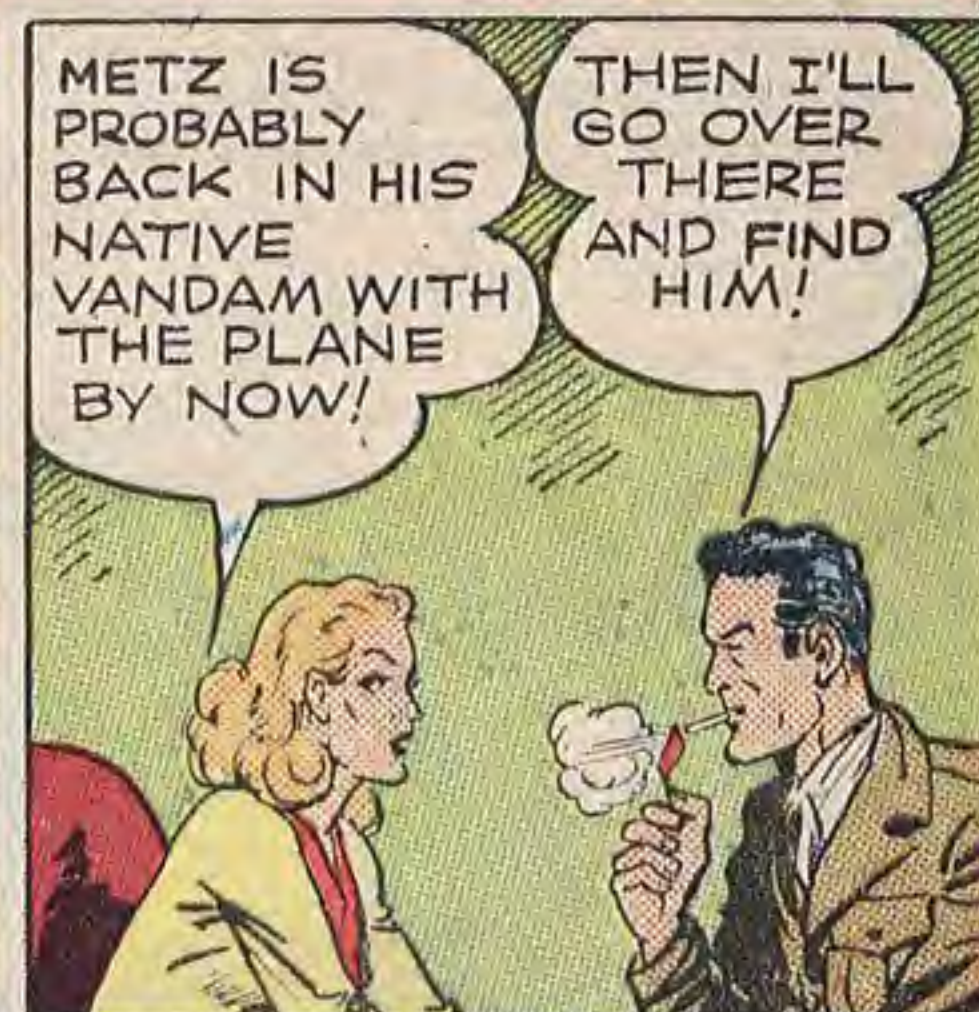


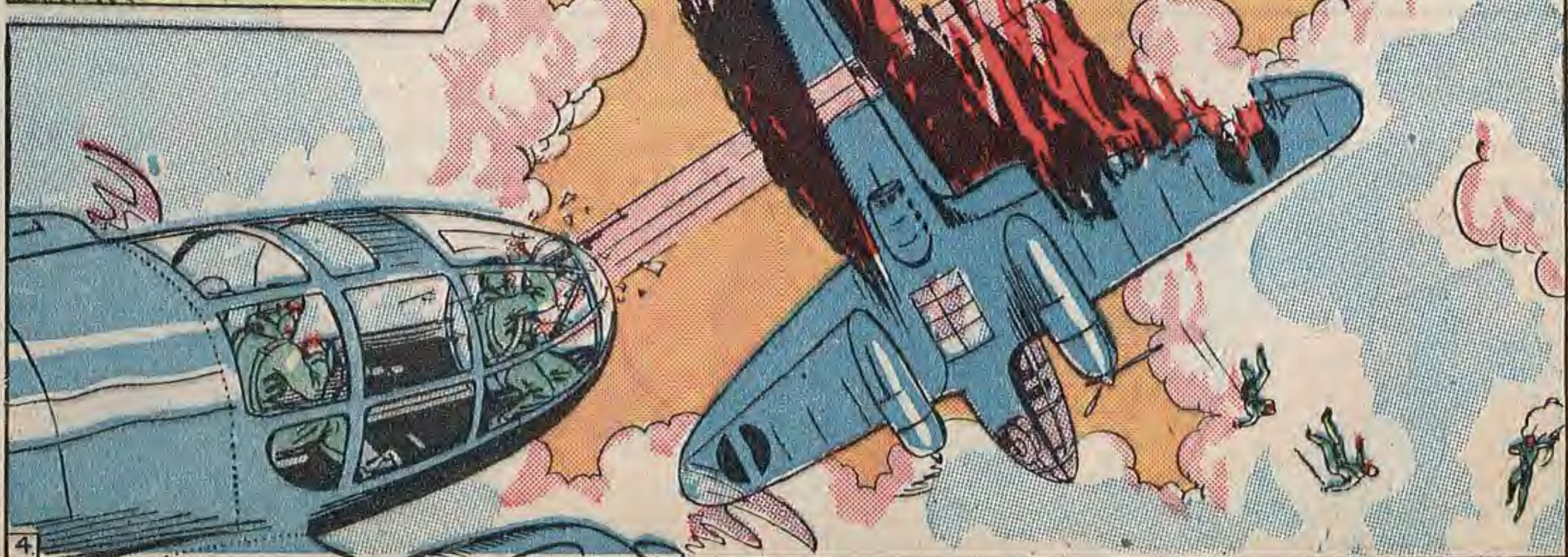
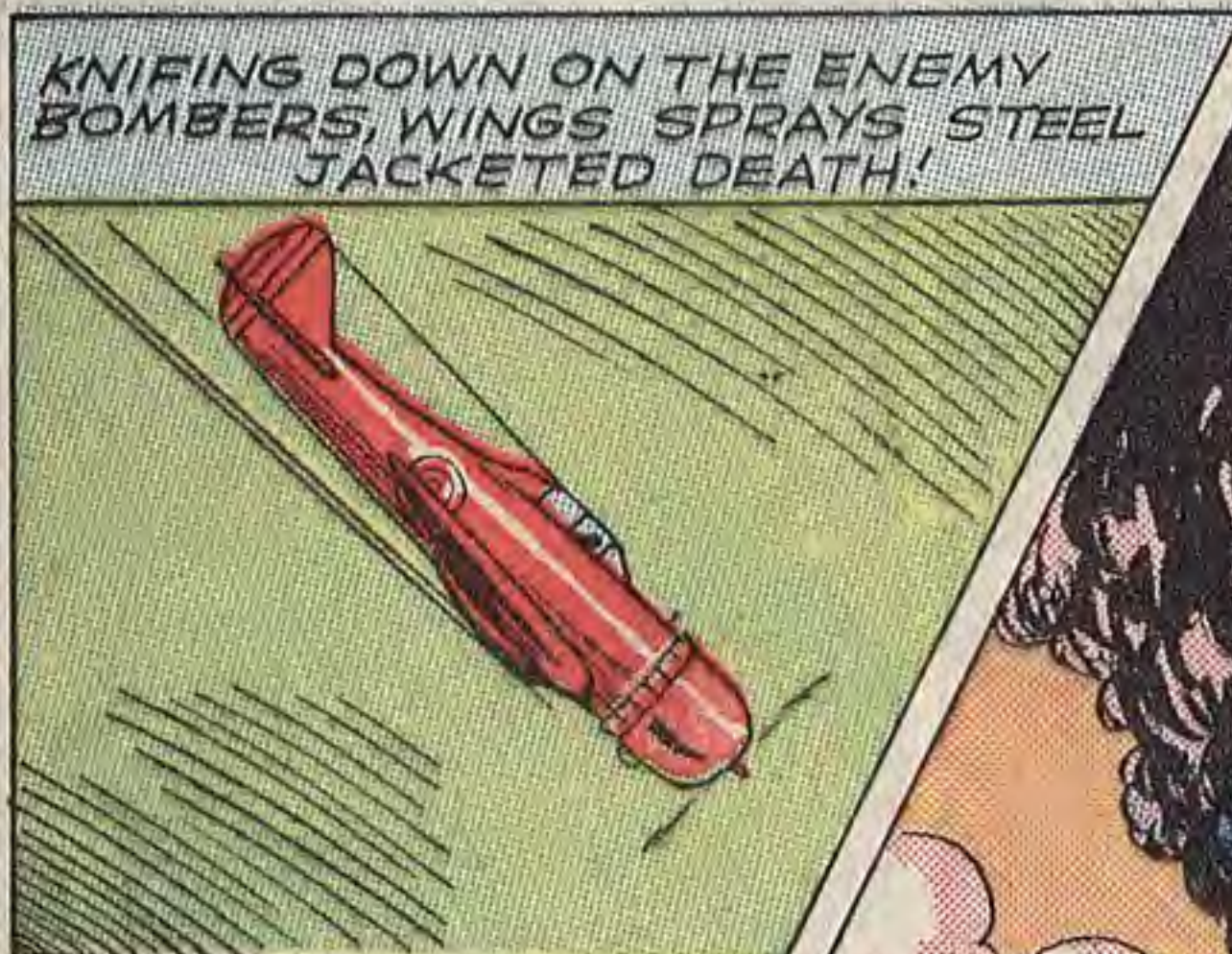
ORDERS HAVE BEEN
CHANGED..I AM TO FLY
THAT SHIP TO THE
BALTICA POSSESSION
TONIGHT!

HELLO,
CAPTAIN
WENDALL!

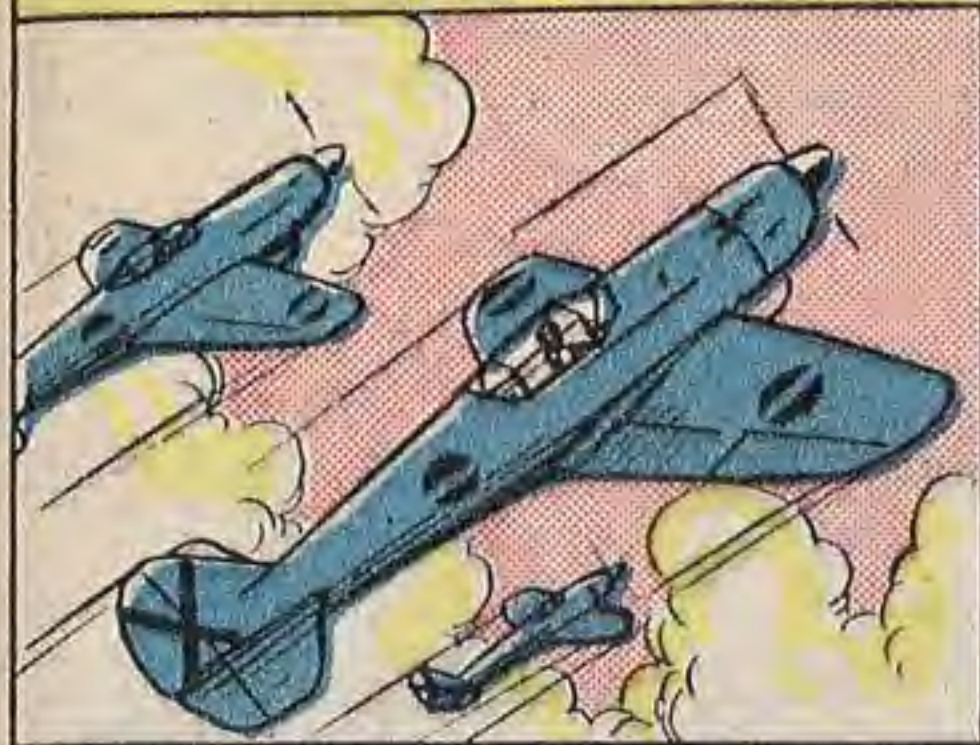








THE ENEMY SCOUT PLANES
SEE WENDALL'S ATTACK,
AND ZOOM TO BRING HIM
DOWN...



WHILE ON THE GROUND...

OHH! NEVER HAVE I
SEEN A MORE DARING
FLYER!



THESE SMARTIES GOT
ME TRAPPED.. I'M
IN THEIR CROSS-
FIRE!



WINGS MAKES A QUICK
SNAP ROLL..FOR AN
INSTANT AN ENEMY
PLANE IS IN HIS GUN
SIGHT...



GOT
HIM!

WHAT?
I'M HIT
MYSELF!



A VICIOUS ENEMY SHOT
HITS WINGS'
PLANE IN THE
FUEL TANK!

HIS PLANE ABLAZE,
WINGS SIDE-SLIPS DOWN
NEAR THE SHIP THAT
HE FIRST HIT...



WENDALL LEAPS CLEAR OF
THE SHIP JUST BEFORE IT
EXPLODES..NOT FAR FROM
HIS VICTIM

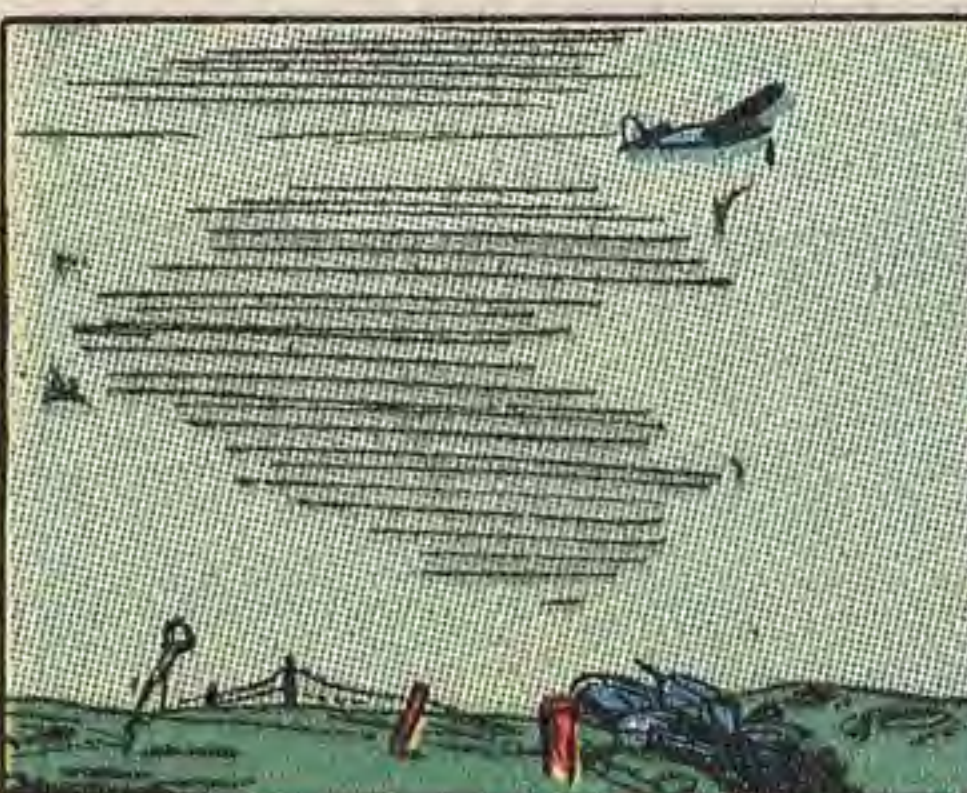


BOOM

SO YOU DID GET DOWN
OKAY, EH, PAL? WELL, I'LL
TAKE THAT SHIP..NOW
THAT YOU'VE FIXED IT!

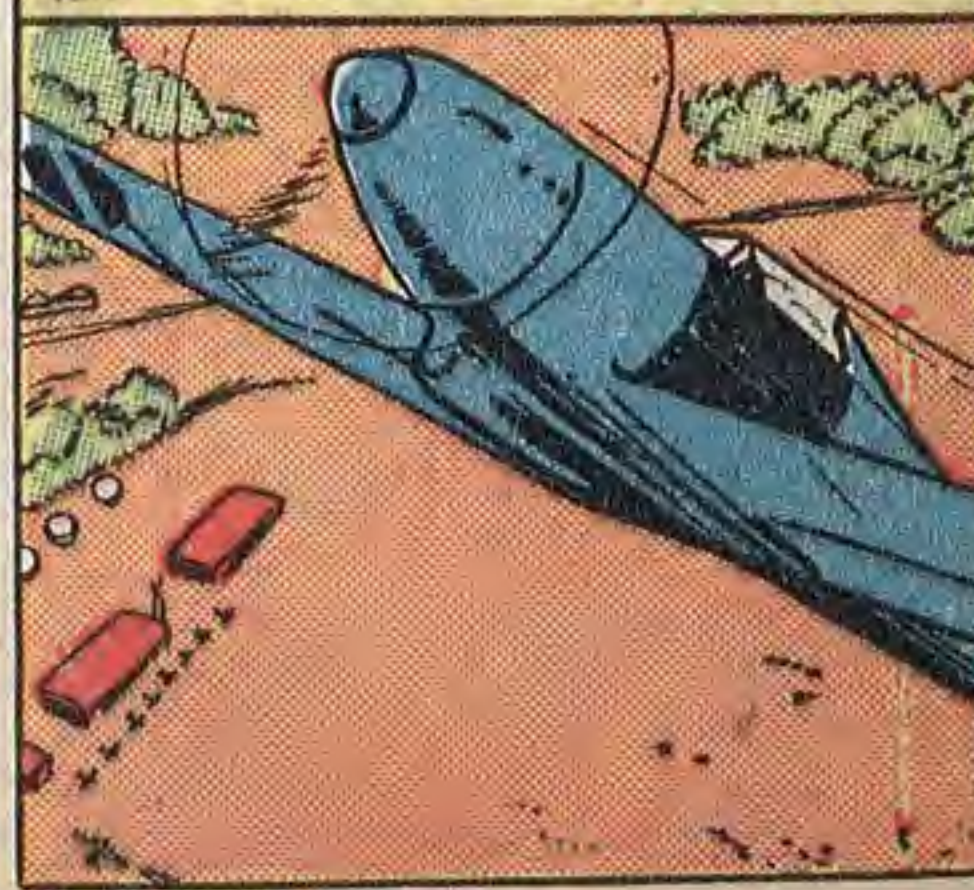


I'LL GIVE YOUR
REGARDS TO
THOSE IN
VANDAM!



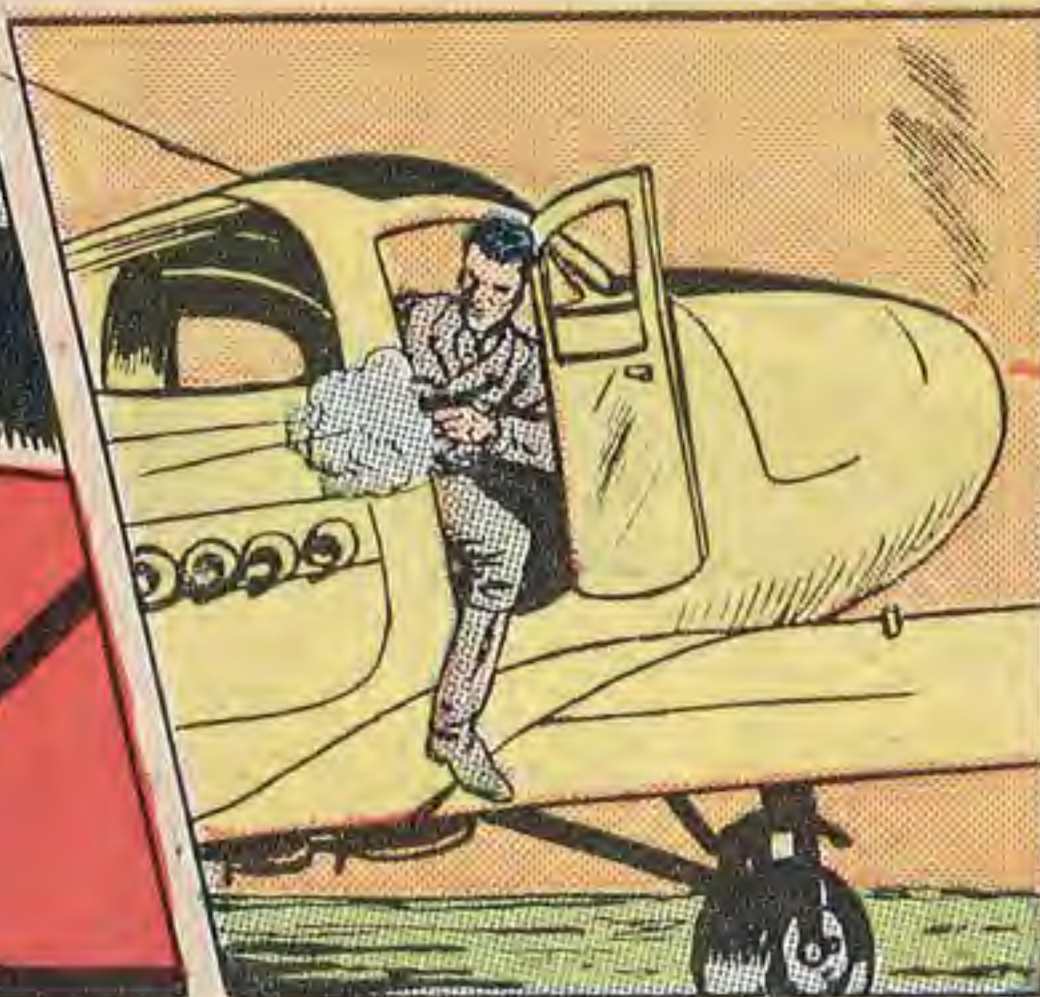
ACROSS SHELL POKED
FIELDS, WINGS SPEEDS...
DEEP INTO THE
VANDAM TERRITORY...

A HUGE AIRDROME NOW
LIES JUST BELOW HIM...

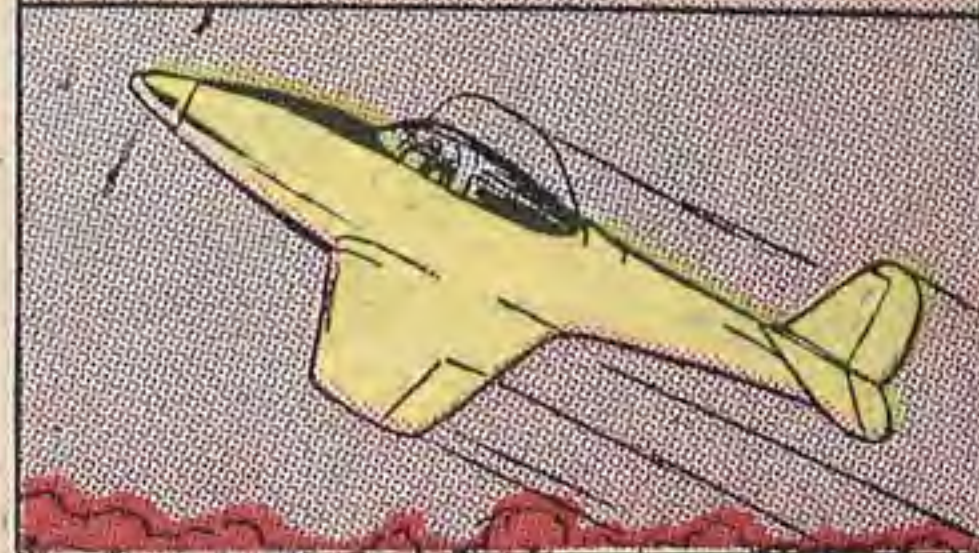




WINGS MAKES A WILD ZIG-ZAG DASH FOR THE STOLEN MYSTERY PLANE



A ROAR SHATTERS THE FIELD AS HE PUSHES THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN FOR A TAKE-OFF!



METZ LEAPS INTO THE NEAREST PURSUIT PLANE.



NOW TO GIVE THESE BOYS A PARTY THEY WILL NEVER FORGET!



WINGS CIRCLES THE FIELD..

HA! HOW DO YOU LIKE TO HAVE THESE EGGS BOUNCED ON YOUR OWN NOGGINS, GENTS!



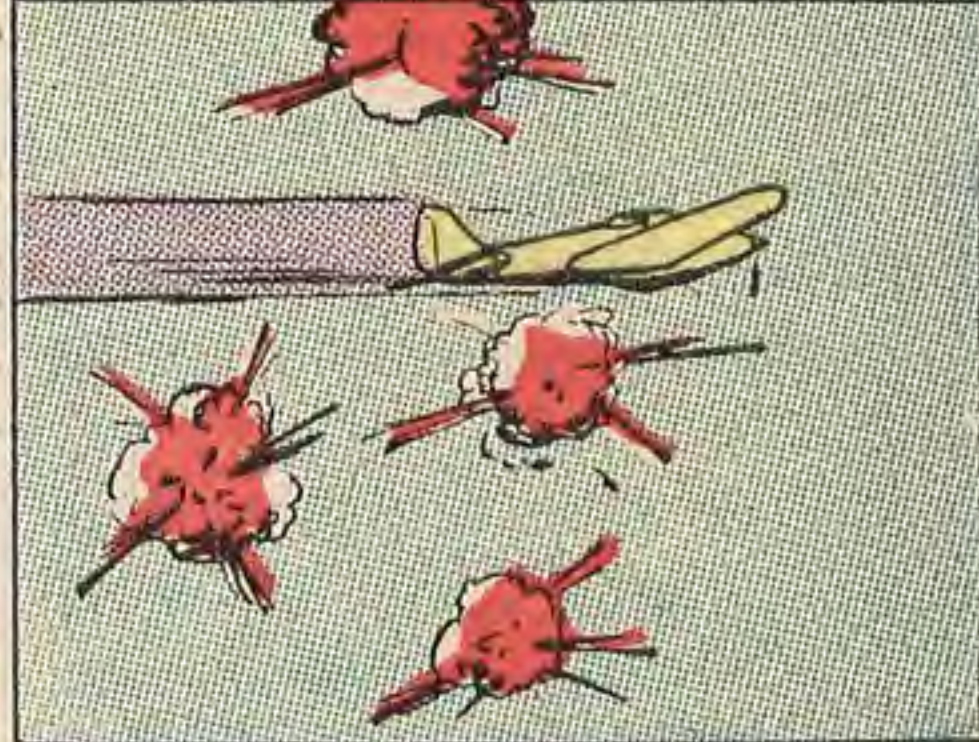
AS METZ WHIPS AROUND TO STOP HIM, A BADLY REPAIRED ENGINE RIPS LOOSE...



THE FOOL! HE TOOK THAT PLANE THAT I HAD SHOT DOWN!



ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS BURST ALL AROUND HIM AS WINGS STREAKS OFF TO SAFETY..



LATER... A GREY FORM COMES OUT OF THE MIST TO LAND ON AMERICAN SOIL!



RIGHTO, CHIEF! IN THE FLESH...AND NOT A MOVIE!

WENDALL!



MY BOY! YOU ARE NOT ONLY REINSTATED INTO THE SERVICE, BUT QUALIFIED FOR A FEW MEDALS! THE DISPATCHES HAVE RAVED ABOUT THE AMERICAN WHO BROKE UP A BOMBING RAID SINGLE-HANDED!



HMM.. AND YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW THAT OUR MYSTERY PLANE JUST ESTABLISHED A NEW TRANS-ATLANTIC SPEED RECORD !!

THE COWARD

BY
ROBERT M. HYATT



He came to the lighthouse that raging night, a gaunt giant of a man with the look of death in his emaciated face. The little power launch from the mainland put him off and he climbed the spindly iron ladder with jerky thrusts of his body, timing each step to the lash of the wind.

He came along the iron catwalk that ran around the top of the lighthouse with the heavy tread of a sleepwalker. Indeed, to Jimmy Christian, spending a two-weeks' vacation as light-keeper, this stranger seemed like a figure from another world.

Jimmy met him, standing braced there on the gleaming ironwork with the wind tearing at him in shrilling blasts. Jimmy held out his hand, introduced himself.

"I'm filling in," he said; "but I don't know a lot about keeping a light, and with these storms—Well, I'm glad they sent someone out who does know."

The tall, cadaverous man neither offered his hand nor spoke a word. His puff-lidded eyes bored into Jimmy for a moment, then he hunched his broad shoulders and lurched into the warm room. Jimmy followed, feeling a tingle of fear clutch at his spine. Who—what—was this silent creature?

"Like soup?" Jimmy asked cheerily. The man didn't answer; he just sat slumped in a chair, his face a study in nothingness. Jimmy opened a can of soup, made toast, coffee.

Without a word the stranger came to the table and ate ravenously, never taking his eyes off his

plate. When he had finished, he cleared the dishes away, washed them, and came to his chair. There was a hint of color in his chalky face now. He filled a pipe, lighted it, and watched the fire for fully a half hour.

"Name's Bilbow," he said suddenly in a deep voice. "Henry Bilbow." He said "Henry" challengingly, eyeing Jimmy as if waiting for him to strike.

Jimmy said, "Glad to know you, sir . . . you play checkers?"

Bilbow looked startled. "You askin' me to play with you—Me?"

"Sure. I'm not so hot myself, but I like to play at the game. I'll get the board."

Jimmy came back after a moment with the board and checkers. Bilbow looked at him as if he had seen a ghost. Suddenly he laughed, deep in his chest, a strange, weird laugh. His facial expression didn't change. And he said:

"Sure. That's why. If he only KNEW!"

Jimmy made no comment. The man evidently was demented. Best not to antagonize him. He played checkers with clever zeal, winning four straight games. There was the hint of a smile on his gaunt features as he got up.

"I'll trim the light," he said, and went up into the lamp room with the ease of one who knew his way around.

Jimmy sat for a while pondering the uncanny actions of this man. He could be a very ugly chap, Jimmy knew. There was a mystery about him . . .

A week passed. There was little change in Bilbow. He remained silent, sullen, but he never shirked his duties. The weather grew worse. One night as they sat listening to the mountainous seas pounding against the base of the lighthouse, Bilbow turned his strange eyes on young Christian. There was a light in them that Jimmy had not seen before. He said:

"He would be about your age now, and a little huskier."

Jimmy looked puzzled.

"I mean the boy—my boy," said Bilbow.

"Oh," said Jimmy. "You have a son? Where is he?"

Jimmy thought he could see tears come into Bilbow's eyes.

"Where is he?" he repeated.

"They took him away from me." Then for a moment Henry Bilbow clasped his face in his hands and his huge frame shook with sobs. But the storm lasted only for a moment. He looked up with haggard eyes.

"Jimmy," he said, "you don't know me. I guess you're the only one that doesn't. I told them on the mainland that my name was 'Smith.' Otherwise they would have known who I was, and then—"

"Who are you then, sir?" Jimmy asked.

Bilbow's face went pale. "Listen," he said. "Did you ever hear of the 'Lottie Menlo'?"



Jimmy nodded. Everyone remembered the horrible story of the 'Lottie's' sinking with more than a hundred children on board. It had been an excursion ship, out from the Jersey coast. Easter Sunday the tragedy had occurred. The boilers had blown up ten miles off shore. The captain had leaped into the sea and swam, leaving the screaming children to their fate. Only a few had been saved, because there was a small crew. They had become panicky when the captain deserted ship.

Yes, Jimmy remembered. The world had turned against the cowardly captain of the 'Lottie', and vowed vengeance if he was ever found. He hadn't been found. Or had he?

Jimmy looked at Bilbow. He sat there hunched, his eyes like an animal's, his nostrils flaring, breathing with quick, short gasps.

"You—" Jimmy began.

"Me," said Bilbow in a hollow voice. "I was Captain Henry Bilbow of the 'Lottie.' I was the cowardly skipper who let a hundred children die. I—" He quit, covered his face, shook with sobs.

A shudder of revulsion swept over Jimmy. This man was a murderer! With a cold feeling he got up, moved across the room, peered out into the gathering gloom of another treacherous night. It had not been storm that night; it had been fire—blown boilers—screaming children—then silence!

What must have been these awful ten years in Bilbow's life! What horror he must have suffered. A man without a friend, without a country; a hunted man. A murderer! Jimmy felt compassion for the man. Surely he had suffered enough, had repaid his debt to society. He went over to Bilbow, dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm sure God has forgiven you," he said gently.

"God?" Bilbow asked. "You think God can forgive a coward?" Then he laughed, terribly.

The night fell fast and a wind rose that clawed at the lighthouse with fingers of hate. A ship out in this would be lost. Bilbow went about his duties methodically, face pale, silent once more.

About midnight they heard a grinding crash from seaward. Rushing to the rain-pelted windows overlooking the boiling sea, they could make out the riding lights of a ship. On the rocks!

Bilbow dashed outside on the catwalk, stood peering into the gloom for a moment. Then he was back inside, getting his pants and shirt off, kicking out of his boots.



"What are you going to do?" cried Jimmy.

"Get a line to them," said Bilbow. "They're done if we don't get a line to them. They're falling to pieces with that pounding sea."

"But you're crazy!" shouted Jimmy. "No man could swim out there!"

Bilbow laughed. "I swam ten miles once," he said significantly. Then he was outside, going down the iron steps. Jimmy turned a

bright spotlight on him, watched him leap into the giant seas, lash at them with his powerful arms. Of course, he was doomed. Yet, as he watched, Jimmy saw the man gain over the waves. And at last he was on the deck of the stricken ship, fastening the line he had towed behind him. Even through the noise of the storm, Bilbow's shout came ringing across the water. He was sending back a cable which Jimmy should fasten.

The cable came back over the towline. Jimmy made it secure to the iron ring in the lighthouse wall. Then, by bos'n seat, passengers began moving in from the ship, one at a time. Three women were the first rescued. Then five men, all of them half dead from exhaustion.

The last was Captain Higgins, of the "Dan Queen." He stood on the catwalk, tears in his eyes as he watched the herculean efforts of Henry Bilbow out there on his doomed ship.

"The man's superhuman," said Capt. Higgins. "I've never seen anything like it. How anybody ever swam through those seas is beyond me. He saved our lives, sir," he told Jimmy. "What's his name?"

"B—Smith," said Jimmy, with a catch in his throat. "Captain Smith, the bravest man I ever saw."

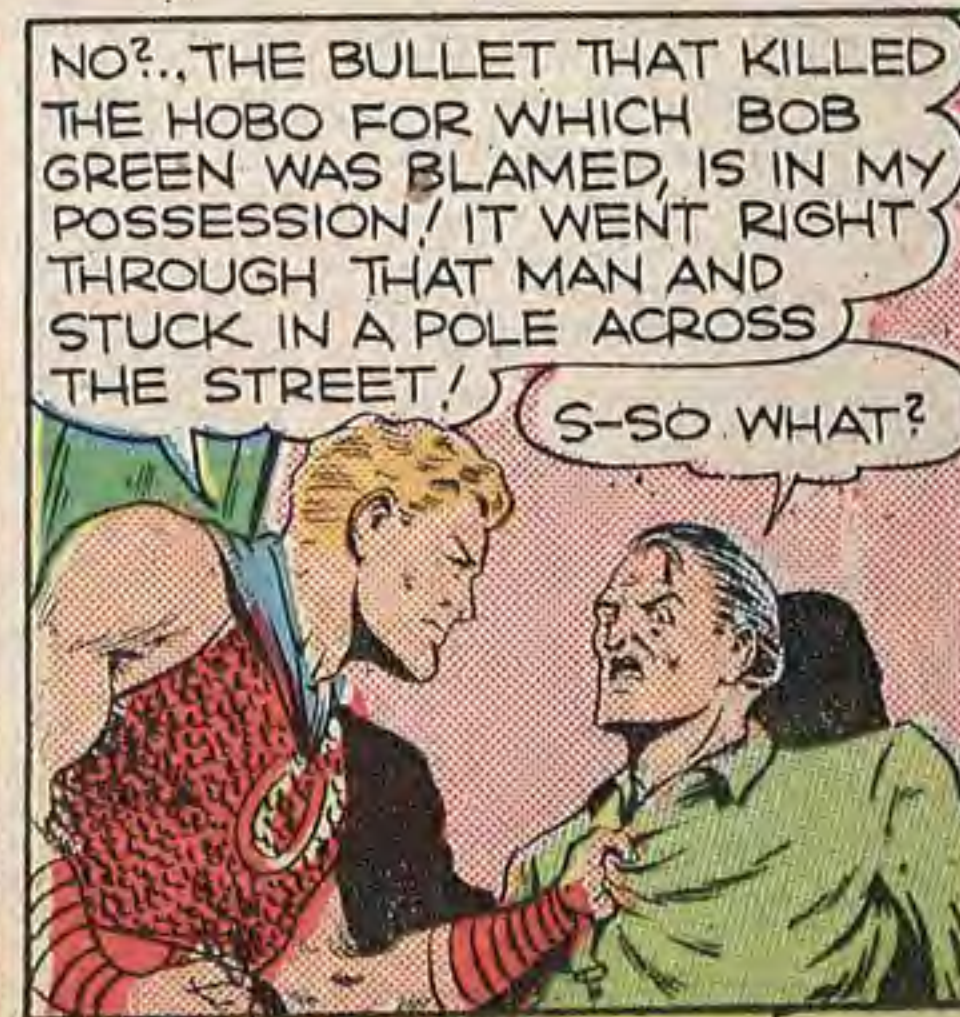
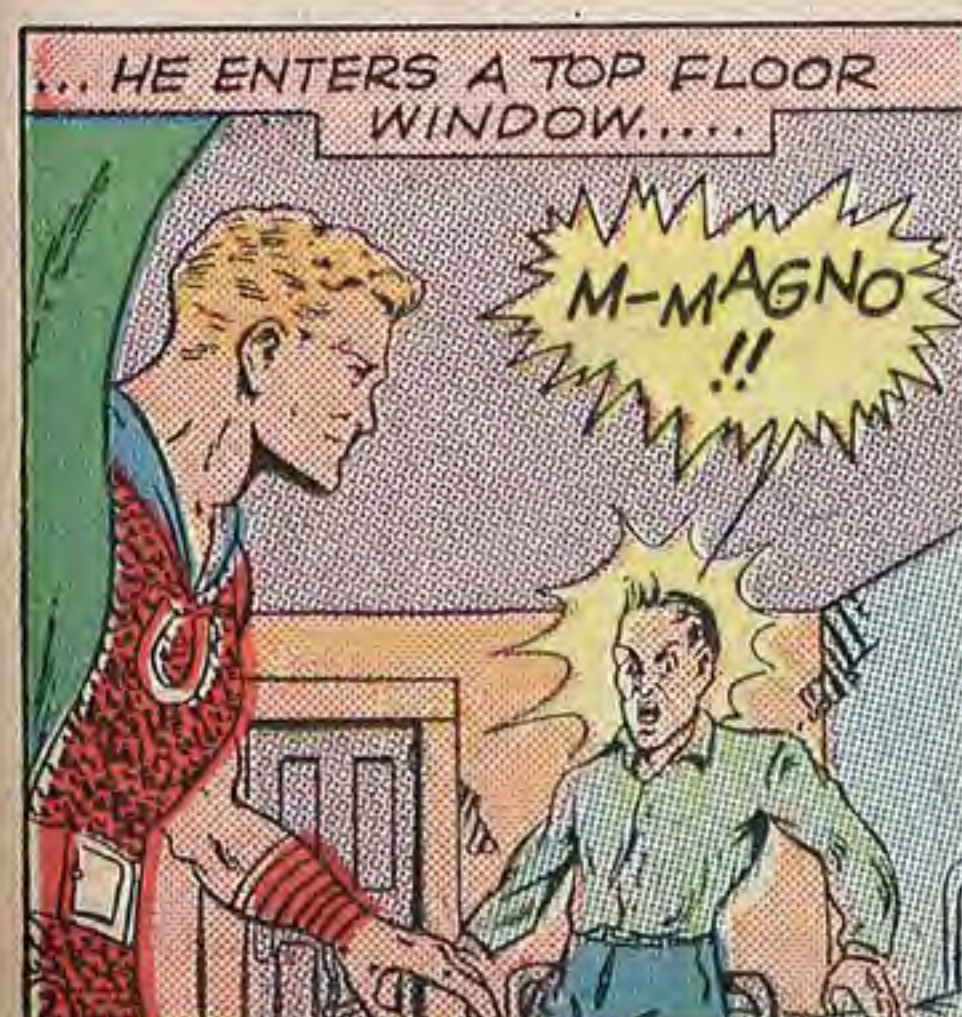
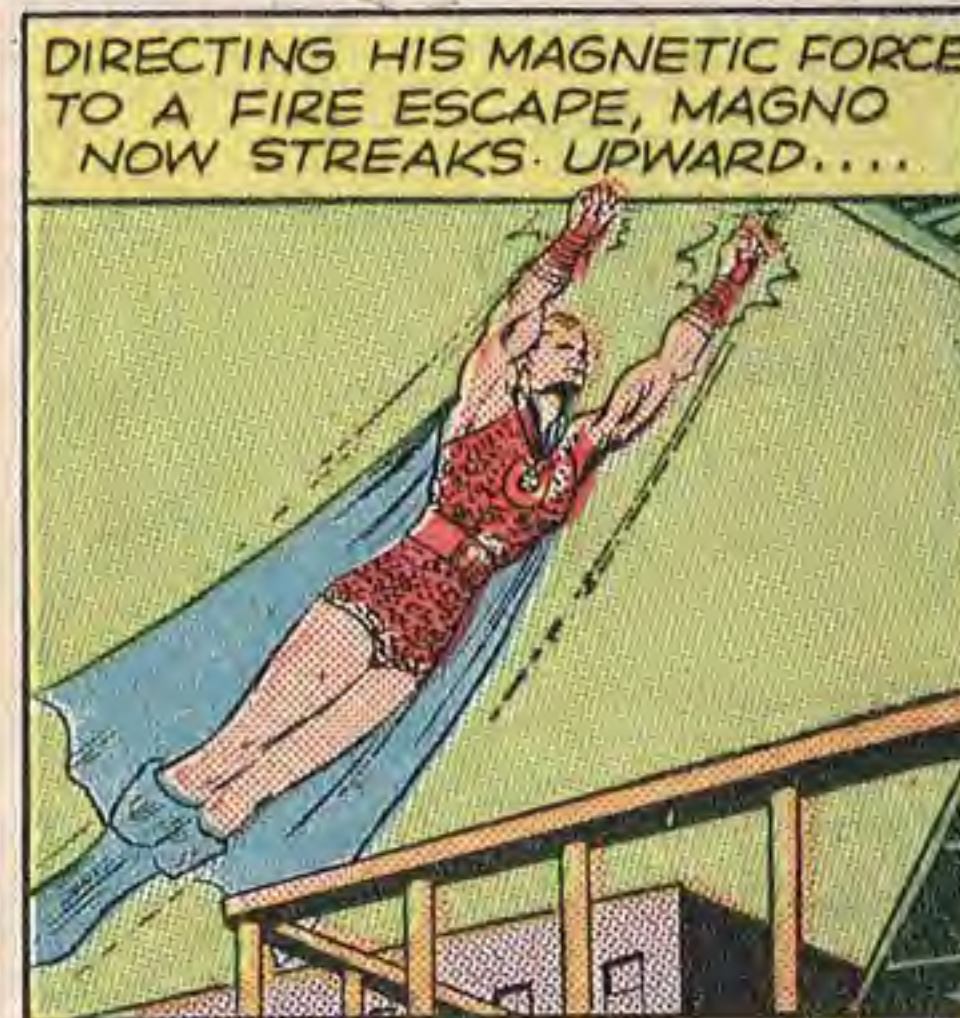
"Aye, and amen," said Captain Higgins above the storm.

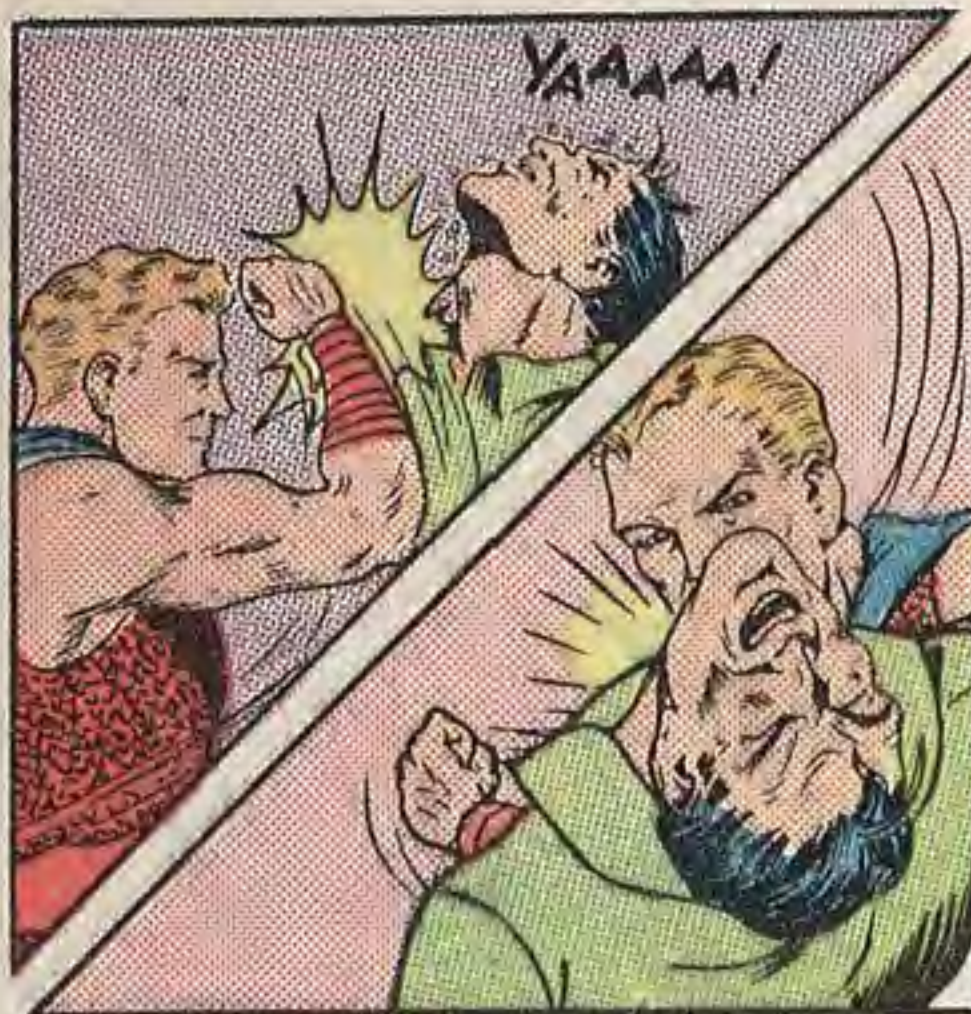
The "Dan Queen" rose out of the seas for a moment, like it was getting one last look at the world of water. They could see Henry Bilbow, standing knee-deep in water at the stern. He waved a hand, then the ship shot out of sight.

Captain Henry Bilbow had paid his debt.

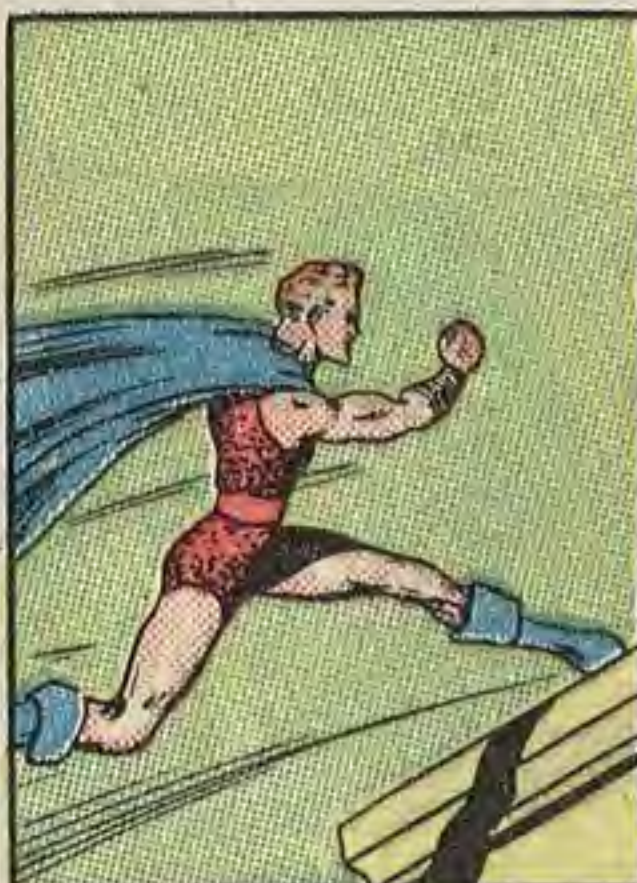
**READ
VANISHING GOLD
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE
SMASH ON SALE
OF COMICS / SEPTEMBER 18TH**







MOVING LIKE THE WIND, MAGNO IS SOON AT SPATELLE'S HIDE-OUT.





ABDUL

BY
Powell Roberts

The Arab



BOUND BY TRADITION, ABDUL, AS A SHEIK'S SON, MUST MARRY BY HIS TWENTY THIRD BIRTHDAY. ALI BEY, HIS FATHER, CHOOSES A WIFE FOR HIM.



I UNDERSTAND YOUR WIFE-TO-BE ARRIVES TODAY. TOO BAD! WE DID HAVE FUN... HA HA!

I DON'T FIND IT AMUSING, HASSAN!



I SUPPOSE SHE'LL BE A SWEET LITTLE THING, FAT AND UGLY WITH HALF A BRAIN... HERE THEY COME!



SALAAM, SHEIK ABDUL! I BRING GREETINGS FROM THE PRINCESS SHARA.

WHERE IS SHE?



I SEE YOU'RE NOT FAMILIAR WITH MY MISTRESS! SHE DOES AS SHE PLEASES, AND SHE FELT LIKE RIDING ALONE. SHE'LL COME ALONG WHEN SHE FEELS LIKE IT!



SUDDENLY RAPID HOOF BEATS POUND THE COBBLE STONES, AND A RIDER SPEEDS DOWN THE STREET, SCATTERING THE MEN LIKE LEAVES BEFORE THE WIND.



HO! WHICH OF YOU IS ABDUL? YOU? I AM THE PRINCESS SHARA!



SALAAM, MY DEAR HUSBAND-TO-BE! HMM! WELL, YOU'RE NOT TOO BAD LOOKING, BUT PLEASE KEEP IN MIND THAT THIS MARRIAGE IS NOT TO MY LIKING!



MY FRIEND, SHE IS FIERY! I ENVY YOU NOT!

BENI SAID! SHOW ME TO MY QUARTERS I WANT TO BE ALONE!

WHO DOES?



ABDUL! ABDUL! ACHMED THE BEDOUIN, HAS ESCAPED!



ARE YOU SURE, SHORT ONE?

OH YES, SIR! DID I NOT SEE HIS NOTE WITH MINE OWN EYES?



WHIPPING OUT HIS PISTOL,
ACHMED STEADIES HIS AIM
AND FIRES.



WITH A SOFT GASP, ALI BEY
STIFFENS IN HIS SEAT AS THE
HOT LEAD RIPS
THROUGH HIS
CHEST.



FATHER! FATHER!



MY TIME HAS COME, MY SON.
KISMET HAS BEEN KIND. I
HAVE DIED IN BATTLE. BE
A GOOD RULER, MY SON.
TAKE CARE...

FATHER!

OOO HI!



HE'S DEAD! BY ALLAH I
SWEAR VENGEANCE ON THAT PIG,
ACHMED! ONLY ONE OF US WILL
LEAVE THIS DESERT
ALIVE
TODAY!



AWAY, BETHSHEBA! CARRY ME!
QUICKLY, SO THAT I MAY REPAY
ACHMED FOR
HIS DEED!



CATCHING ABDUL'S FIERCE SPIRIT,
THE SPLENDID BEAST RUNS LIKE
THE WIND OVER THE
ROCKY TERRAIN.



GAINING A HIGH LEDGE, ABDUL
WAITS UNTIL ACHMED AND SHARA
PASS BELOW.



WITH A WILD CRY, HE LEAPS OFF HIS
HORSE AND DIVES ON THE KILLER.



IN A FRENZY OF UNLEASHED FURY,
HE TOSSES THE DAZED BEDOUIN
AROUND LIKE A RAG DOLL.



KILL MY
FATHER,
WILL
YOU?



USING ALL HIS STRENGTH, ABDUL
DASHES ACHMED AGAINST A ROCK.





YOU! YOU!! I'LL GIVE YOU THE SAME AS I GAVE YOUR FATHER!



AS THE BRUISED AND BLEEDING BANDIT LEVELS HIS GUN AT ABDUL, A SHOT RINGS OUT AND THE WEAPON FLIES FROM HIS HAND



FROM A HIGH ROCK, HASSAN'S VOICE BOOMS OUT

AVENGE YOUR FATHER, ABDUL!



YOUR TIME HAS COME! REMEMBER THE KORAN. ASK FORGIVENESS FOR YOUR SINS!
NO!
NO!



REDUCED TO A WHINING HULK OF TERRIFIED COWARDICE, ACHMED BACKS AWAY FROM ABDUL



LOSING HIS BALANCE, ACHMED TOPPLES OVER THE PRECIPICE, PLUNGING DOWN INTO THE JAGGED CRAGS BELOW.



OUR MEN HAVE CAPTURED THE OTHERS, BUT THE VICTORY IS A SHALLOW ONE. MANY OF OUR MEN WERE KILLED AS WAS YOUR FATHER!



MY FATHER WOULD NOT WANT ME TO SORROW, SO I MUST NOT! ACHMED AND HIS CUTTHROATS ARE GONE FOREVER, BUT THERE IS STILL MUCH TO BE DONE. COME, LET US RETURN!



AFTER HIS FATHER'S FUNERAL, ABDUL SWALLOWS HIS GRIEF AND CARRIES ON HIS AFFAIRS OF STATE

ABDUL!



I AM RETURNING TO MY PEOPLE, ABDUL. I KNOW YOU ARE MARRYING ME ONLY BECAUSE YOUR FATHER WISHED THAT YOU WOULD.



BUT YOUR FATHER WANTED YOU TO MARRY SOMEONE WORTHY OF YOU. IT WAS MY SELFISHNESS THAT CAUSED ALL THIS SADNESS. THIS RELEASES YOU OF YOUR PROMISE.

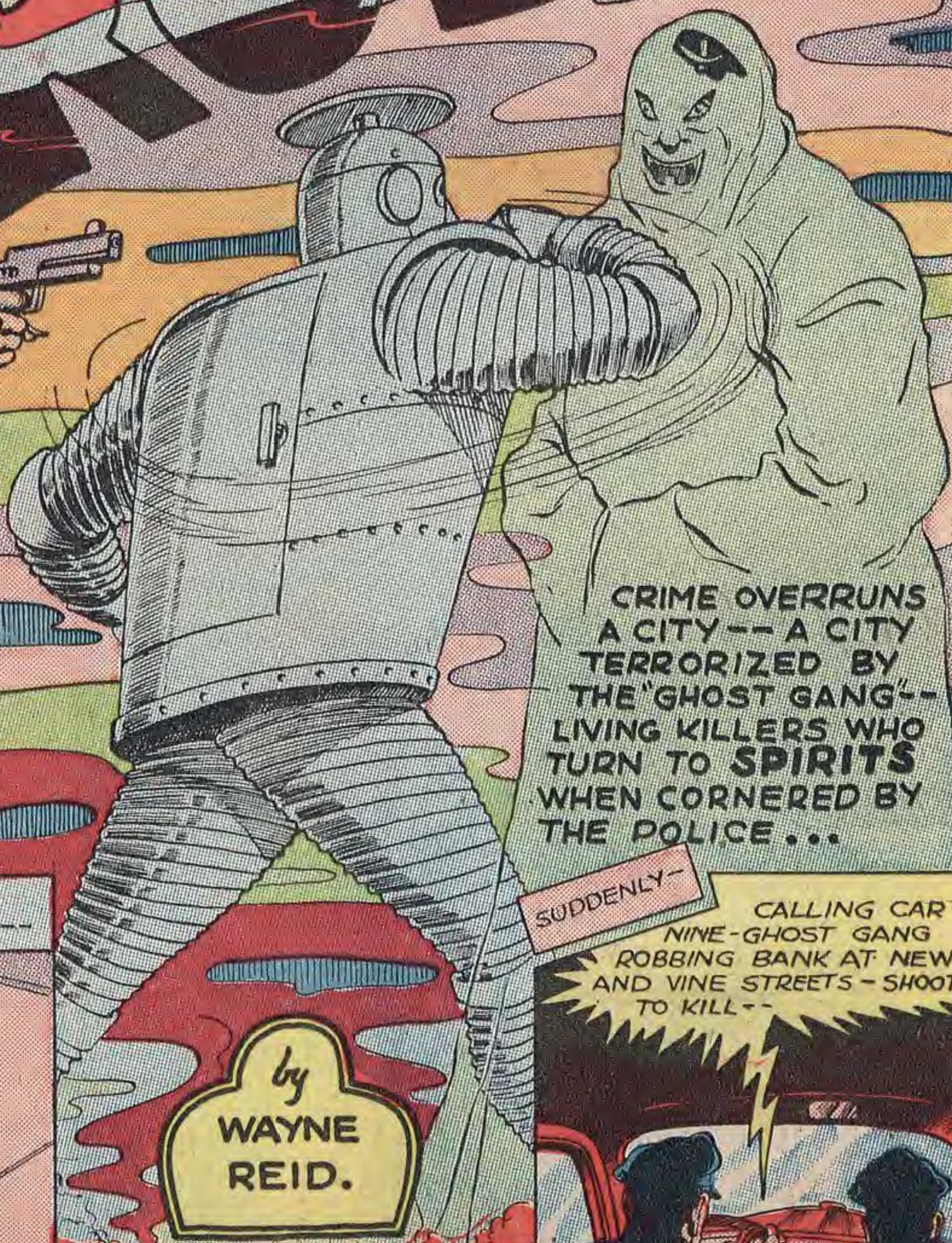


SHE HAS GONE.. I AM ALMOST SORRY.. SHE IS LESS WILLFUL NOW.. SHE MIGHT HAVE MADE A GOOD WIFE.. BUT I HAVE NO TIME FOR WOMEN NOW. I MUST CARRY ON MY FATHER'S WORK!

BOZO THE ROBOT

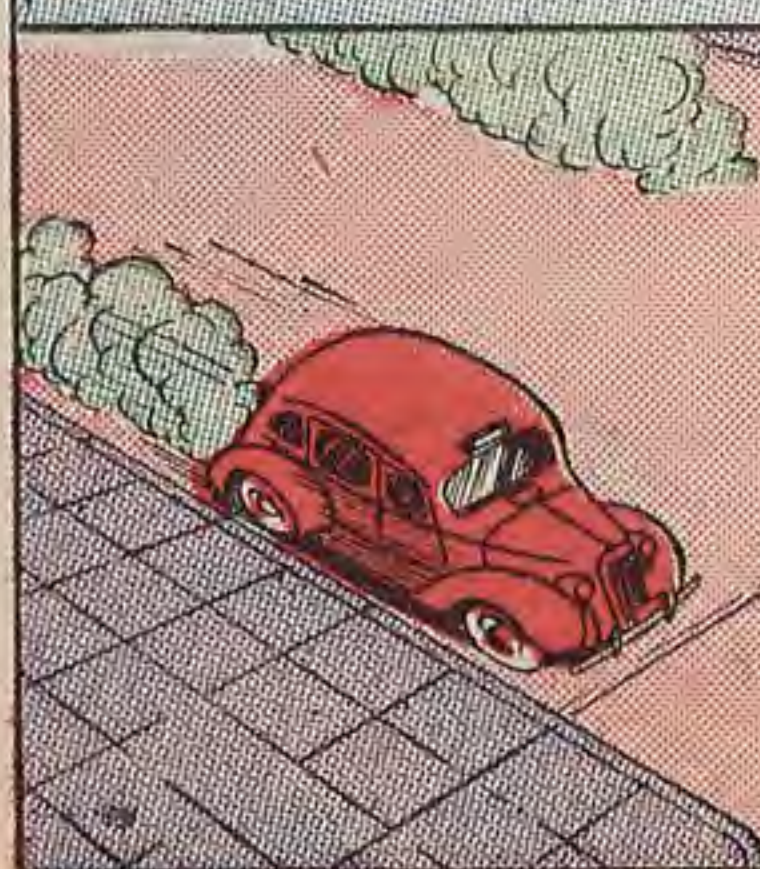


HUGH HAZZARD
— AND HIS
IRON MAN, BOZO,
CARRY THEIR
FIGHT AGAINST
CRIME INTO
VARIED
CORNERS OF
THE UNDERWORLD.
THEY ARE
THE DREAD
OF ALL
WRONG DOERS..



CRIME OVERRUNS
A CITY -- A CITY
TERRORIZED BY
THE "GHOST GANG"--
LIVING KILLERS WHO
TURN TO **SPIRITS**
WHEN CORNERED BY
THE POLICE...

A RADIO CAR CRUISES
THROUGH THE STREETS --



SUDDENLY--

CALLING CAR
NINE--GHOST GANG
ROBBING BANK AT NEW
AND VINE STREETS -- SHOOT
TO KILL --



by
WAYNE
REID.

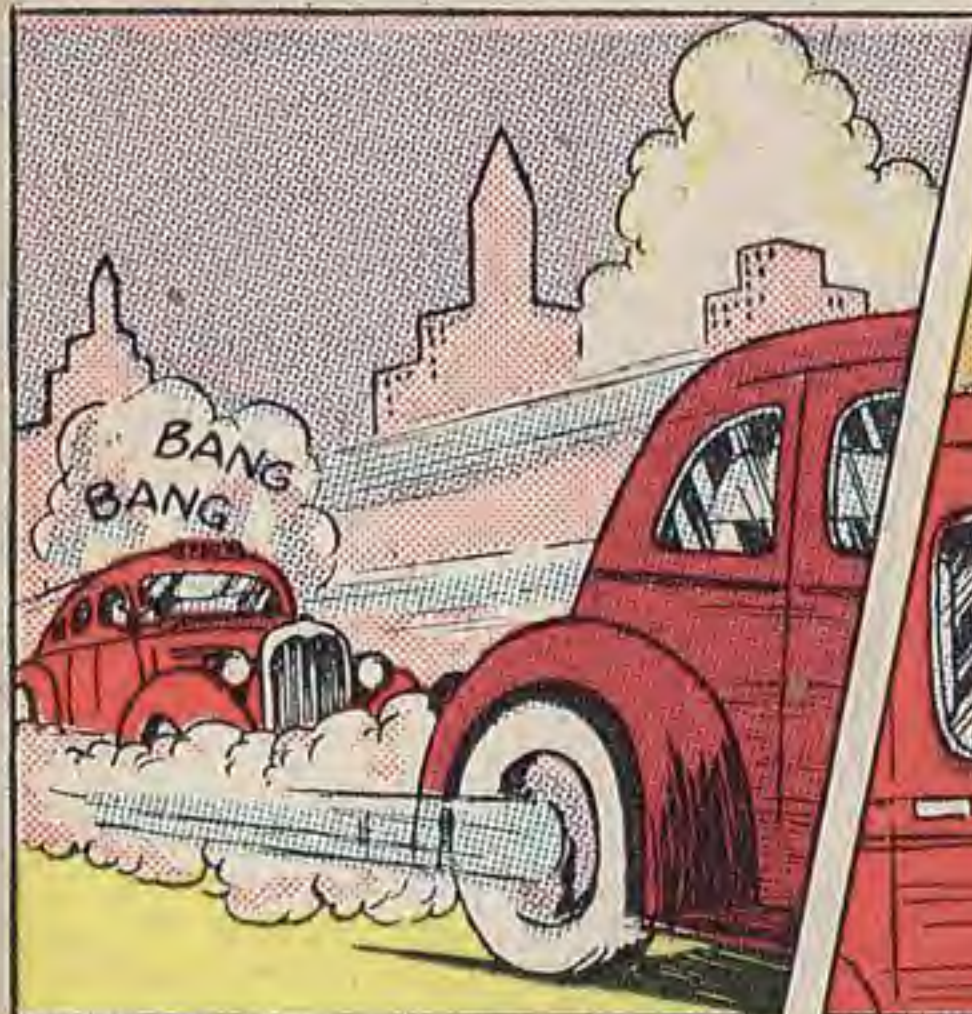
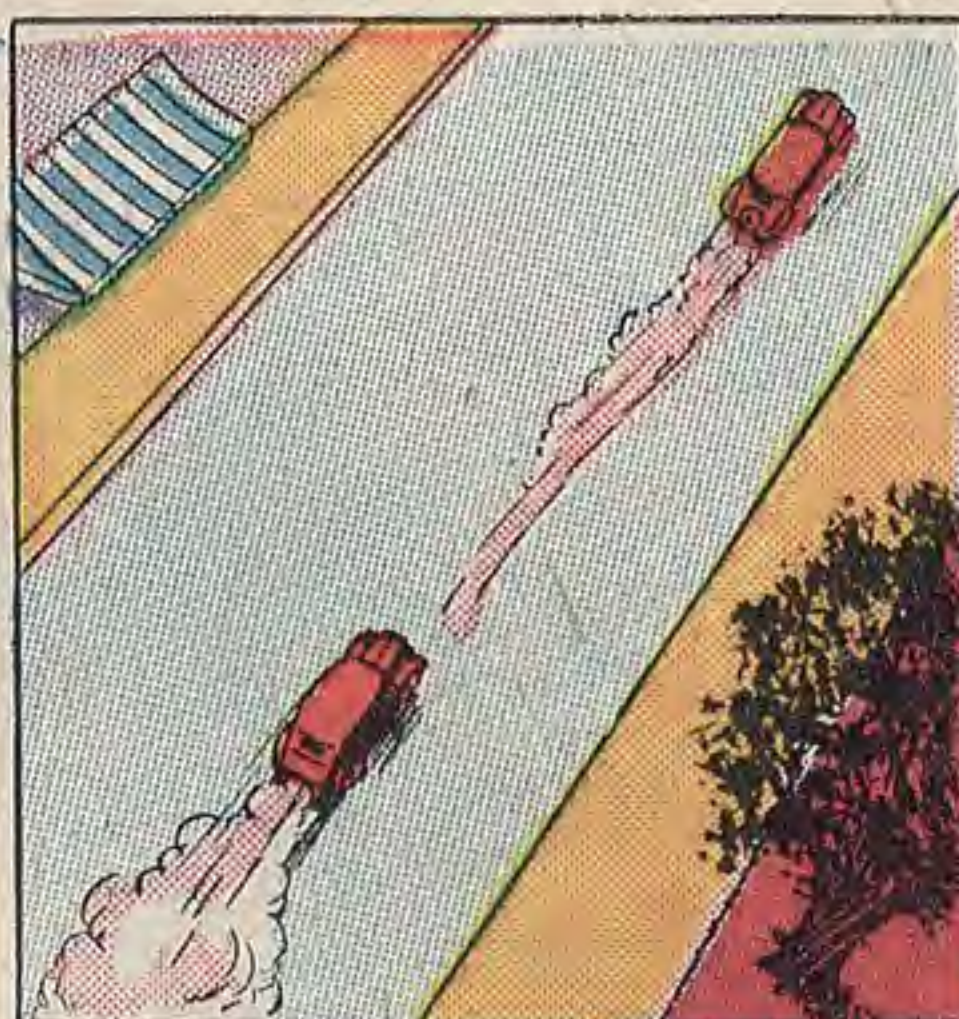


PAT, IT'LL MEAN SOMETHIN' IF WE CAN NAB THIS GANG!

I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON 'EM TOO, IZZY-



-BUT SINCE WHEN ARE WE **BETTER** SPIRIT FIGHTERS THAN THE OTHER BOYS-- LOOK!--THEY'RE MAKIN' A GETAWAY----- STEP ON IT!



AS USUAL, THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR THEIR HAUNTED HIDE-OUT, THE ABANDONED PETER'S MANSION!

THE CROOKS PULL INTO A GARAGE ADJOINING THE HOUSE--

CLOSE THE DOORS, BOYS, FAST--THE BULLS ARE JUST TURNIN' IN TH' DRIVE!

AS THE CROOK WHO CLOSED THE DOOR STARTS FOR THE HOUSE, HE IS SHOT DOWN BY THE POLICEMEN---



IF THIS GUY **WASN'T** A SPIRIT, HE IS NOW-- HE'S DEAD!

LET'S LOOK IN THE GARAGE!



NOTHIN' BUT THE CAR!

OKAY, LET'S GO AFTER THE OTHERS!



SHOOT AT ANYTHING, IZZY!

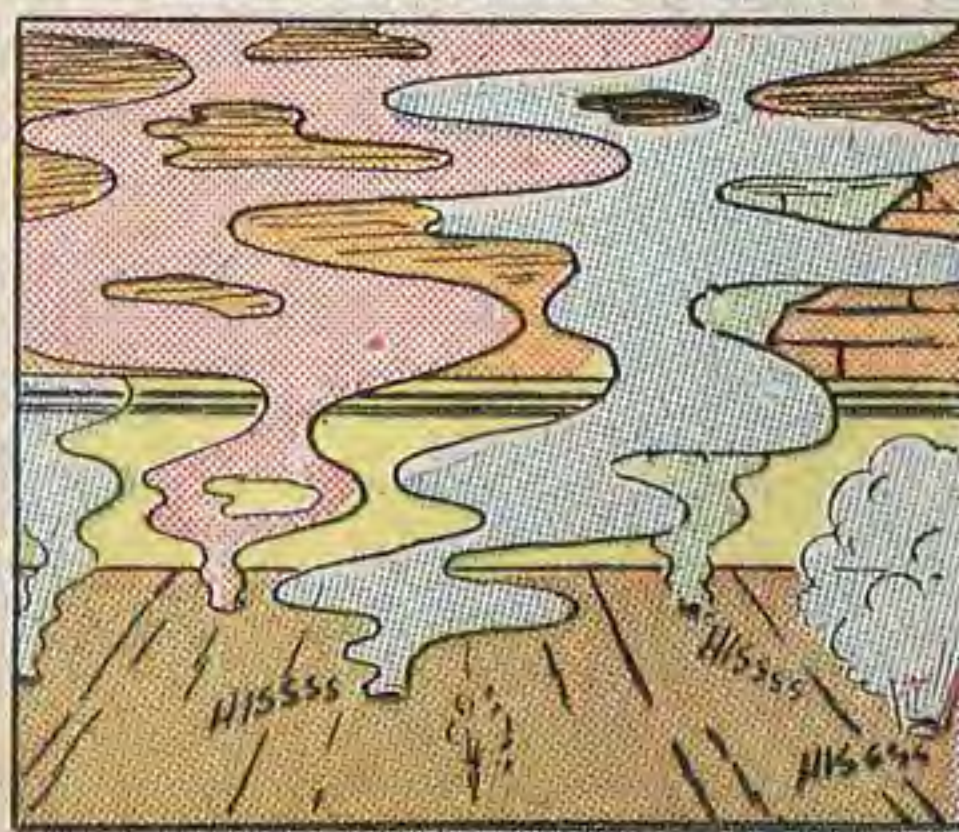
YOU'RE TELLIN' ME--



NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING, PAT!

NO, LISTEN-- LOOK!!

A HISSING SOUND, THEN SWIRLING CLOUDS OF VAPOR BEGIN TO RISE FROM THE FLOOR-----



SLOWLY THE VAPOR
ENVELOPES THE TWO MEN-



PAT! LET'S
G-GET HELP!

AND HOW!
GET GOIN'!



SUDDENLY A FIGURE
APPEARS IN THE THICK
MIST----



THAT NIGHT-

GHOST GANG AT WORK AGAIN!

ONE POLICEMAN KILLED, ANOTHER
DRIVEN HOPELESSLY INSANE.
BEFORE HIS MIND SNAPPED COM-
PLETELY, OFFICER IZZY KOHEN
TOLD THE STORY OF BEING CON-
FRONTED BY A GHOST WHO SHOT
AND KILLED HIS PARTNER, PAT KELLY.

NEWS OF THE CRIME IS
READ BY HUGH HAZZARD-



IT'S TIME BOZO
AND I TRIED TO STOP
THOSE BIRDS -



AND TWO
MINUTES LATER,
HUGH, INSIDE
THE IRON MAN,
STREAKS TOWARD
THE
ABANDONED
PETERS HOUSE,
THE HOME
OF THE
GHOST GANG--



AH! THERE
IT IS!



HMM-IT LOOKS
QUIET ENOUGH TO
BE HAUNTED--
I'LL GO IN!



THAT'S FUNNY-
IT SEEMS
DESERTED!



AND IT IS! FOR
AT THIS MOMENT
THE GHOST GANG
IS SHOOTING
DOWN A BANK
MESSENGER--
ANOTHER ENTRY IN
THE LEDGER OF
CRIME---

GIT DAT
CASE AN'
LET'S
SCRAM!



WE'RE BEIN'
TAILED BY
COPS!



LET 'EM FOLLOW US-IF
THEY AIN'T LEARNED THEIR
LESSON BY NOW, IT'S
THEIR FUNERAL!



A FEW MINUTES
LATER THE GHOST
GANG IS SAFELY
INSIDE THE HAUNTED
HIDE-OUT---

TH' COPS-
THEY'RE COMIN',
BOSS!

LET 'EM!



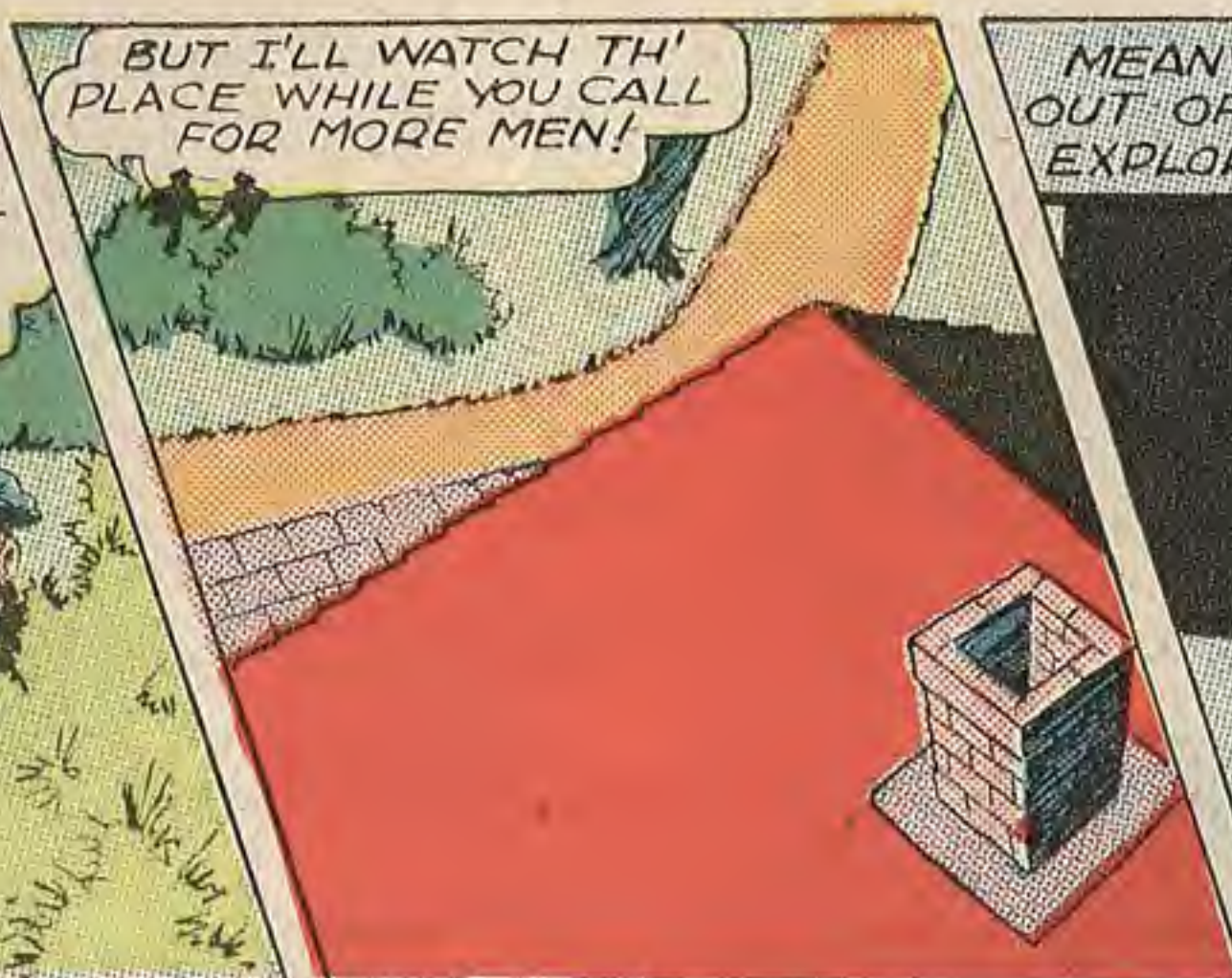
OKAY, BOYS-
GET READY TO
GREET 'EM!



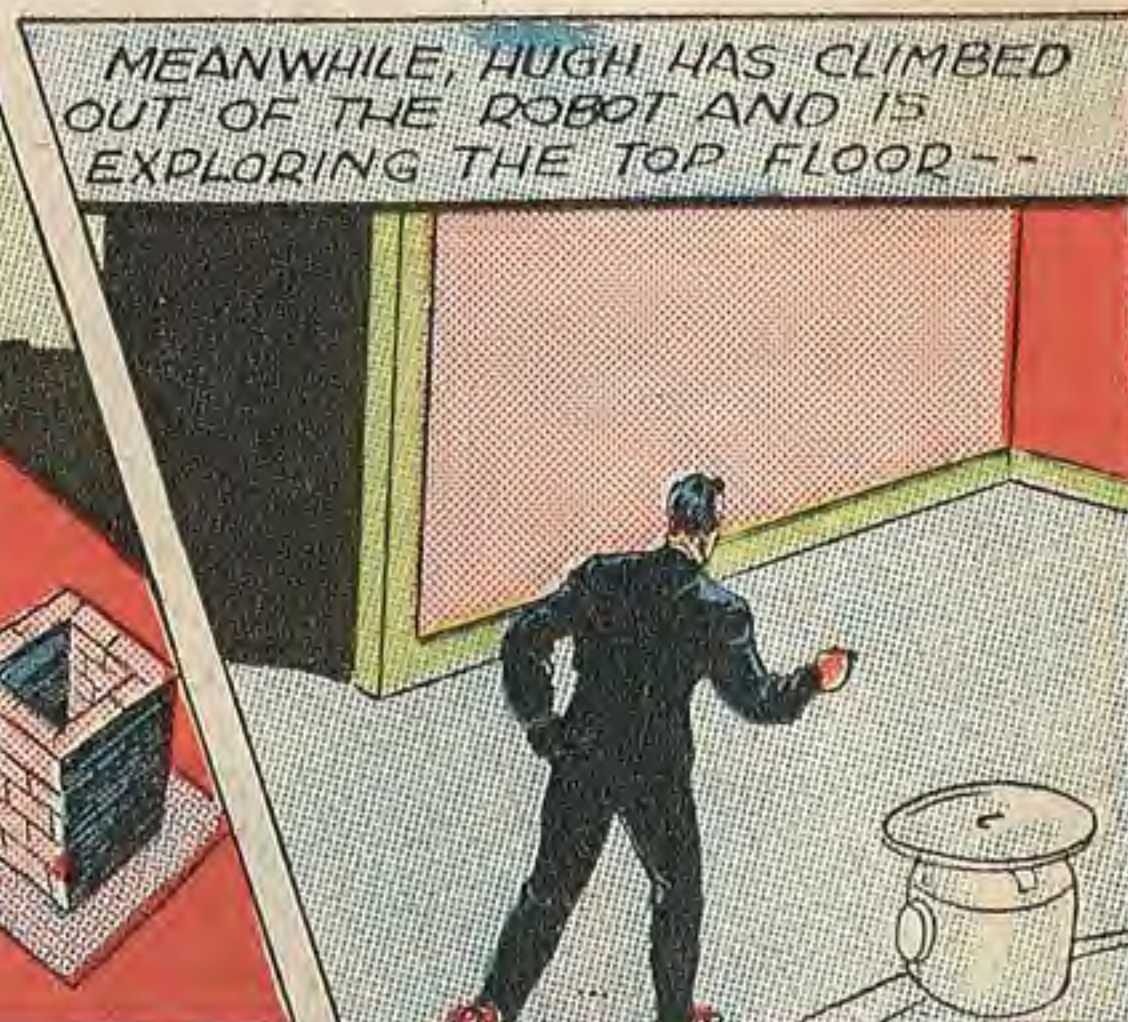


LET'S CRASH IN, JOE!

NIX! NOT ME-- THEY'RE NOT MAKIN' SQUIRREL FOOD 'OUTA ME LIKE THEY DID KOHEN--



BUT I'LL WATCH TH' PLACE WHILE YOU CALL FOR MORE MEN!



MEANWHILE, HUGH HAS CLIMBED OUT OF THE ROBOT AND IS EXPLORING THE TOP FLOOR--



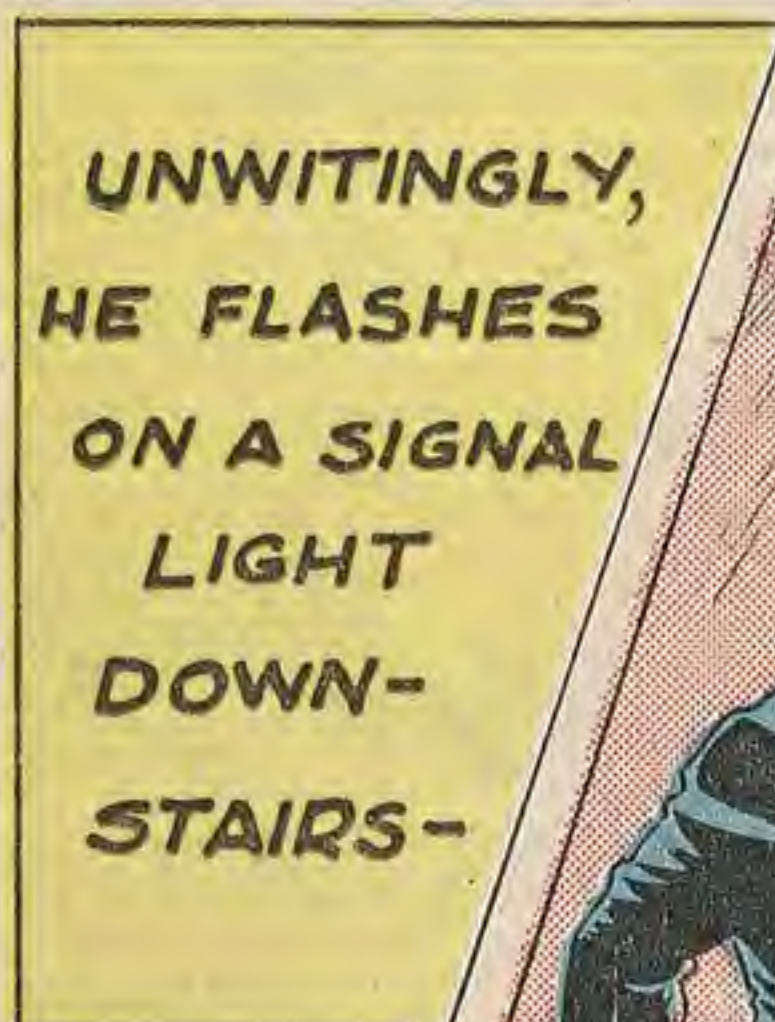
FUNNY, I CAN'T FIND A THING--



HIS SEARCH LEADS HIM TO A DARKENED DOOR--



AS HE STEPS OVER THE THRESHOLD--



UNWITINGLY, HE FLASHES ON A SIGNAL LIGHT DOWN-STAIRS--



BOSS, LOOK!! THE SIGNAL-- SOMEONE'S UPSTAIRS!!

GO GET 'EM-ALIVE!



WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S ALONE!



AS HUGH PASSES WHERE THE CROOK IS HIDING----

CRACK



THERE HE IS, BOSS!

HE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT--



LEAVE HIM HERE, WHEN HE COMES TO, WE'LL GIVE HIM A DOSE OF 'TH' SPIRITS, AN' I DON'T MEAN THE KIND THAT COMES IN BOTTLES!

CERTAIN HE'S ALONE, HUGH
SLOWLY OPENS HIS EYES--

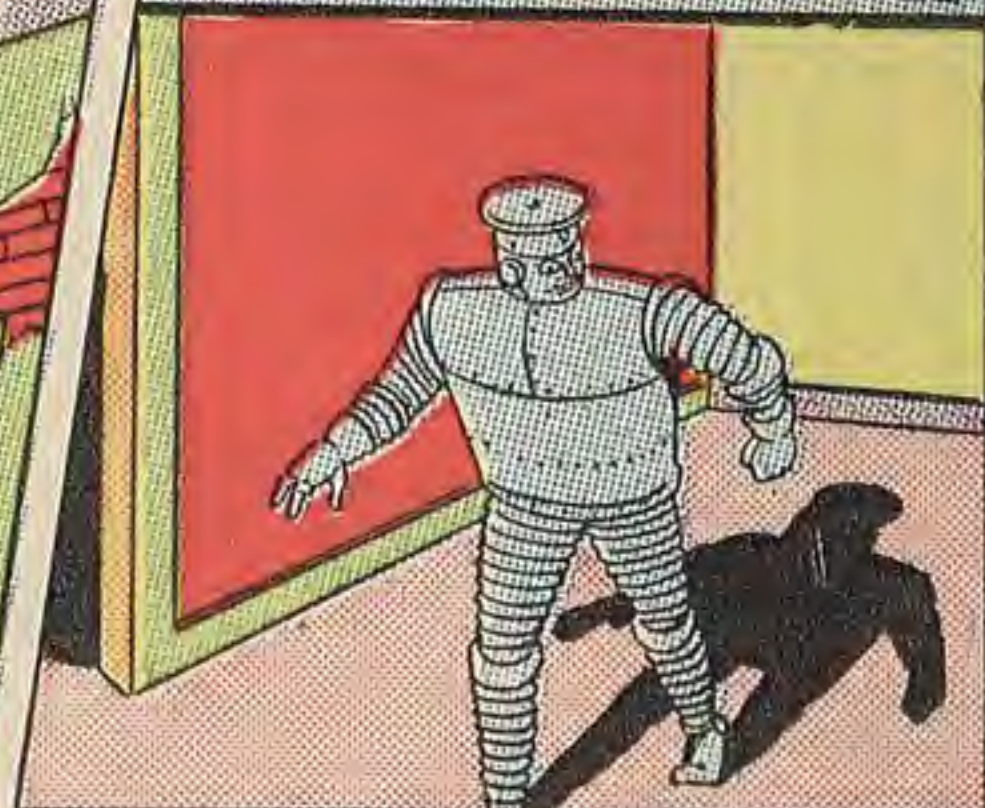
SO--THEY THOUGHT I
WAS UNCONSCIOUS--
AND THEY'RE GOING
TO CALL IN
THEIR GHOST
FRIENDS,
EH??



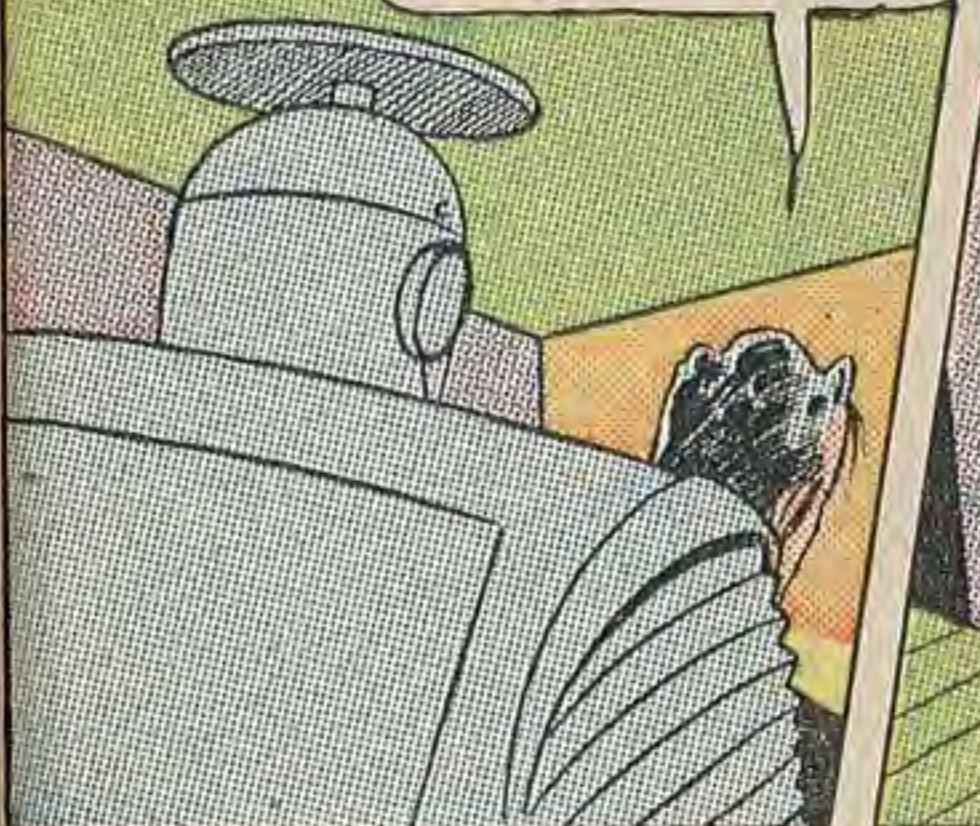
WELL, I'LL GIVE THEM
A LITTLE SCARE FIRST!
COME, BOZO, QUIETLY---



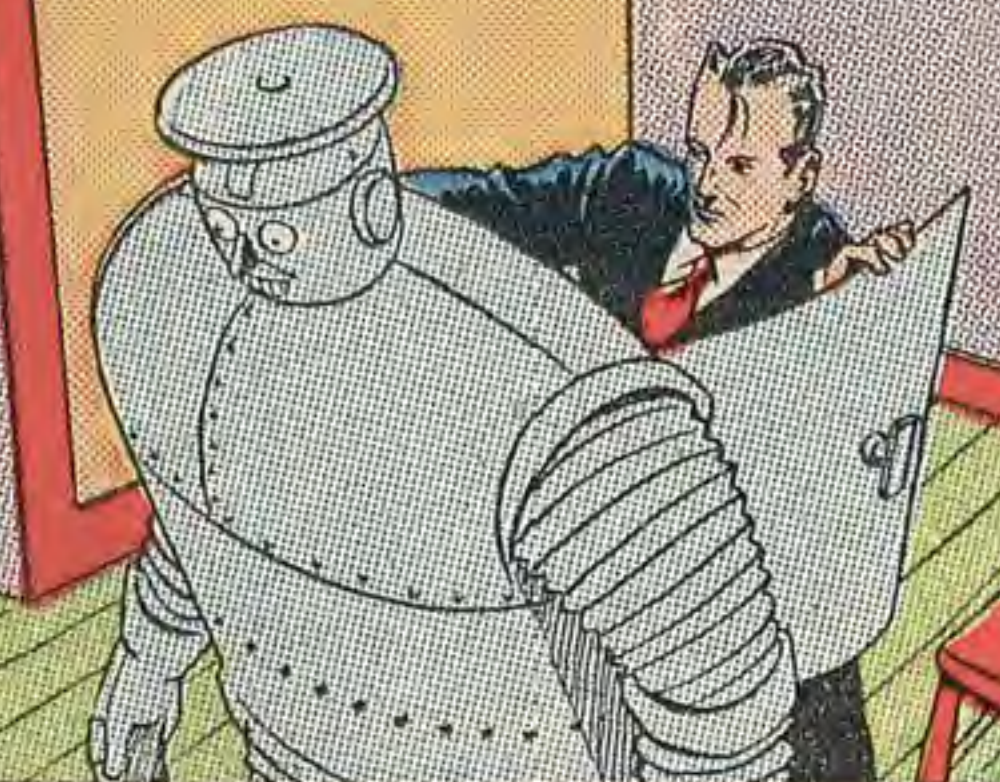
AND THE MASSIVE IRON
MAN RESPONDS TO THE
CONTROL BOARD HIDDEN
BENEATH HUGH'S COAT LAPEL--



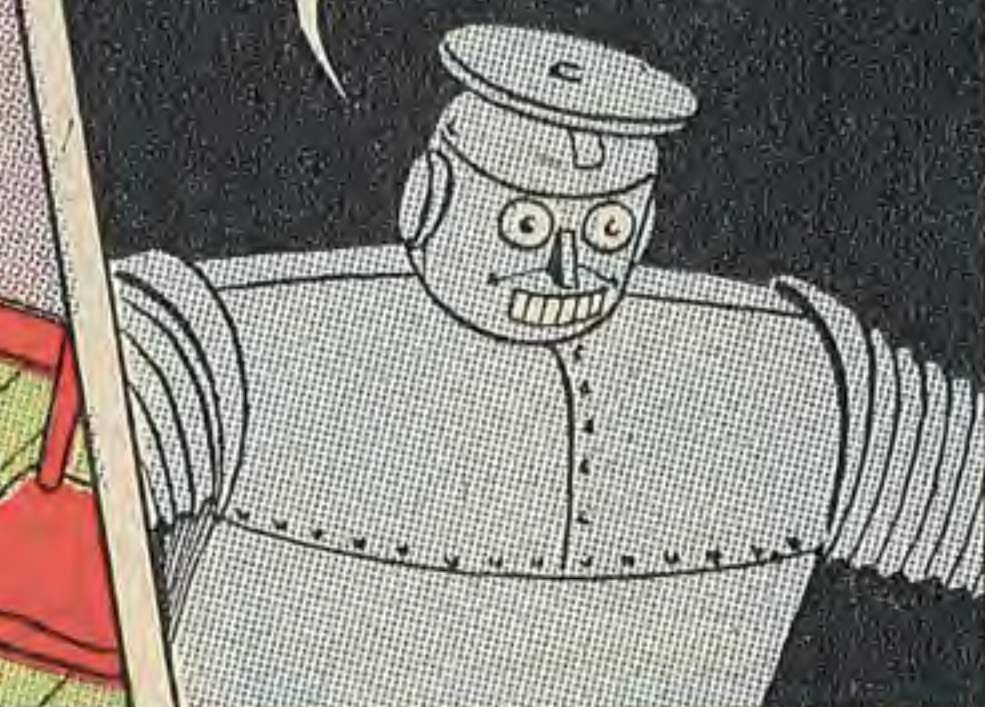
BREAK THESE
ROPES, BOZO!



ONCE MORE HUGH CLIMBS
INSIDE THE IRON MAN--



NOW TO
FIND THOSE
BABIES!

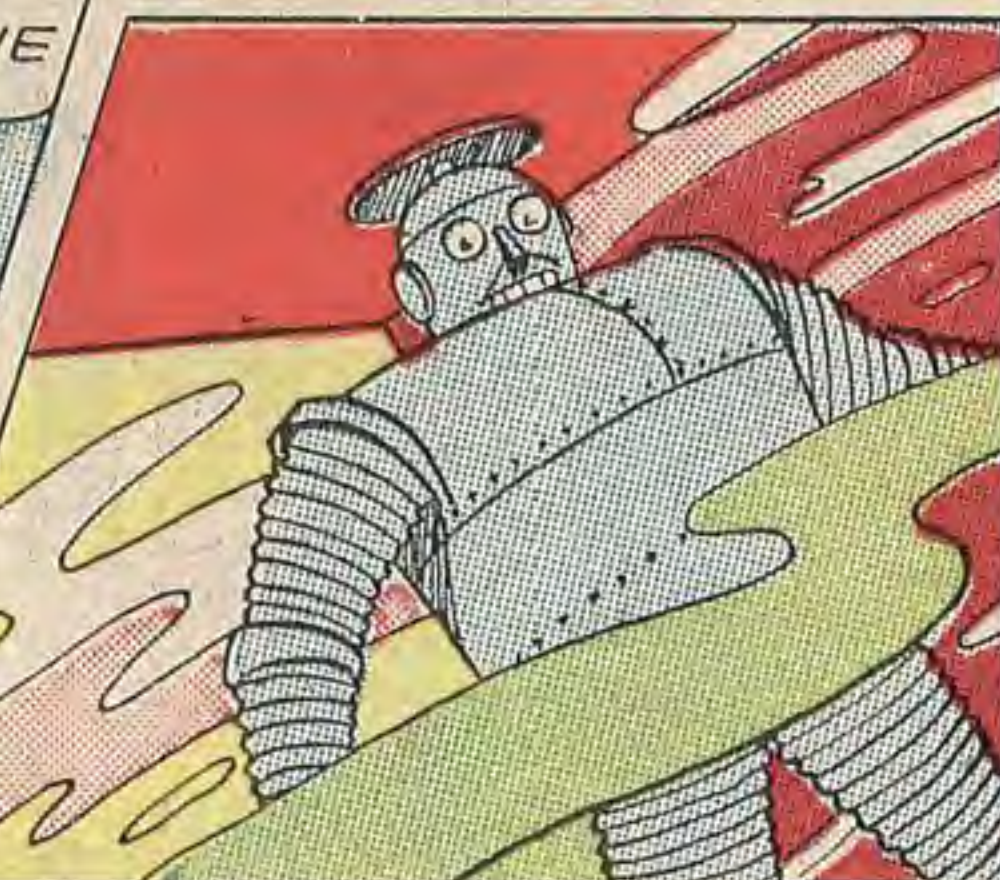


BOSS-- SOME-
ONE'S IN TH'
NEXT ROOM!



MAYBE IT'S
TH' GUY WE
CAUGHT-- GIVE
HIM TH'
WORKS!

SUDDENLY A HEAVY MIST
FILLS THE ROOM---

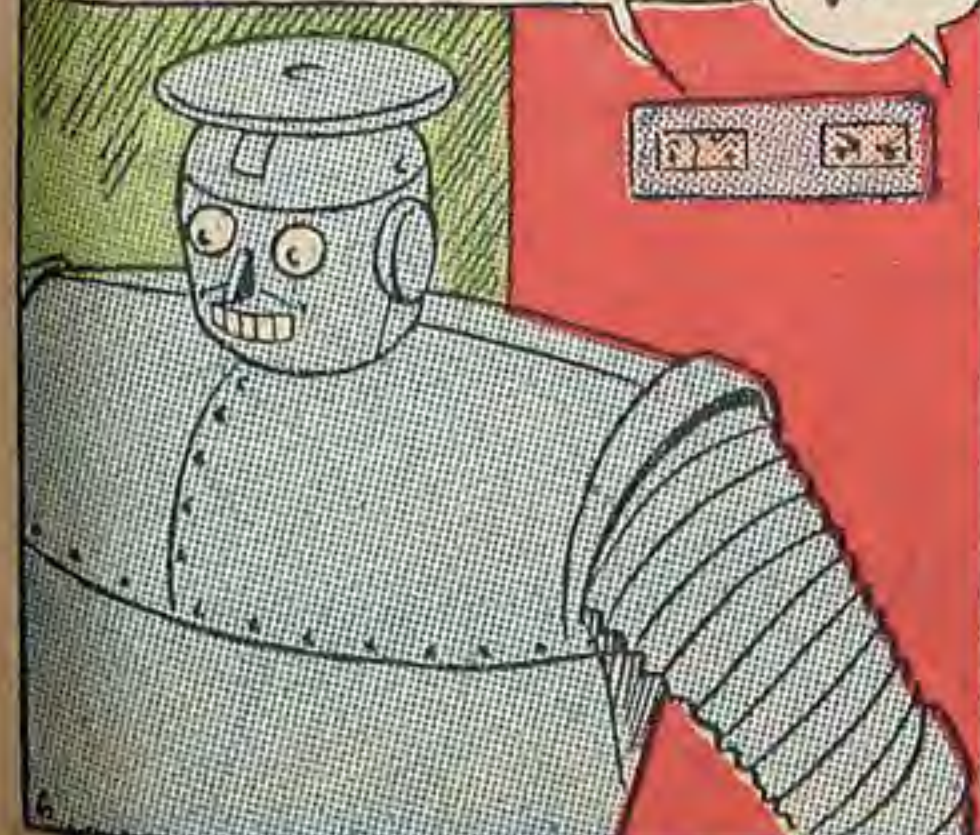


ENVELOPING THE ROBOT--



BOSS! LOOK!!--
WHAT IS THAT THING?

WHAT
TH'?

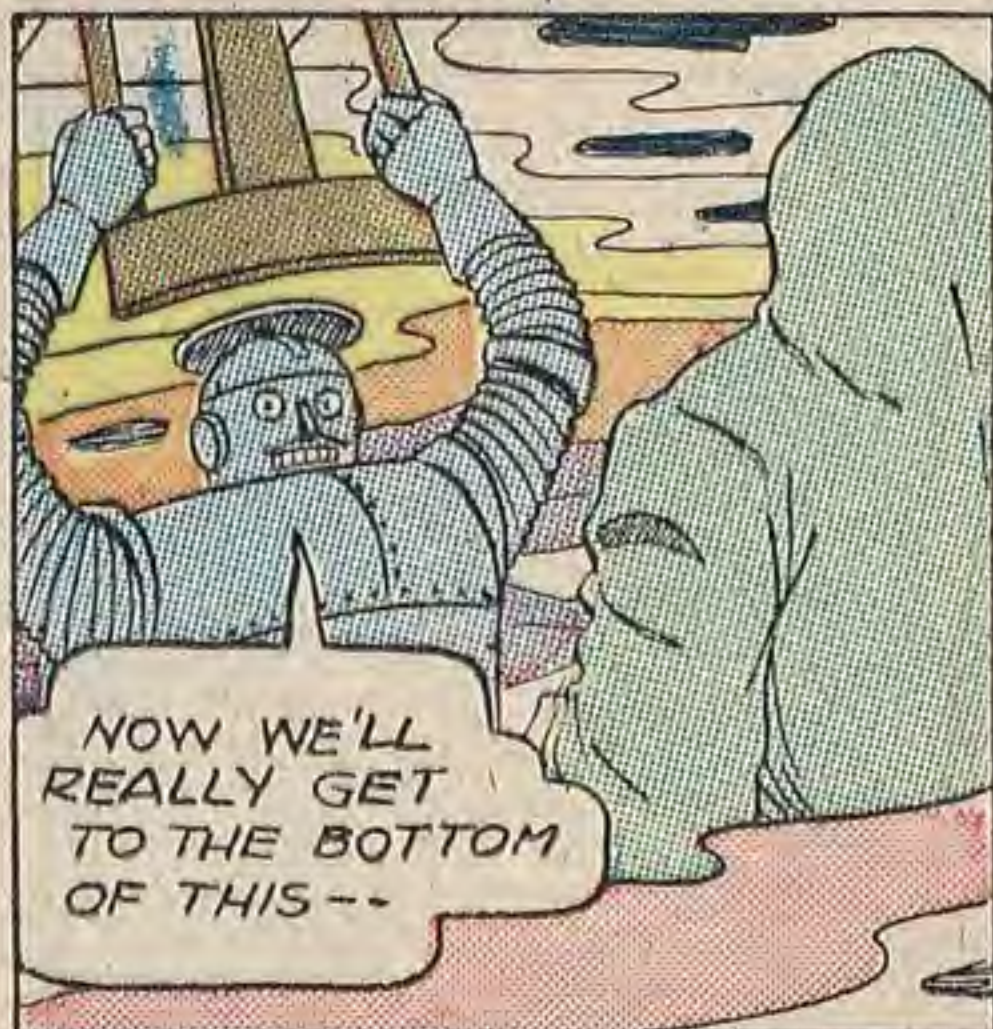
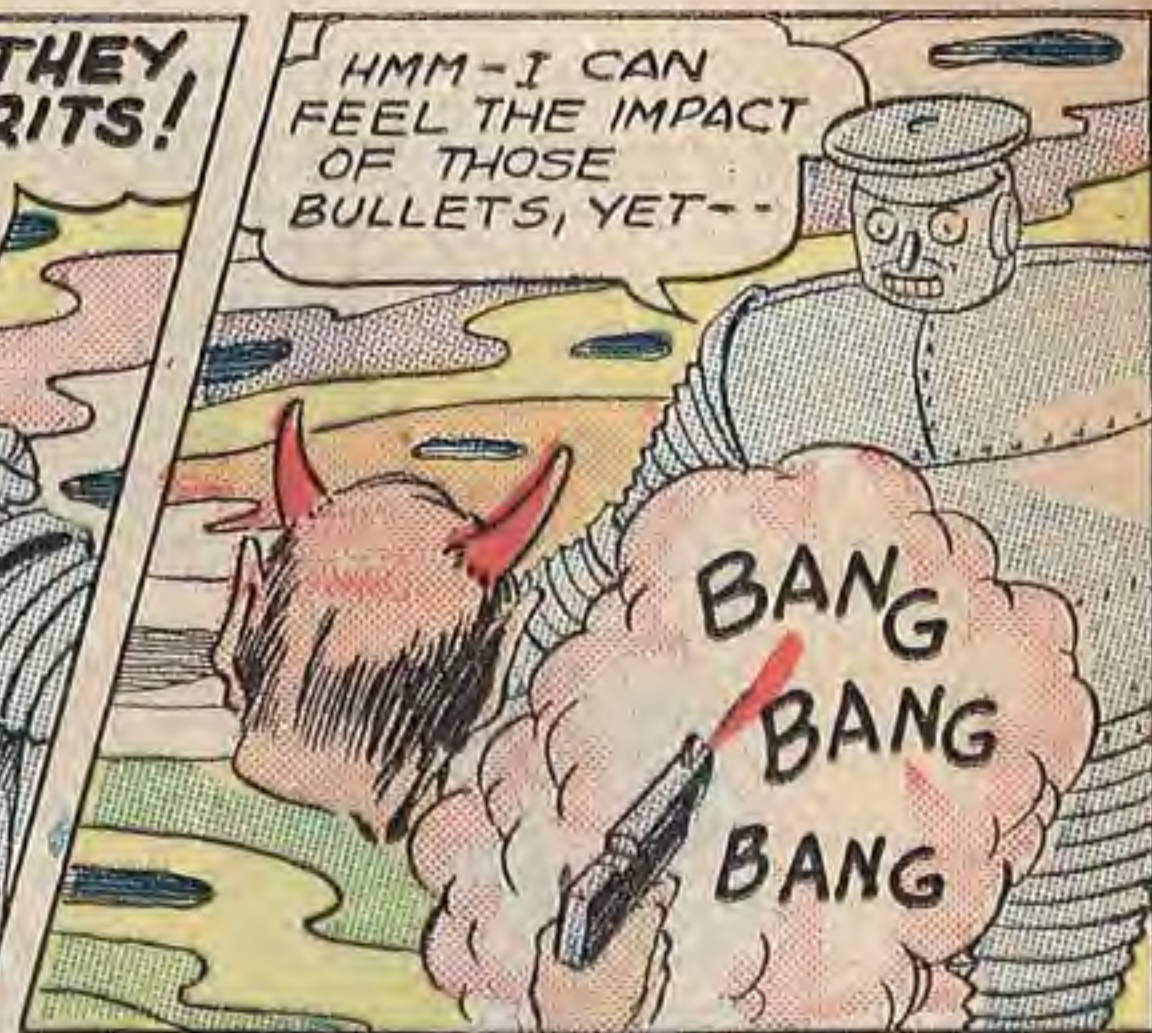


PUT THEM GHOSTS
TO WORK-- SCARE IT
OUTA HERE!

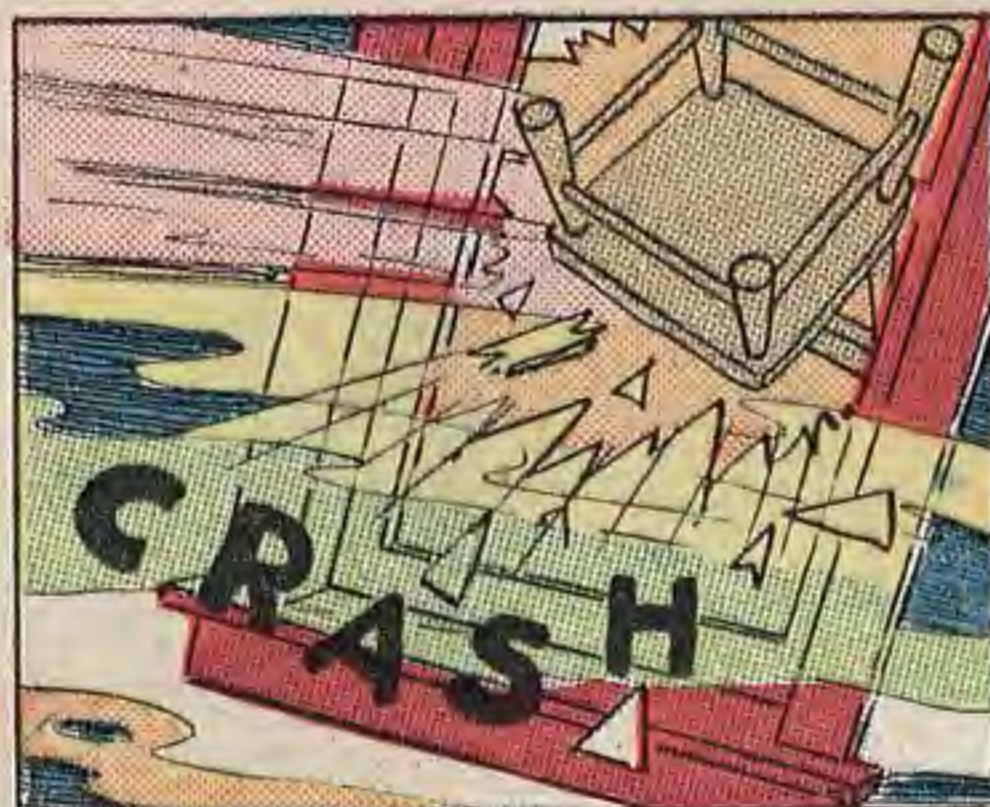


AND THE IRON MAN COMES
FACE TO FACE WITH THE GHOST
GANG----





THE CHAIR CRASHES THROUGH A WINDOW AND A DRAFT IS FORMED---



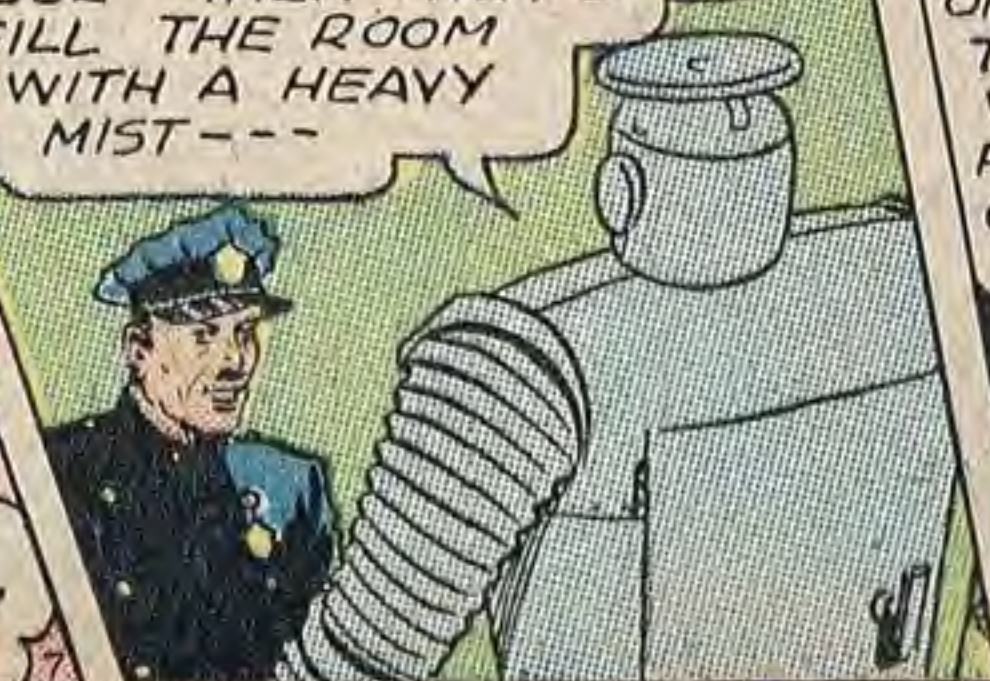
TURNING, THE IRON MAN SMASHES THROUGH THE WALL--



SUDDENLY THE POLICE ARRIVE IN THE MIDST OF THE FIGHT---



THERE'S THE GHOST GANG, CAPTAIN - I'LL EXPLAIN HOW THEY WORKED-- THEY'D PULL A JOB AND LET THE POLICE FOLLOW THEM INTO THIS HOUSE - THEN THEY'D FILL THE ROOM WITH A HEAVY MIST---



ON THAT MIST, THEY'D PROJECT MOVING PICTURES OF HIDEOUS FIGURES THAT THEY ACTED OUT AND FILMED - WHEN THE SHOOTING SCENES WOULD COME ON, SOMEONE WOULD FIRE A REAL GUN THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE WALL TO KILL THE TRAPPED PERSON - AND IT WAS A DRAFT OF AIR THAT EXPOSED THEIR RACKET, CAPTAIN!





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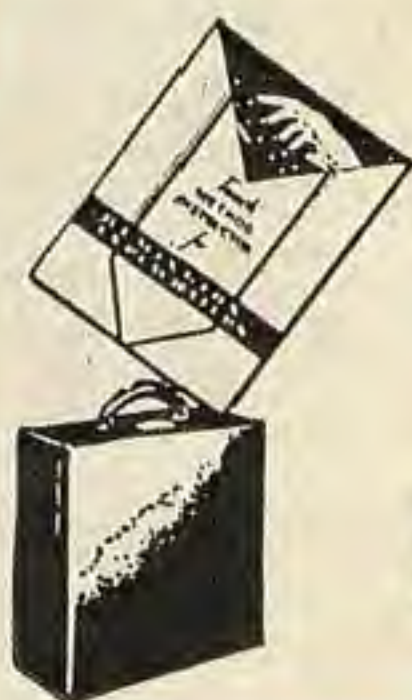
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ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

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